

Tromdamh Guaire
Guaire

Guaire

An t-Aṫair Peadar Ua Laoġaire
Canónaċ, S.P.

Do sgríoḃ ó'n seana-sgéal
"IMTHEACHT NA TROMDHÁIMHE."

Cuid A
II

(Conall Cearnaċ do ċuir i n-eagar.)

n agus Ó Nóláin, Teor.,
ile Áṫa Cliaṫ   i mBéal Feirste
gCorcaiġ   i bPortláirge.

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Tromdámh Guaire
111

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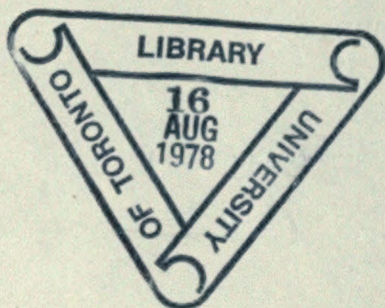
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(Conall Cearnaċ do ċuir i n-eagar.)

Brún agus Ó Nóláin, Teor.
I mBaile Áṫa Cliaṫ :: I mBéal Feirste
I gCorcaiġ :: I bPortláirge

Fógarṫar gaċ ceart ar cosnaṁ



INTRODUCTION

GUAIRE is a modernization of the old tale, *Imtheacht na Trom-dháimhe,* which was edited with a translation by Professor Owen Connellan in 1860 for the Ossianic Society, and was published in volume V of the Society's Transactions. The story has also been designated as "The Introduction to *Táin Bó Cuailgne*" because it purports to account for the origin of that composition. It is a satire upon the satirists, and is severe enough to have produced the traditional "three blisters of reproach" on the faces of the entire Bardic Assembly. The present modernized version, owing to its judicious amplifications and its omission of scarcely intelligible poems, is a decided improvement on the old version which sorely needs revision. The notes are mainly aids to translation, but incidentally they touch upon etymology and historical grammar. The vocabulary has been made as comprehensive as was considered feasible.

CONTENTS

PAGE

Introduction iii

guaire

XVII. mian ṡeanaċáin . . . 125

XVIII. an ḟleaḋ, agus tormas ṡeanaċáin . 130

XIX. aoiraḋ na luċ agus na gcat . . 136

XX. seanaċán agus iorusán . . 141

XXI. cuaird ṁarḃáin . . . 145

XXII. díoġaltas ṁarḃáin . . . 154

XXIII. daol duileaḋ agus casṁaol cruitire 161

XXIV. an tiompánuiḋe, an file agus seanaċán crónánuiḋe . . 169

XXV. "táin-bó-cuailgne!" . . . 172

XXVI. imṫeaċt na tromḋáiṁe . . 178

XXVII. "póg do ḃéal loḃair" . . 186

XXVIII. caillin naoṁṫa . . . 193

XXIX. an loḃar bréige . . . 199

XXX. "ag magaḋ fúinn ataoi!" . . 204

XXXI. trosgaḋ na tromḋáiṁe . . 209

Synopsis of Chapters 215

Notes 223

Vocabulary 239

Index of Personal Names 255

Index of Place Names 256

Guaire.

Caibidiol a Seaċt-déag.

Mian Seanaċáin.

Sa ḃuile agus sa ḃfeirg dó, do ċeap Seanaċán go dtiocfaḋ dó féin mian ná féadfaḋ Marbán a foláṫar agus do ḋéanfaḋ san am céadna clú na Tromḋáiṁe do ċur suas arís i meas agus i mbreiṫeaṁantas na poibiliḋeaċta. Ṫáinig an t-am, dar leis, ċuige sin. I lár na h-oiḋċe do ċuir sé ologón as. Siúḋ ċuige an Tromḋáiṁ go léir agus sgannraḋ orṫa, agus iad ag baint tosaċ na bfocal d'á ċéile 'gá fiafraiġe ḋe cad a ḃí air, nó cad fé ndeár ḋó a leiṫéid d'ologón do ċur as.

"Mian a ṫáinig dom, a ċlann ó," ar seisean, "agus mura bfaġad mo ṁian tá deireaḋ liom gan a tuilleaḋ ríġnis."

"Cad é an mian é, a ríġ-ollaṁ?" ar siad go léir i n-aonfeaċt.

"Tá," ar seisean, "mo sáiṫ a ḋ'fáġail dom féin agus dom' ċléir, agus do ṁaiṫiḃ Connaċt uile, de saill muice nár ruġaḋ fós, agus de ċuirm aon ġráinne cruiṫneaċtan; agus mura bfaġad an mian san sar a mbeiriḋ an tráṫ so isdoiḋċe amáireaċ orm, ní ḃead beó!"

Ḃí Guaire ar a leabaiḋ, 'n-a ríġṫeaġlaċ. Ṫáinig ċuige, agus é ar a leabaiḋ, meanma na buaḋarṫa a bí i dteaġlaċ na Tromḋáiṁe. Ṗreab sé 'n-a ṡuiḋe

agus ṫáinig sé gan ríġneas go teaġlaċ na Trom-ḋáiṁe. Fuair sé an ċléir ċruinniġṫe san áit 'n-a raiḃ Seanaċán, agus iad ag measgaḋ ar a ċéile, agus ag brúċ ar a ċéile, agus ná feidir aoinne acu cad ba ċeart dó féin ná d'aoinne eile a ḋéanaṁ.

"Conus atáṫar ag an muintir ṁóir ṁaiṫ seo anoċt?" ar seisean.

"O, a rí," ar siad, agus iad go léir ag caint i n-aonfeaċt, "táimíd réiḋ ar fad anois."

"Conus san, a ċlann ó?" arsa Guaire.

D'innseadar dó. Do ṫuit a luġ ar a laġ ag Guaire nuair airiġ sé an mian a ḃí tagaiṫe do Ṡeanaċán Seanḟile. Dar leis ní raiḃ aon breiṫ ar an dá níḋ sin d'ḟáġail, .i. maiṫe agus mór-uaisle Connaċt do ṡásaṁ le cuirim aon ġráinne cruiṫneaċtan, agus le saill muice nár rugaḋ fós; agus gan d'aimsir ċun an dá níḋ sin do ṡoláṫar aċ go dtí an taca san ísdoiḋċe amáireaċ a ḃí ċúġainn! Siúd sé ḋéin Ṁarḃáin é. Ní fada ċuaiḋ sé nuair a ḃuail Marḃán uime.

"Táim réiḋ fé ḋeireaḋ, a ḃráṫair!" arsa Guaire.

"Cad 'tá oraiḃ anois, a rí?" arsa Marḃán.

D'innis sé dó.

"Ná bíoḋ ceist ort, a rí," arsa Marḃán, "tá an dá níḋ sin le fáġail gan ríġneas agam-sa i nGleann an Sgáil."

"Airiú, a ḃráṫair a' ċroiḋe 'stiġ, conus san!" arsa Guaire.

"'Guaire mór-oiniġ' a tugtar ort-sa, a rí,' arsa Marḃán, "agus tá reaċtaire agat agus 'Guaire beag-oiniġ' a tugtar air."

"Tá san mar sin, a ḃráṫair," arsa Guaire.

"Tá, a rí," arsa Marḃán, "agus tá so mar seo,"

ar seisean. "Lá d'á raiḃ an 'Guaire beag-oiniġ' sin ag teaċt ó ḃeiṫ ag cur síl do ṁoṫuiġ sé árd éigin istiġ 'n-a ḃróig, idir an ḃróg agus bun a ċoise. Ċuir sé a láṁ síos 'n-a ḃróig, agus fuair sé tíos gráinne cruiṫneaċtan.

Ḃí an gráinne ana ṁór, ċóṁ mór, ba ḋóiċ leat, le dearcu fordaraiġe, .i. le cnó daraiġe. Ṫug 'Guaire beag-oiniġ' an gráinne san ċúġam-sa. Ċuireas-sa i dtalaṁ é i n-iṫir fé leiṫ, agus ṫugas aire ṁaiṫ ḋó. D'fás sé agus sa ḃfóġṁar a ḃí ċúġainn do ḃí seaċt bpríoṁ-ḋiasa fiċid tagaiṫe as, agus seaċt ḃfaon-diasa fiċid. Do ċuireas, an ḃliaḋain a ḃí ċúġainn, an méid cruiṫneaċtan a ḃí ins na seaċt bpríoṁ-diasa fiċid sin, agus d'fás sé ar an gcuma gcéadna. Tá aon ḃliaḋain déag ó ṡin anois, ó ċuireas an gráinne cruiṫneaċtan san. Níor leogas aon arḃar eile tríd i gcaiṫeaṁ na h-aimsire sin, agus tá seaċt bpríoṁ-ċruaċa de toraḋ an aon ġráinne sin agam. Do ċeapas féin fleaḋ ṁór do ḋéanaṁ i nGleann an Sgáil de ċuirm an arḃair sin: déanfad an fleaḋ anois do Ṡeanaċán agus dá ċléir agus do ṁaiṫiḃ Connaċt, agus is dóiċ liom go mbeiḋ breis agus a ndóiṫin ann."

"Beiḋ breis agus ár ndóiṫin de'n ċuirm againn gan aṁras, a ḃráṫair. Ba ṁór an cuiṁneaṁ duit an gráinne sin do ċur, agus aireaċas ċóṁ maiṫ do ṫaḃairt ḋó. Mura mbeaḋ san ḃeaḋ an scéal go h-olc agam-sa anois. Déanfaid an Tromḋáiṁ agus uaisle Connaċt éirleaċ uaṫḃásaċ ag iṫe agus ag ól, nó beiḋ breis agus a ndóiṫin le fágail acu a' toraḋ an aon ġráinne sin. Aċ cá ḃfaiġfar saill na muice nár rugaḋ fós?" arsa Guaire.

"Naċ cuiṁin leat an torc fionn, a rí?" arsa Marḃán.

"Is cuiṁin go maiṫ. Aċ ar nóin tá saill an tuirc ḟinn agus feóil an tuirc ḟinn itte faḋó," arsa Guaire.

"Nác cuiṁin leat, a rí," arsa Marḃán, "go ndubairt leat go raiḃ trí naoi n-orca breágṫa móra fireanna eile ag an gcráin úd 'n-a raiḃ an torc fionn aici? Do ḃí, agus ḃíodar ċóṁ maiṫ ċóṁ deaḃruiġṫeaċ san gur ṁarḃuiġeas orca ná raiḃ i n-aon ċor ċóṁ maiṫ leó agus do ḃí ag cráin eile, agus gur ṫugas do'n ċráin sin iad le tógaint. Do ṫóg sí iad, agus d'ḟásadar go h-áluinn, agus ḃí an raṫ orṫa. Táid siad agam anois i nGleann an Sgáil, trí naoi gcinn de ṫorcaiḃ breáġṫa móra cas-ḟiaclaċa, agus gaċ torc díoḃ ċóṁ raṁar le rón. Saill muice nár rugaḋ fós iseaḋ saill gaċ tuirc díoḃ san, a rí, agus mura ḃfaiġid an Tromḋáiṁ, agus Seanaċán Seanḟile, agus a ḃfuil d'uaislib i gConnaċtaiḃ, saill a ndóiṫin ins na trí naoi dtorcaiḃ sin, leogfad-sa do'n Tromḋáiṁ mé d'aoraḋ."

"Ní baoġal duit, a ḃráṫair!" arsa Guaire. "Ṫugas féin fé ndeara iad go minic agus mé ag gabáil tríd an nGleann. Ní dóiċ liom go ḃfeaca riaṁ muca ċóṁ mór leó ná ċóṁ raṁar leó. Is fearr gan iad do ṁarḃuġaḋ aċ sé mar a ḃeiḋ gáḋ leó. Mar sin ní h-é mo ṫuairim go marḃóċar a leat. Caṫain a déanfar an fleaḋ?"

"Ḃíos féin ċun cuireaḋ tabairt duit-se, a rí, agus do ṁaiṫiḃ Connaċt, annso go Gleann an Sgáil, agus ċun na fleiḋe do ċórúġaḋ annso ḋaoiḃ; aċ b'féidir go mbeaḋ sé ċóṁ maiṫ a ráḋ le maiṫiḃ Connaċt a d'ḟiafraiġe de Ṡeanaċán agus de'n Tromḋáiṁ ce'cu is fearr leo teaċt annso ċun na fleiḋe, nó go ndéanfí an fleaḋ do ċur ag triall orṫa ċun a dtiġe féin," arsa Marḃán.

"Tá go maiṫ, a ḃráṫair," arsa Guaire. "Labarfad-sa le cuid de ṁaiṫiḃ Connaċt, agus déarfad leó an fiafraiġe sin do ḋéanaṁ."

Do sgar an ḃeirt. Táinig Guaire go tiġ na Tromḋáiṁe, agus áṫas mór air, agus duḃairt sé leó go raiḃ a ṁian ag Seanaċán le fáġail gan ríġneas; ná beaḋ de ríġneas aċ an fleaḋ d'ollṁúġaḋ agus maiṫe Connaċt do ċruinniúġaḋ ċúiċi.

Ḃí iongnaḋ a ċroiḋe ar Seanaċán conus a féadaḋ cuirim an aon ġráinne d'fáġail ċóṁ tapaiḋ sin, agus saill na muice nár rugaḋ fós, aċ níor leog sé aon niḋ air. Ḃí 'fios aige go maiṫ nár ḃ'féidir aon ḃún-táiste do ḃreiṫ ar an sgéal; go gcaiṫfí an dá ċoinġioll do ċóṁlíonaḋ go fíor, nó nár ḃ'féidir do Ġuaire dul as gan a aoireaḋ. Níor ḋein sé aċ éisteaċt, agus iongnaḋ air.

Ċuir Guaire teaċtaireaċt ag triall ar triúr des na maiṫiḃ ba ṁó agus ba ċreideaṁnaiġe de ṁaiṫiḃ Connaċt. Táinig an triúr uaisle sin go teaġlaċ na Tromḋáiṁe. D'fiafraiġeadar de Seanaċán agus de'n Tromḋáiṁ ce'cu ba roġa leó, dul go Gleann an Sgáil ċun na fleiḋe do ċaiteaṁ, nó Guaire do ṫabairt na fleiḋe ċúca ċun a dteaġlaiġ féin.

Ċóṁ luaṫ agus d'airiġ Seanaċán an ċeist sin d'éiriġ sé ar buile.

"Ó," ar seisean, "is truaġ an sgéal é! A ráḋ gur rug sé im' ḃeaṫaiḋ orm a leiṫéid d'easonóir fáġail ó ṁaiṫiḃ Connaċt! Níor tugaḋ a leiṫéid de ṁasla riaṁ roiṁe seo dom féin ná dom' ċléir!"

Do leaṫ a súile agus a ḃéal ar gaċ uasal de'n triúr nuair airiġeadar an caint sin.

"A ríġ-ollaṁ," arsan fear tosaiġ a ḃí orṫa; "ca ḃfuil an easonóir? Ca ḃfuil an masla?"

"Masla mór," arsa Seanaċán, "agus easonóir mór isead a ċuimneaṁ i n-aon ċor i ndúr n-aigne, ní áirṁim an ċeist sin do ċur, go bfágfaḋ an Tromḋáiṁ a dteaglaċ féin ċun fleiḋe do ċaiteaṁ i dteaglaċ iasaċta! Ní foláir maiṫe Connaċt d'aoraḋ mar geall ar ċuimneaṁ ar a leiṫéid!"

Le mórán úṁluiġeaċta agus cimilt baise isead do ċuaiḋ an triúr as gan a n-aoraḋ!

CAIBIDIOL A h-OĊT-DÉAG.

AN ḞLEAḊ, AGUS TORMAS SEANAĊÁIN.

Do h-ollṁuiġeaḋ an ḟleaḋ, agus do rugaḋ go teaglaċ na Tromḋáiṁe í. Ṫáiniġ uaisle Connaċt go léir agus bíodar féin agus an Tromḋáiṁ ag iṫe agus ag ól agus "ag aoibneas," mar adeir an seana leabar. Ḃí Seanaċán ar a ṁór-ḟásaċt, ag riaraḋ gaċ aon ruda, agus ag cur gaċ aon duine 'n-a suiḋe san áit 'n-ar ceart dó beiṫ, do réir a ḋána agus a uaisleaċta. Do lean an t-ól agus an t-aoibneas ar feaḋ trí lá agus trí oiḋċe. Fé deireaḋ tug Seanaċán fé ndeara go raiḃ giollanraḋ agus díosgar-ḟluaġ Connaċt ag ól na diġe agus ag iṫe an biḋ níba iomadaṁla go mór 'ná mar a taiṫn leis. Ṫáiniġ doiċeall air. Ṫáiniġ doiċeall mór air agus fearg. Do stad sé d'aon niḋ d'iṫe ná d'ól. Ḃí sé ag tormas. Do ċrom na daoine a bí i n'aice ar beiṫ ag taṫant air an biaḋ do ċaiteaṁ, agus an deoċ a d'ól. Ní raiḃ aon maiṫ

ḋóiḃ ann. Ní iosfaḋ sé biaḋ, agus ní ólfaḋ sé deoċ, agus ní ṫaḃarfaḋ sé freagra ar aoinne do laḃarfaḋ leis. Níor ḃ'ḟada go raiḃ an ċuideaċta go léir tré n-a ċéile agus ar mearaṫal. Do laḃair duine de ṁaiṫiḃ Connaċt.

"A ríġ-ollaṁ," ar seisean, "cad tá ar do ṡoilse ná h-iṫeann tú biaḋ agus ná h-ólann tú deoċ. Tá an biaḋ go maiṫ, agus tá an deoċ go maiṫ, a ríġ-ollaṁ, agus is tusa fé ndeár iad a ḃeiṫ againn le n-iṫe agus le n-ól. Is truaġ linn ná feicimíd tú ag iṫe agus ag ól i n-ár dteannta."

"Is mise fé ndeár iad a ḃeiṫ agaiḃ le n-iṫe agus le n-ól," arsa Seanaċán, "agus is ró-olc an díol oraiḃ iad a ṫaḃairt daoiḃ le n-iṫe agus le n-ól!"

"Conus san a ríġ-ollaṁ?" arsan fear a laḃair.

"Féaċ," arsa Seanaċán, "ḃúr ngiollanraḋ agus ḃúr ndíorsgar-ṡluaġ, an sgeanfairt atá acu 'á ḋéanaṁ de'n ḃiaḋ, agus a ḃfuil de ċuirm acu d'á sgaoileaḋ uaṫa fé n-a gcosaiḃ sa luaċair, gan tráċt ar a ḃfuil acu d'á ṡlogaḋ isteaċ 'n-a gcorp de idir ḃiaḋ agus deoċ!"

"A ríġ-ollaṁ," arsan fear a laḃair, "níor ṫángamair annso go dtí go ḃfuaramair cuireaḋ! Ċun bíḋ agus díġe d'ḟáġail a ṫángamair, agus ní ċun easonóra d'ḟáġail!"

Do ḃuail duine eile bas láiṫreaċ ar ḃéal an fir sin, le h-eagla go ndéanfaḋ sé a tuilleaḋ agus go n-aoirfaḋ an Tromḋáiṁ maiṫe Connaċt.

"Glanaiḋ uaim amaċ as an dtiġ seo láiṫreaċ!" arsa Seanaċán go h-árd agus go feargaċ. "Sgriosaiḋ as mo raḃarc idir uasal agus íseal agaiḃ! Ní iosfad biaḋ agus ní ólfad deoċ go dtí go mbeiḋ siḃ amaċ as an dtiġ uaim agus amaċ as an mbaile."

B'éigean dóiḃ imṫeaċt. Annsan féin ní íosfaḋ Seanaċán biaḋ agus ní ólfaḋ sé deoċ. Ṫug sé an lá san go léir ag tormas, agus an oiḋċe. D'airiġ Guaire an scéal. Dob' olc le Guaire an Tromḋáiṁ go léir a ḃeiṫ ag iṫe agus ag ól, agus Seanaċán 'n-a ṫrosgaḋ. Glaoiḋ sé ċuige dalta a ḃí aige, buaċaill breáġ dataṁail glan a ḃí timċeall seaċt mbliaḋna déag d'aois.

"Féaċ, a ḃuaċaill ḃáin," ar seisean, "tabair leat bior fada fionn-ċuill agus cuir gé air, agus bíoḋ dá dtrian an ḃeara rómat agat, agus an trímaḋ trian dé id' ḋiaiḋ, agus éiriġ ċun na h-áite 'n-a ḃfuil Seanaċán, agus féaċ an ḃféadfá é ṁeallaḋ ċun blúire de'n ġé d'iṫe."

Ḋein an buaċaill sé mar a duḃraḋ leis a ḋéanaṁ. Ṫáiniġ sé ċun na h-áite 'n-a raiḃ Seanaċán. Ċonnaic Seanaċán an bior agus an gé air.

"Cad ab' áil leat de'n ġé sin a ṁacaoiṁ?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Ċun é d'ollṁúġaḋ duit-se, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsan buaċaill.

"Cad ċuige gur cuireaḋ tusa leis?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Ba ṁaiṫ le Guaire an t-é ba glaine agus ba dataṁla d'á raiḃ aige do ċur ċúġat-sa led' ċuid, a rí," arsan buaċaill.

"Is dóiċ liom-sa," arsa Seanaċán, "nár ḃ'féidir dó duine eile d'fáġail ar an mbaile ba neaṁ-glaine agus ba mí-sgiaṁaiġe 'ná tusa."

"Conus san?" arsan buaċaill.

"Ḃí aiṫne agam-sa ar do ṁáṫair-se," arsa Seanaċán, "agus ḃí sí meill-ingneaċ, agus ḃí do sean-ṁáṫair meill-ingneaċ, leis. Ní féadfainn-se biaḋ

do ċaiteaṁ ar do láṁaiḃ-se. Ní féidir dóiḃ ḃeiṫ glan."

Táinig an buaċaill boċt tar n-ais ag triall ar Ġuaire, agus é ag gol, agus d'innis sé dó cad duḃairt Seanaċán. Do ċuir san buaiḋirt agus brón ar Ġuaire.

Ḃí Guaire go buaḋarṫa agus go brónaċ, agus ḃí a ċúis aige. Ḃí 'fios aige go raiḃ buaiḋte aige féin agus ag Marḃán ar Ṡeanaċán agus ar an gcuid de'n Tromḋáiṁ a ḃí ar a ṫí. Ḃí 'fios aige dá ḃrig sin, go raiḃ árd-fearg ar Ṡeanaċán mar ġeall ar gur fuaraḋ saill na muice nár rugaḋ, agus dóiṫin uaisle Connaċt de'n tsaill sin agus de ċuirm an aon ġráinne arḃair. Ḃí 'fios aige gur ḃ'í an fearg san a ċuir an tormas ar Ṡeanaċán, agus nár ḃ'é an sgeanfairt a ḃí 'á ḋéanaṁ de'n ḃiaḋ. Ḃí 'fios aige náċ gan fáṫ aduḃairt Seanaċán go raiḃ máṫair an ḃuaċalla meill-ingneaċ. Agus ḃí sgannraḋ air le h-eagla go n-aoirfaḋ Seanaċán é, mar ġeall ar ṁac na mná meill-ingniġe do ċur le n-a ċuid biḋ ċuige. Ḃí buaiḋirt agus brón air, agus ḃí a ḋóiṫin de ċúis aige ċuige. Ċuir sé an sgéal i gcóṁairle Ṁarḃáin.

"Náċ dalta duit, a ri," arsa Marḃán, "an óigḃean áluinn sin a ċím id' teaġlaċ, an ingean san Ḃeag Ḃainiġe?"

"Iseaḋ ceana," arsa Guaire.

"Cuir í sin ag triall ar Ṡeanaċán cun a ċoda d'ollṁúġaḋ dó," arsa Marḃán, "ní raiḃ aoinne a ḃain léi sin riaṁ meill-ingneaċ, ar taoḃ a h-aṫar ná ar taoḃ a máṫar. Ní féadfaḋ súil aon duine i n-Éirinn, uasal ná íseal, aon loċt a ḋ'feiscint innti féin. Ní'l cailín is áilne 'ná í i n-Éirinn, agus tá sí múinte béasaċ, deaġ-taḃarṫa suas. Ní féidir dó,

agus a ḋiċeall a ḋéanaṁ, aon loċt fágail uirṫi féin ná ar a sinsear. Ḃí aiṫne agam ar a sean-aṫair. Duin'uasal creideaṁnaċ, diaḋa, carṫanaċ ab eaḋ é. Ní raiḃ aon teóra le n-a dtugaḋ sé de ḋéirc uaiḋ do ḃoċtaiḃ Dé. Ní baoġal go raiḃ sé meill-ingneaċ. Níor ċar aoinne riaṁ fós aon araċán leis, agus ní ḋóiċ liom-sa go ḃféadfaiḋ Seanaċán aon araċán do ċaraḋ le h-aoinne d'á ċlainn, ná de ċlainn a ċlainne. Má ċarann sé araċán bréagaċ leó, is dó féin is measa. Tuigfear an bréag ċóṁ luaṫ agus do labarfar í. Agus féaċ, a rí," ar seisean, "is eól dóṁ-sa ná fuil biaḋ ar biṫ is fearr a ṫaiṫneann le Seanaċán 'ná arán déanta de plúr cruiṫneaċtan agus d'iuċraiḃ bradáin, agus iad fuinte ar a ċéile. B'féidir, nuair a ṫaiṫnfaḋ an biaḋ leis go n-imṫeóċaḋ an fearg de."

Do ġlaoiḋ Guaire ċuige an cailín. "Féaċ, a 'ngín ó," ar seisean, "beir leat iuċra bradáin agus plúr cruiṫneaċtan, agus fuin i láṫair Ṡeanaċáin iad ċun aráin a ḋéanaṁ díoḃ, agus féaċ a' ḃféadfá é ṁeallaḋ ċun an aráin d'iṫe."

D'imṫiġ an cailín, agus ḋein sí fé mar a duḃraḋ léi. Do rug sí léi an plúr agus na h-iuċra, agus ċuaiḋ sí ċun na h-áite 'n-a raiḃ Seanaċán, agus é ag tormas, agus an t-ocras go dian air. Do fliuċ sí an plúr agus do ṁeasg sí na h-iuċra air, agus ċrom sí ar iad d'fuineaḋ le n-a láṁaiḃ. Ḃí na láṁa go geal agus go deaġ-ċúmṫa aici, agus ḃí Seanaċán ag féaċaint orṫa, agus uirṫi féin.

"Cad ab' áil leat de sin, a ingean?" arsa Seanaċán.

"'Ġá ollṁúġaḋ duit-se atáim, a ríġ-ollaṁ," ar sisi.

"Cad uime 'n-ar cuireaḋ tusa 'gá ḋéanaṁ san?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Guaire a dubairt, a rí," ar sise, "nár b'ḟoláir dó féin an t-é ba ġlaine agus ba ḋataṁla d'á raiḃ aige do ċur annso ċúgat-sa, ċun do ċoda d'ollṁúġaḋ duit."

"Isé is dóiċ liom-sa, áṁtaċ," arsa Seanaċán, "nár b'ḟuirirte do Ġuaire duine d'ḟáġail ar an mbaile seo ba neaṁ-ġlaine ná ba ġráinne 'ná tusa, aċ aṁáin, b'ḟéidir, an t-é a táinig annso róṁat."

"Cad 'n-a taoḃ go n-abrann tusa san, a ríg-ollaṁ?" arsan cailín.

"Tá cúis mo ḋóiṫin agam leis," arsa Seanaċán. "Ḃí aiṫne agam ar do ṡean-aṫair agus bíoḋ sé anáirde ar ċarraig, agus é ag teagasg eóluis do lobraiḃ. Le linn an eólus do teagasg dóiḃ dó, do ṡíneaḋ sé a láṁ 'n-a dtreó. Conus is féidir dóṁ-sa biaḋ do ġlacaḋ a fuineaḋ leo' láiṁ-se, agus go mbíoḋ láṁ do ṡean-aṫar d'á síneaḋ ar an gcuma san ċun na lobar salaċ úd!"

Táinig an cailín boċt abaile ag triall ar Ġuaire, agus í ag briseaḋ a croiḋe ag gol.

"Cad tá ort a 'ngin ó?" arsa Guaire.

D'innis sí dó, agus an gol ag baint a h-anála di mar ġeall ar an masla a tugaḋ di féin agus d'á sean-aṫair.

"Guiḋim-se aon níḋ aṁáin anois," arsa Guaire. "Nár ḟáġaiḋ Seanaċán bás coiḋċe go dtugaiḋ sé póg le n-a béal do béal lobair!"

CAIBIDIOL A NAOI-DÉAG.

AOIRAḊ NA LUĊ AGUS NA GCAT.

D'innis Guaire do Ṁarbán an rud a duḃairt Seanaċán leis an gcailín.

"Duḃrais, a ḃráṫair," arsa Guaire, "ná féadfaḋ sé loċt d'ḟágail uirṫi. Féaċ féin gur féad. Nać deacair dul uaiḋ!"

"Is fíor, a rí," arsa Marbán, "gur deacair dul uaiḋ. Gan aṁras is fíor go mbíoḋ sean-aṫair an ċailín sin ag teagasg na lobar, agus go mbíoḋ sé 'n-a suiḋe ar an gcarraig 'á ḋéanaṁ. Aċ is ag múineaḋ an ċreidiṁ dóiḃ a bíoḋ sé. Le grád do Ḋia agus do'n ċóṁarsain a deineaḋ sé an obair sin. Tá luaċ saoṫair anois aige d'á ḃárr, agus is cuma dó cad a ḋéanfaiḋ tormas Ṡeanaċáin. Aċ nać fada ó ḃaile a ċuaiḋ Seanaċán ċun loċt fágail ar an gcailín!"

"Is baoġal go n-aoirfiḋ sé mé mar ġeall ar í ċur ag ollṁúġaḋ biḋ dó, agus mar ġeall ar ṁac na mná meill-ingniġe do ċur ag ollṁúġaḋ biḋ dó. Déanfaiḋ sé an donus orm mar ġeall ar an mbeirt, agus mar ġeall ar an ngé, agus mar ġeall ar iuċra an ḃradáin," arsa Guaire.

"Ní ḋéanfaiḋ sé aon niḋ d'á sórd, a rí," arsa Marbán. "Tá 'fios aige go maiṫ cad í an ċreideaṁaint a ḃí ag sean-aṫair an ċailín sin, agus gur ṁarla d'á ċreideaṁaint féin aon rud a ḋéanaṁ a ṫabarfaḋ ṁarla ḋi féin ná d'á sean-aṫair. Ní aireóċair a ṫuilleaḋ mar ġeall ar an ngé, ná mar ġeall ar iuċra an ḃradáin, ná bíoḋ blúire eagla ort, a rí. Ní baoġal

duit. Ní aireóċair puinn eile des na miantaiḃ ó'n dTromḋáim, aċ b'féidir nár b'fada go n-aireóċtá rud éigin eile. Fan leat go fóil."

B'fíor do Ṁarbán é. Níor táinig a tuilleaḋ des na miantaiḃ. Do lean Seanaċán ag déanaṁ an tormais, bíoḋ go raiḃ an t-ocras 'gá scracaḋ, agus go raiḃ sgannraḋ ar an dTromḋáim le h-eagla go dtaḃarfaḋ sé an bás dó féin.

Fé ḋeireaḋ do laḃair Brigid le n-a mnaoi friotálṁa.

"Imtiġ," ar sisi, "agus beir leat m'fuiḋleaċ-sa, agus taḃair do'n ríġ-ollaṁ é féaċaint a' n-iosfaḋ sé é."

Beadgill ab ainim do'n ṁnaoi friotálṁa. Táinig sí i láṫair Ṡeanaċáin.

"Dubairt an ríogan liom, a ríġ-ollaṁ," ar sisi, "a fuiḋleaċ féin do taḃairt ċúgat agus go n-iosfá é."

"Cad é an fuiḋleaċ atá fágta aici?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Ub circe, a rí," arsan bean.

"Is beag ná gur b'é mo sáit é," arsa Seanaċán, "agus ní beag liom é an turus so. Imtiġ agus taḃair ċúgam é."

D'imtiġ sí, agus d'imtiġ roinnt aimsire agus ní raiḃ sí ag teaċt. Cuir Seanaċán teaċtaire 'n-a diaiḋ féaċaint cad a ḃí 'gá cimeáḋ. Táinig sí agus ní raiḃ an t-uḃ aici.

"Do teip orm é d'fáġail, a rí," ar sisi.

"Ní deirim ná gur b'aṁlaiḋ a d'itis féin é," arsa Seanaċán.

"Níor iteas, a rí," ar sisi, "aċ d'iṫ na luċaiġ é."

"Níor ċóir dos na luċaiġ a leiṫéid do ḋéanaṁ!"

arsa Seanaċán. "Is minic ċeana a ḋeineadar a leiṫéid, agus dob' olc an gníoṁ le déanaṁ dóiḃ é. Ní'l rí ná flaiṫ d'á uaisleaċt ná d'á aoirde náċ maiṫ leo rian a bfiacal do ċur ar a gcuid. Is droċ-ṁúinte an obair dóiḃ gníoṁ de'n tsórd san a ḋéanaṁ. Is aindfiosaċ an obair dóiḃ é, mar an biaḋ 'n-a mbeiḋ rian a bfiacal san air, ní ceart é ċur ós cóṁair aoinne, íseal ná uasal. Tá aoiraḋ tuillte acu mar geall ar an ud san a d'iṫe, agus aoirfaḋ-sa iad anois."

Ċrom sé ar na luċaiġ d'aoiraḋ, agus is dóċa gur ḋein sé an obair go h-ana ḋian agus go h-ana ġéar. Ḃí an fearg air, agus ḃí an t-ocras air, agus ḃí an filiḋeaċt go millteaċ aige, agus do ḋíol na luċaiġ as. Ní raiḃ sé aḃfad ag labairt na n-aoir, nuair a riṫ luċ ċuige amaċ a' poll agus tuit sí marḃ agá ċosaiḃ. Ċomáin sé leis agus an fearg ag éirġe ann, agus an ċaint ag dul i ngéire agus i neiṁneaċt. Do riṫ luċ eile amaċ ċuige, agus tuit sí marḃ agá ċosaiḃ. Ḃí sé ag labairt na cainte, agus na luċaiġ ag teaċt ċuige amaċ as na pollaiḃ agus ag tuitim agá ċosaiḃ, gan anam ionta, go dtí go raiḃ deiċ gcinn acu ann sínte. Annsan dubairt sé focal éigin leó a ḃí níba géire 'ná aon focal d'á raiḃ ráiḋte fós aige, ⁊ le n-a linn sin do riṫ luiċín agus a h-ál go léir amaċ a' poll agus tángadar i n-aice a ċos, agus tuiteadar marḃ idir ṁáṫair agus ál. Táinig catúġaḋ air agus do stad sé.

"Is eagal liom, a luċa," ar seisean, "go bfuil éagcóir déanta agam oraiḃ. Ní siḃ-se atá ciontaċ aċ an ṁuintir ar a bfuil ḃúr gcosg, .i. tuata cat."

"Is truag ċráiḋte," ar seisean, "nár ċuiṁniġeas ar an méid sin sar ar aoiras na luċaiġ ḃoċta so.

Is iad na cait atá ciontaċ, agus is iad is ceart d'aoraḋ. Dá ndeineaḋ na cait an gnó atá orṫa a ḋéanaṁ, ní íosfaḋ na luċaiġ fuiḋleaċ Ḃrigde, mar ní ḃeidís ann ċuige. Is iad na cait is ceart d'aoraḋ agus aoirfad-sa go maiṫ anois iad. Agus ó's 'gá n-aoraḋ dom i n-aon ċor, tá sé ċóṁ maiṫ agam an rí atá orṫa d'aoraḋ. Tá aiṫne ṁaiṫ agam air, agus tá 'fios agam cá gcóṁnuiḋeann sé. Iorusán is ainim dó agus i n-uaiṁ Ċnóḋba atá sé 'n-a ċóṁnuiḋe, lastoir de Ċluain mic Nóis naoiṁ-Ċiaráin. Arusán is ainm d'á aṫair; agus Riaċall Rinnfiaclaċ, ingean Ċlab-aiṫinne, a bean. Tá beirt driṫár aige i n-aon-tiġeas leis i n-uaiṁ Cnóḋba, .i. an Crónánaċ a' Cruaċain agus Gruamán Garb-fiaclaċ. Agus tá ingean aige agus Reang Géar-ḟiaclaċ, is ainim di. Dá ndeinidís sin a ngnó mar ba ċeart dóiḃ a ḋéanaṁ is ró-ḃeag na luċaiġ a ḃeaḋ i n-Éirinn againn. Cait ana ṁóra, ana láidre iseaḋ iad. Isé Iorusán mac Arusáin is rí ar ċataiḃ na h-Éireann go léir agus dá ndeineaḋ sé a ḋualgas ríoġ do ċóṁlíonaḋ, agus dliġṫe na gcat do ċur i bfeiḋm, níor ġáḋ dóṁ-sa beiṫ ag déanaṁ aoir ċun na luċ so do ṁarḃúġaḋ. Aoirfad-sa anois é féin agus a bean agus a ṁuintir."

Annsan do ċrom Seanaċán ar an aoir a ḋéanaṁ dos na cataiḃ, agus do ríġ na gcat, go mór mór. "Ataċ ingneaċ" a ṫug sé ar Iorusán. Ṫug sé a lán eile ainmneaċ tarcuisneaċa air. Ṫug sé "Fuiḋeall Doiḃre" air. Duḃairt sé go raiḃ sinsear na gcat lá 'n-a ċodlaḋ ar ḃruaċ loċa agus go dtáinig an dobrán, .i. an madra-uisge, amaċ as an loċ, agus gur iṫ sé barr a dá ċluas de ṡinsear na gcat, agus gur b' ṡiné a ḃeir na cait go léir gearb-ċluasaċ ó ṡin i leiṫ. Ċomáin sé leis ar an gcuma san, ag

taḃairt gaċ aracáin agus gaċ tarcuisne ba ṁeasa 'ná ċéile do ríġ na gcat, agus dos na cait go léir, mar ġeall ar nár coisgeadar na luċaiġ ar fuiḋleaċ Ḃrigde d'iṫe.

Ṫáiniġ meanma na n-aoir san d'Iorurán agus é i n-uaiṁ Ċnóḋḋa. Do laḃair sé le n-a ṁuintir.

“D'aoir Seanaċán mise” ar seisean.

“Ní mór dom dul agus díoġaltas a ḋéanaṁ air.”

“Dob' fearr linn,” arsa Reang Ġéar-fiaclaċ, “go dtaḃarfá Seanaċán ċúġainn annso 'n-a ḃeaṫaiḋ, i dtreo go ḃféadfaimís go léir díoġaltas a ḋéanaṁ air.”

“Tá go maiṫ, a laoġ,” arsa Iorurán. “Taḃarfad ċúġaiḃ 'n-a ḃeaṫaiḋ é. Beiḋ 'fios aige annsan cé'cu is treise na h-aoir nó na cait,” agus do ġluais sé.

Do h-innseaḋ do Ṡeanaċán go raiḃ Iorurán mac Arusáin, rí na gcat, ag teaċt ċuige ċun é ṁarḃúġaḋ mar ġeall ar na h-aoiriḃ. D'iarr Seanaċán ar Ġuaire agus ar ríoġraḋ Connaċt teaċt agus é ċosaint ar Iorurán. Ṫáiniġ Guaire agus ríoġraḋ Connaċt go léir, agus ċuireadar Seanaċán i lár baill eatarṫa istiġ, agus do noċt gaċ fear a ċlaiḋeaṁ. Ḃíodar 'n-a seasaṁ ag feiteaṁ leis an náṁaid. Ba ġearr gur airiġeadar an ḃrúċ agus an fotram ag teaċt 'n-a dtreó. Dar leó ba ċuma an fotram san nó an ḃúirṫeaċt a ḋéanfaḋ “buinne teine mire mór-ḋéine ag mear-lorgaḋ.” Annsan do ċonnacadar Iorurán féin, agus ní misde a ráḋ ná gur ċuir an radarc ag crit 'n-a gcroiceann iad. Ḃí sé níba ṁó 'ná an tarḃ ba ṁó d'á ḃfeacadar riaṁ! Seo mar adeir an seanaleaḃar:

“Is aṁlaiḋ boi-seom .i. Irusán agus é srón-ṁael, santaċ, séiḋfeaḋaċ, bailc, cearḃ-ċluasaċ,

cliaḃ-leaṫan, ingin-ġéar, srón-ḃeárnaċ, géar-fiaclaċ, garḃ, guib-reaṁar, taoḃ-leaṫan, fuascraċ, fír-ṁiscneaċ, mear, crónánaċ, crón-ṡúileaċ, agus sin mar a ṫáinig sé ċúca."

Do ḃuail sé tríota isteaċ gan ionga ná fiacal do ċur i n-aoinne acu. Do ḃuaileadar é aċ níor ċuaiḋ faoḃar ná rinn i ḃfeiḋm air. Níor ḋein sé aon díoġḃáil dóiḃ. Níor ḋein sé aċ bualaḋ tríota, ċóṁ maiṫ agus ná beiḋís ann, go dtí go dtáinig sé mar a raiḃ Seanaċán. Annsan níor ḋein sé aċ breiṫ ar leaṫ-láim ar Ṡeanaċán, agus é ċaiteaṁ ċuige ar a ṁuin, díreaċ mar a ḋéanfaḋ an mada ruaḋ an gandal do ċaiteaṁ ċuige ar a ṁuin. Do ġluais sé amaċ arís, tríd an sluaġ, díreaċ mar a ṫáinig sé tríota isteaċ, gan aon truim a ċur 'n-a n-airm, agus Seanaċán ar a ṁuin aige, díreaċ mar beaḋ an gandal ag an mada ruaḋ.

Ḃí iongnaḋ agus alltaċt ar Ġuaire agus ar ríoġraḋ Connaċt nuair a ċonnacadar Seanaċán ag imṫeaċt ar ġualainn an ċait, agus nár féadadar é ċosaint.

Annsan iseaḋ aduḃairt gaċ aoinne go n-aoirfaḋ an Tromḋáiṁ Guaire, agus ná féadfaḋ Marḃán féin é taḃairt saor, toisg nár ċosain sé Seanaċán ar an gcat.

CAIBIDIOL A FIĊE.

SEANAĊÁN AGUS IORUSÁN.

Do ġluais Iorusán amaċ ó ṡlóiġtiḃ Connaċt, agus Seanaċán ar a ṁuin aige, agus greim daingean aige ar leaṫ-láiṁ air, díreaċ mar a ḃeaḋ greim ar sgrugal

ag an maḋa ruaḋ ar an ganḋal. Ḃí a leiṫéid sin d'iongnaḋ agus d'uaṫḃás agus de sgannraḋ ar na slóigtiḃ nár ċoruiġ aoinne acu as an áit 'n-a raiḃ sé 'n-a ṡeasaṁ. Do ṡeasuiġeadar annsúd ag féaċaint ar an radarc—an cat ag imṫeaċt agus Seanaċán ar a ṁuin aige, go dtí go raiḃ sé imṫiġṫe as a radarc agus níor ċoruiġ aoinne acu ar feaḋ aḃfaḋ 'n-a ḋiaiḋ san.

Nuair a ċonnaic Seanaċán nár ḃ'aon ṁaiṫ ḋó ḃeiṫ ag ḃrat ar Ġuaire ná ar ṡlóigtiḃ Connaċt ċun é d'ḟuasgailt as an ngéiḃinn 'n-a raiḃ sé, ṫarraing sé ċuige seift eile. Ċrom sé ar Iorusán do ṁolaḋ. "Ó," adeireaḋ sé, "náċ ċóṁaċtaċ an rí Iorusán! Níl ḃeann aige ar Ġuaire ná ar ṡlóigtiḃ líonṁara Connaċt! Do ṁarḃóċaḋ sé féin, i n'aonar, Guaire agus a ṡlóigte go léir i n-aonfeaċt!" Nuair a léimeaḋ Iorusán tar ċlaiḋe nó tar aḃainn, "Ó," adeireaḋ Seanaċán, "náċ iongantaċ an léim atá ag Iorusán! Rí i gcóṁaċt iseaḋ Iorusán! Leóṁ i neart iseaḋ Iorusán mac Arusáin. Is mó oineaċ Iorusáin 'ná oineaċ Ġuaire. Iorusán an oiniġ! Ar ġráḋ a oiniġ iseaḋ do leogfiḋ uaiḋ mé!"

Comáin sé leis ar an gcuma san ag molaḋ agus ag plámás ar Iorusán, aċ níor ċuir Iorusán aon truim 'n-a ṁolaḋ ná 'n-a ṗlámás, aċ comáint leis soir i dtreó Ċnóḋḃa. Nuair a ċonnaic Seanaċán nár ḃ'aon ṁaiṫ ḋó ḃeiṫ ag plámás ná ag molaḋ do ċuiṁniġ sé ar Ḋia.

"Aḋraim-se Ḋia idir mé agus tú!" ar seisean. "Tá caillte ag Ġuaire agus ag slóigtiḃ Connaċt orm. Ḋia le m'anam! Ḋia le m'anam!" Do lean sé ag ráḋ an focail sin gan a tuilleaḋ cainte ḋéanaṁ leis an gcat, 'á ṁolaḋ ná 'á ċáineaḋ. Ḃí an cat ag

cur na sliġe soir ḋe go tiuġ, agus bí a ṁuintir toir ag feiteaṁ leis go tnúṫaċ, agus iad ag cuiṁneaṁ ar an spórt a ḃeaḋ acu ag súgraḋ le Seanaċán ar feaḋ tamaill sar a n-iosfaiḋís é, mar is gnáṫ le cat ḃeiṫ ag súgraḋ le luiċín. Ċomáin Seanaċán leis agus "Dia le m'anam! Dia le m'anam!" aige. Ġaiḃ an cat tar doras ceárdċan Ċiaráin Naoṁta. Ḃí Ciarán sa ċeárdċain ag obair. D'airiġ sé an focal, "Dia le m'anam! Dia le m'anam!" D'ḟéaċ sé amaċ. Ċonnaic sé Iorusán agus an duine ar a ṁuin aige. D'aiṫin sé Iorusán agus d'aiṫin sé Seanaċán.

"Ó! a ċreaċ láidir é," ar seisean, "íosfaiḋ Iorusán an rig-ollaṁ agus aoirfar Guaire agus cad a ḋéanfaimíd! Cad a ḋéanfaimíd!"

Do ṫárla go raiḃ caor iarainn i mbéal na teanaċaire aige ar dearg-lasaḋ. Níor ḋein sé aċ an teanaċair do ċasaḋ agus an caor do ċaiteaṁ leis an gcat. Ba ḋíreaċ an t-urċar é! D'aimsiġ sé an cat 'n-a ṫaoḃ, agus ċuaiḋ an caor iarainn treasna tré n-a ċaḃail agus tré n-a ċroiḋe agus amaċ ar an dtaoḃ eile, agus do ṫuit Iorusán marḃ. Do ḃog an bás greim an ċait de láiṁ Seanaċáin agus d'éiriġ sé. Cad a ḋein sé, áṁ, ċóṁ luaṫ agus bí sé éiriġṫe 'n-a ḟeasaṁ, buiḋeaċas do ġabáil le Ciarán mar ġeall ar é ḟaoraḋ ó'n gcat? Ní h-eaḋ i n-aon ċor. Is aṁlaiḋ a ḋiriġ sé ar spíḋiúċán go dian agus go ḟíoċṁar agus go feargaċ ar an láiṁ a ċaiṫ an t-urċar san!

"An é sin do ḃuiḋeaċas orm?" arsa Ciarán.

"Is é sin díreaċ mo ḃuiḋeaċas ort!" arsa Seanaċán. "Is neaṁċúramaċ a bís. Ba ċirte duit go mór aire ṫabairt dod' ġnó féin agus mise do sgaoileaḋ tort!"

Ḃí iongnaḋ ar Ċiarán. "Ní foláir, a ríġ-ollaṁ," ar seisean, "nó tá cúis éigin agat leis an gcaint sin atá ráiḋte agat. Ḃís ag glaoḋaċ go cruaiḋ ar Ḋia nuair a ċaiteas-sa an t-urċar a ṁairḃ Iorusán. Ḃís 'gá iarraiḋ ar Ḋia tú ḋ'ḟuasgailt ó'n mbás. Do stiúruiġ Dia m'urċar-sa, agus fuasglaḋ tú. Cad eile a ḃí uait?"

"Ḃíos ag glaoḋaċ ar Ḋia, aċ ní ċun mé ḋ'ḟuasgailt ó'n mbás é, aċ ċun m'anam do ḃreiṫ saor go flaiṫeaṁnas. Ní raiḃ aon lorg agam ar ḋul ó'n mbás. B'ḟearr liom go mór go n-iosfaḋ an cat mé, mar annsan ḋ'aoirfaḋ an Ṫromḋáim Guaire, agus ċuirfeaḋ san deireaḋ le h-oineaċ Guaire. Siné a ḃí uaim. Do ċuiris-se ar neaṁníḋ an rud a ḃí uaim, agus nár cúitiġtear do saoṫar leat!" arsa Seanaċán.

Do sgaradar. Ṫáinig Seanaċán abaile go dtí an Ṫromḋáim. Ḃí Guaire agus uaisle Connaċt, agus a slóiġte, roimis san áit 'n-ar ḟág sé iad nuair a rug Iorusán ċun siuḃail uaṫa é. Ḃí áṫas mór orṫa nuair a connacadar ag teaċt é. Ċuireadar liúġ suas ag fáilṫiúġaḋ roimis. Ṫáinig Guaire agus na h-uaisle ċuige ċun labarṫa leis, agus ċun é ṗógaḋ, agus ċun a ḟiafraiġe conus ḟéad sé teaċt saor ó'n gcat. Níor ḋein sé aċ féaċaint orṫa go feargaċ agus imteaċt isteaċ gan oiread agus focal do laḃairt le h-aoinne aca.

CAIBIDIOL A h-AON A'S FIĊE.

CUAIRD ṀARḂÁIN.

Ċuaiḋ gaċ aon rud ċun suaiṁnis sa Ṫromḋáiṁ ar feaḋ tamaill ṁaiṫ. Níor ṫáinig aon ṁian eile d'ḟear ná do ṁnaoi acu. Ḃíodar go léir go díċeallaċ, gaċ aoinne ag tabairt aireaċais d'á ḋán féin agus d'á ġnó féin, gan cur isteaċ ná cur amaċ a ḋéanaṁ ar ḋán ná ar ġnó aoinne eile. An uile sagas ruda a ḃíoḋ i n-easnaṁ orta, ḃíoḋ Guaire 'á ċur ag triall orta, i dtreó, an rud a ḃíoḋ uata go mbíoḋ sé tag-aiṫe ċúca sar a moṫuiġdís uata é. Ṫagaḋ Guaire féin gaċ maidion agus an ċeist ċéadna úd aige .i. "Conus atáṫar annso indiu ag an muintir ṁóir ṁaiṫ seo?" Ní h-innsti ḋó, 'gá freagra, go mbíoḋ mian ná mór-ḋúil tagaiṫe d'aoinne, aċ do h-innsti ḋó go mbíoḋ gaċ níḋ 'n-a ċeart agus an uile ḋuine sásta.

Tar éis roinnt ṁaiṫ aimsire beiṫ caiṫte acu go léir ar an gcuma san, ṫáinig maċtnaṁ do Ṁarḃán i nGleann an Sgáil. "Seaḋ!" ar seisean i n-aigne féin, "is miṫid dom dul agus an torc fionn do ḋioġailt ar an dTromḋáiṁ seo, fé mar a ġeallas."

Do ġluais sé agus ṫáinig sé fé ḋéin teaġlaiġ na Tromḋáiṁe. Níor b'é an bóṫar díreaċ a ṫáinig sé. Ṫáinig sé cóṁgar éigin nár ġnáṫ le daoine teaċt. Ṫug sé treó air féin a ċimeádfaḋ é gan Guaire 'gá feisgint ag teaċt. Dá bfeiceaḋ Guaire ag teaċt é, agus go mbeaḋ 'fios aige cad é an fuadar a ḃí fé, do ċuirfeaḋ sé cosg leis an ndíoġaltas. Nuair a ṫáinig Marḃán i gcóṁgar do ṫig na Tromḋáiṁe

ċonnaic sé cuid der na mnáiḃ uaisle ag tobar a bí ann, agus iad ag niġe a láṁ. Do laḃair sé leó:

"Dia 's Muire ḋaoiḃ, a ṁná uaisle," ar seisean.

"Dia 's Muire ḋuit agus Pádraig, a ḋuine ṁacánta," arsa bean acu, agus dob' í bean í ná Méiḃ, inġean Ṡeanaċáin.

"Ar ḃ'é ḃúr dtoil a ḋ'innsint dom cá ḃfuil teaġlaċ na Tromḋáiṁe?" arsa Marḃán.

"Oċón!" arsa Méiḃ, "airiú, a ḋuine ṁacánta," ar sisi, "cad é an dúṫaiġ iarṫaċta ar a ḃfuilir tagaiṫe!"

"Níor ṫánag ó aon dúṫaiġ iarṫaċta, a ḃean-uasal," ar seisean. "I gcóṁgar na h-áite seo do rugaḋ agus do tógaḋ mé."

"Má 'seaḋ," ar sisi, "ní foláir nó is i n-áit éigin uaigneaċ atá cóṁnuiḋe ort, tréas ná fuil 'fios agat cá ḃfuil tiġ na Tromḋáiṁe. Níor ṁeasas go ḃféadfaḋ aoinne ḃeiṫ puinn aimsire 'n-a ċóṁnuiḋe sa tír seo gan 'fios a ḃeiṫ aige cá ḃfuil tiġ na Tromḋáiṁe, agus aiṫne ar an dTromḋáiṁ féin agus ar a ngnóṫaiḃ móra léiġinn agus ealaḋan."

"Muiciḋeaċt iseaḋ mo ḋán-sa, a ḃean-uasal," arsa Marḃán, "agus ní ḟágaim an baile aċ go h-annaṁ. D'airiġeas go dtugann an Tromḋáiṁ a roġa ealaḋa do'n t-é a ṫagann a ḋ'iarraiḋ ealaḋan orṫa, agus ṫánag féin ċun a ḋ'iarraiḋ orṫa roinnt ealaḋan do ṫaḃairt dom."

"Is fíor," arsa Méiḃ, "go dtugann an Tromḋáiṁ a roġa ealaḋa do'n té a ṫagann 'gá iarraiḋ orṫa, aċ is ar ċoinġill é."

"Cad é an coinġioll, a ḃean-uasal?" arsa Marḃán.

"Ní foláir ḋó," ar sisi, "gaol nó cóṁgar éigin a ḃeiṫ aige le h-éigsiḃ nó le luċt ealaḋan."

"Tá san agam-sa, a ḃean-uasal," arsa Marḃán.

"Conus san?" ar sisi.

"Tá giolla agam," ar seisean, "agus ingean mic ingine file ab eaḋ seana-ṁáṫair a ṁná."

"Seana-ṁáṫair mná do ġiolla ingean mic ingine file dob eaḋ í!" arsa Méiḋ. "Dar fiaḋ, a ṁic ó," ar sisi, "is fada amaċ go leór an gaol é. Aċ, is dóċa go gcaitfeaḋ é ḋ'aḋṁáil. Tá sé 'n-a ġaol agus 'n-a ċóṁgas agat, aċ ní'l cuid agat-sa de'n ġaol ná de'n ċóṁgas. Is leḋ' ġiolla a ḃaineann sé idir ġaol agus ċóṁgas."

"Aċ is liom-sa an giolla," arsa Marḃán.

"Tá go maiṫ," arsa Méiḋ. "Téanam," ar sisi, "agus taisbeánfaḋ an teaglaċ duit."

Taisbeáin sí an teaglaċ dó. Lá fuar sgaloideaċ ab eaḋ é. Ḃí ceiṫre dóirse ar an dtiġ; doras ag féaċaint ó-ṫuaiḋ, agus doras ag féaċaint ó-ḋeas; doras ag féaċaint soir, agus doras ag féaċaint siar. Aḋtuaiḋ a ḃí an ġaoṫ an lá san, agus ḃí na dóirse go léir dúnta aċ an doras a ḃí ag féaċaint ó-ḋeas. Ní h-ar an ndoras a ḃí ar osgailt a ṫug Marḃán agaiḋ, áṁṫaċ; ná ar aon ċeann eile acu, aċ ar an doras a ḃí ag féaċaint ó-ṫuaiḋ. D'osgail sé an doras san, agus má ḋein do ḟéin an ġaoṫ, 'n-a lán neart, an doras isteaċ; i dtreó gur ċuir sí brat Ṁarḃáin féin suas timċeall a ċinn, agus gur ġluais sí mór-timċeall an tiġe, agus gur ċuir sí fionaċrit fuaċta ar an uile ḋuine d'á raiḋ istiġ. Preabadar go léir 'n-a suiḋe.

"Ó!" arsa Seanaċán, "cé h-é seo a ṫáinig ċúgainn i n-agaiḋ na gaoiṫe!"

"Sin caint gan ċiall," arsa Marḃán. "Ní h-i n-agaiḋ na gaoiṫe a ṫánag-sa aċ leis an ngaoiṫ. Is í an ġaoṫ do ṡéid annso isteaċ mé."

"Is deis-ḃéalaċ an duine tú!" arsa Seanaċán.

"Do réir mar a d'airiġim," arsa Marḃán, "ní ḃeaḋ aon gnó ag duine ná beaḋ deis-ḃéalaċ go maiṫ ag teaċt annso."

"Agus ar airiġis cad d'imṫiġeann ar an t-é a ṫagann annso agus a ḃíonn ró-ḋeis-ḃéalaċ?" arsa Seanaċán.

"D'airiġeas go dtugtar a sáiṫ deis-ḃéalaiġe dó," arsa Marḃán.

"Tugtar agus ḃreis," arsa Seanaċán.

"Taisbeánfaḋ san go ḃfuil muintir an tiġe seo ró-ḋeis-ḃéalaċ," arsa Marḃán.

"Cár ġaḃais ċúġainn?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Tánag aniar-aduaiḋ oraiḃ," arsa Marḃán.

"Tugais mórán gaoiṫe leat," arsa Seanaċán.

"Ní ḃfuaras-sa aon pioc d'á ḋuaḋ ċun í ṫaḃairt liom," arsa Marḃán.

"Conus san?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Táinig sí uaiṫi féin," arsa Marḃán.

"Ocón!" arsa Seanaċán, "ag dul i ngéire ataoi!"

"Tá an ċloċ go maiṫ," arsa Marḃán.

"Cad í an ċloċ?" arsa Seanaċán.

"An ċloċ atá ag cur an ḟaoḃair orm," arsa Marḃán.

"Agus cad í an ċloċ atá ag cur an ḟaoḃair ort?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Tusa," arsa Marḃán.

"Mise! Ó tuigim," arsa Seanaċán. "Má's cloċ ḟaoḃair mé, an ḃfuil 'fios agat gur féidir dom faoḃar do ṁaolúġaḋ, leis?"

"Ní deirim," arsa Marḃán, "ná gur fearr tú ċun faoḃair a ḃaint anuas 'ná ċun faoḃair a ċur suas."

"Nać eól duit, an ċloć is fearr ċun faoḃair do ċaolúġaḋ gur b'í is fearr ċun faoḃair do ṁaolúġaḋ?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Déanfaḋ aon tragar cloiċe faoḃar do ṁaolúġaḋ," arsa Marḃán.

"Measaim gur ċun aiġnis a ḋéanaṁ a ṫáinis annso, agus gur ar an intinn sin a leogais isteaċ oiread gaoiṫe," arsa Seanaċán.

"Ní mise do leog an gaoṫ isteaċ, aċ is í an gaoṫ do leog mise isteaċ. D'osgail sí an doras dom agus ċomáin sí isteaċ mé. Ba ḋóiċ le duine uirṫi go mba léi féin an tiġ seo. Má's leis an ngaoiṫ an tiġ, nać mór an iongnaḋ náć 'Tiġ na Gaoiṫe,' atá mar ainm ar an dtiġ? 'Tiġ na Tromḋáiṁe,' ainm an tiġe. Measaim gur ċirte mar ainm air 'Tiġ na Mór-ġaoiṫe,'" arsa Marḃán.

"Ní mise atá ag cur an faoḃair anois ort," arsa Seanaċán.

"Tú féin nó an gaoṫ," arsa Marḃán, "is cuma cé'cu."

"An ċun aiġnis a ṫáinis?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Iseaḋ má tá aoinne ábalta ar aiġneas a ḋéanaṁ liom," arsa Marḃán.

"An bfuil 'fios agat cad é an ċéad rud riaṁ a ċuir aiġneas ar siuḃal?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Deir a lán gur 'dá ġé' é. Deir a lán eile gur 'cad a ċam srón Fírín?' é. Ní h-aon taoḃ acu san é. Na cnóa seasga isiad do ċuir ar siuḃal an ċéad ċoiṁrsgar riaṁ," arsa Marḃán.

"Cad é an coiṁrsgar a ċuir an dá ġé ar siuḃal?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Lánaṁa ṗósta a bí ag teaċt abaile ó ṫiġ an tsagairt. Connacadar dá éan ar ṗáirc.

"Is breaġ an dá ġé iad san," arsan bean.

"Ní'l ann aċ aon ġé amáin," arsan fear.

"Deirim-se go bfuil dá ġé ann," arsan bean.

"Ní'l, go deiṁin, aċ aon ġé amáin," arsan fear.

Do leanadar ag áireaṁ ar a ċéile. Do ċait an bean í féin ar an mbótar.

"Éirig," arsan fear, "agus téanam ort abaile."

"An bfuil an dá ġé ann?" ar sise.

"Ní'l," ar seisean, "aċ aon ġé amáin."

Ḋún sí a súil, agus do leog sí uirṫi beiṫ marḃ. D'imṫiġ seisean agus ṫug sé leis a h-aṫair agus a máṫair. Do rugaḋ abaile an corp, mar ḋ'eaḋ. Ṫáinig na cóṁarsain ċun an tórraiṁ. Amaċ san oiḋċe ṫáinig an fear ós cionn an ċuirp ag gol, mar ḋ'eaḋ. Ṫug sé cogar ḋi.

"Éirig as san," ar seisean, "agus bíoḋ ciall agat!"

"An bfuil an dá ġé ann?" ar sise.

"Ní'l," ar seisean, "aċ aon ġé amáin."

D'fan sí mar a raiḃ aici. Gluais an tsoċraiḋ ar maidin. Do ṫángadar ċun na reilge. Ḃí an uaig ar leaṫaḋ. Do léig an sagart na paidreaċa. Do cuireaḋ an cómra síos san uaig. Do caiṫeaḋ sluasaḋ cré anuas ar an gcómrainn. Do sgreaḋ an bean.—"A Ṫaiḋg! a Ṫaiḋg!" ar sise, "leog amaċ as so me! Ní'l ann aċ aon ġé amáin nó dá ġé, pé 'cu is maiṫ leat-sa!" Do riṫ na daoine as an reilig. D'osgail an fear an cómra. Ṫóg sé aníos an bean agus í leaṫ-ṁúċta. Ċuir sí cúpla fantais ḋi. Ṫáinig sí ċúiċi féin. Ṫugadar agaiḋ ar an mbaile. Ba ġearr go bfeacadar ar an bpáirc ċéadna an dá ġé ċéadna.

"Féaċ, a Ṫaiḋg!" ar sise, "aċ is cuma liom. O

deirir-se ná fuil ann aċ aon ġé amáin. Deirim-se ná fuil ann aċ aon ġé amáin."

"Aon ġé amáin," ar seisean——"agus aon ġandal amáin."

"Ó—Ó—Ó!" ar sisi. Agus ó'n lá san go lá a báis níor labair sé focal nár ġéill sí dó ann, pé 'cu ḃí an ceart aige nó ná raiḃ."

"Níor ḋein an 'dá ġé' puinn díoġḃála. Is mó an tairḃe 'ná an díoġḃáil a ḋeineadar. Cad é an coimsgar a ḋein 'srón Firín'?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Ḃeirt seana-ḃan a ḃí 'n-a gcóṁnuiḋe i ḋá mboṫán beaga i n-aice 'céile, agus Méiḃín ab ainm do ṁnaoi acu, agus Murainn do'n ṁnaoi eile. Ḋein Murainn rud éigin nár taitn le Méiḃ. Ċeap Méiḃín é agairt uirti. Tagaḋ Méiḃín isteaċ ag triall ar Ṁurainn go minic, cun beit ag caint. Téiḋeaḋ Murainn go minic isteaċ ag triall ar Ṁéiḃín ar an intinn gcéadna. Ḃí maidirín ag Méiḃ, agus Firín ab ainm dó. Nuair a tagaḋ Méiḃ isteaċ i mboṫán Ṁurainn, tagaḋ Firín le n-a cois. Annsan ḃíoḋ Méiḃ ar taoḃ de'n teine, agus Murainn ar an dtaoḃ eile, agus Firín eatarta 'n-a suiḋe ar lic an tinteáin 'gá goraḋ féin.

Lá, nuair a ḃí an fearg ar Ṁéiḃín, táinig sí féin agus Firín isteaċ i dtig Ṁurainn. Do suiḋ sí ċun na teine ar agaiḋ Ṁurainn anonn, agus do suiḋ Firín ar an lic ar agaiḋ na teine amaċ. Ḃí Méiḃ ag cur 's ag cúiteaṁ 'n-a h-aigne féaċaint conus a tosnóċaḋ sí an t-aigneas. Fé ḋeireaḋ d'féaċ sí ar srón an ṁaidirín, agus tug sí fé ndeara go raiḃ an tsrón cam.

"A Ṁurainn!" ar sisi.

"Teaċt, a Ṁéiḃ," arsa Murainn.

"Cad a ċam srón Firín?" arsa Méiḃ.

D'féaċ Murainn ar an srón. "Ní caime anois a srón 'ná mar a ḃí sí aon lá riaṁ aige," ar sisi.

"Deirim-se go dtugais d'éiteaċ!" arsa Méiḃ.

"Deirim-se go dtugais-se t'éiteaċ!" arsa Murainn, "agus tú is fearr ċuige!"

Siúd i gcoċall a ċéile iad, ag sgreadaiġ, agus Firín ag aṁstaraiġ. Táiniġ bean isteaċ. Gaiḃ sí páirt le duine acu. Táiniġ bean eile isteaċ. Gaiḃ sí páirt leis an mnaoi eile. Ḃailiġ na cóṁarsain go léir isteaċ. Gaċ duine, fé mar a tagaḋ, gaḃaḋ sé páirt le duine éigin de'n ḃeirt. Ba ġearr go raiḃ an baile go léir sáiḋte sa ċoiṁsgar; leaṫ na ndaoine ar taoḃ Ṁurainn, agus an leaṫ eile ar taoḃ Ṁéiḃín. Tar éis roinnt aimsire ḃí an paróiste go léir sáiḋte sa ḃruiġin. Do lean an coiṁsgar. Ní tagaḋ aonaċ ná margaḋ gan an dá taoḃ ann ag éirġe ċun a ċéile, ag marḃaḋ a ċéile. Annsan, nuair fiafraiġeaḋ duine iasaċta éigin cad fé ndeár an ḃruiġean, "Cad a ċam srón Firín" a tugtí mar freagra air."

"Conus do stad an troid?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Tá an troid ar siuḃal fós, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Marḃán. "Agus," ar seisean, "tá an ceist ċéadna d'á cur fós, agus an freagra céadna d'á taḃairt uirṫi, .i.

"Cad fé ndeár an t-aċrann?"

"Cad a ċam srón Firín?"

"Níor ḃ'é Firín a dein an ċéad aiġneas riaṁ," arsa Seanaċán.

"Níor ḃ'é, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Marḃán. "Cnóḋa seasga do ḋein an céad coirmeasg riaṁ."

"An ḃfuil 'fios agat-sa conus a ḋeineadar an coirmeasg?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Tá 'fios, a rí," arsa Marḃán. "Do ċroid beirt mar ġeall ar na cnóiḃ. Do ṁairḃ an ḃeirt a ċéile. Ar ball, nuair a h-osgalaḋ na cnóḋa do fuaraḋ folaṁ iad. Ní raiḃ ionnta aċ na plaoisg. Cnóḋa seasga ab eaḋ iad. Annsan duḃairt gaċ aoinne gur ḃaoṫ an gnó do'n ḃeirt a ċéile do ṁarḃúġaḋ mar ġeall ar ċnóiḃ seasga."

"Is fíor do ċaint," arsa Seanaċán, "agus measaim go ḃfuil 'fios agam-sa um an dtaca so ce h-é tú. An tú Marḃán Muicide, Príoṁ-ḟáiḋ neaṁa agus talṁan?"

"Is mé ċeana, a ríġ-ollaṁ" arsa Marḃán.

"Céad míle fáilte rómat!" arsa Seanaċán. Ṫáinig an Tromḋáiṁ go léir, agus ċuireadar na míle fáilte roiṁ Marḃán. Nuair a ḃí an méid sin déanta do laḃair Marḃán.

"A ríġ-ollaṁ agus a uaisle na Tromḋáiṁe," ar seisean. "D'airiġeas go dtugann sibse a roġa ealaḋa do'n t-é a tagann agus d'iarrann oraiḃ é."

"Tugaimíd, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Seanaċán, "aċ is ar aon ċoinġioll aṁáin é."

"Cad é an coinġioll é sin, a ríġ-ollaṁ?" arsa Marḃán.

"Ní foláir dó," arsa Seanaċán, "a ġaol nó a ċaradraḋ do ḃeiṫ le h-ealaḋain."

"Tá mo ċaradraḋ-sa le h-ealaḋain, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Marḃán.

"Conus san, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Iar-ua file ab eaḋ seana-ṁáṫair mná mo ġiolla," arsa Marḃán.

"Tá gaol agus cóṁgar ann," arsa Seanaċán, "aċ táid siad araon fada amaċ go leór. Sé glúine gaoil, agus aon glúin aṁáin cóṁgair, agus gan cuid

agat-sa de'n ġaol ná de'n ċóṁgar. Is leo' giolla iad araon, idir gaol agus cóṁgar."

"Aċ is liom-sa an giolla, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Marbán.

"Is fíor," arsa Seanaċán, "aċ is cuma san. Ní foláir do'n Tromdáiṁ do roga ealaḋa ṫabairt duit-se, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ, ded' biṫin féin, gan bac do ġaol ná do ċóṁgar ná do ċaradrad. Iarr do roga ealaḋa agus geóbair í."

"Ba ṁaiṫ liom, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Marbán, "go ndéanfaḋ an Tromdáiṁ seo mo sáiṫ crónáin dom."

"Déanfar san duit," arsa Seanaċán.

CAIBIDIOL A DÓ A'S FIĊE.

DÍOGALTAS MARBÁIN.

"Nár ċóir, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Seanaċán, "gur b'fearr leat ealaḋa éigin a beaḋ níb' fearr 'ná crónán a ḋ'fágail uainn? D'féadfaimís a lán ceólta ṫabairt duit, a lán filiḋeaċta, agus sgéal-aiḋeaċt, agus greann, agus sult, agus cantainn cliaraiḋeaċta do ṫógfaḋ an ceó ded' ċroiḋe. Iarr rud éigin is fearr 'ná crónán, a Ṗríoṁḟáiḋ."

"Is amlaiḋ mar atá an sgéal agam, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Marbán, "ó ṫráċtais ar ċeó do ṫógaint de ċroiḋe duine, tá ceó ar mo ċroiḋe-se anois le tamall maiṫ, agus ní féidir liom teaċt ar aon níḋ do ṫógfaḋ dem' ċroiḋe é. Bí níḋ agam tamall ó soin a ṫógaḋ

an ceó dem' ċroiḋe, agus is le crónán a ḋeineaḋ sé é. Tagaḋ an ceó ar mo ċroiḋe go minic agus go trom. Annsan do ḋéintí an crónán dom, agus do tógaḋ an crónán san an ceó dem' ċroiḋe. Do baineaḋ díom sás an ċrónáin sin a ḋéanaṁ. Do fágaḋ gan crónán mé. Do fágaḋ mé gan sás an ċrónáin a ḋéanaṁ dom; gan sás an ċeóiḋ a ḃaint dem' ċroiḋe. Do h-innseaḋ dom go nḋéanfaḋ an Tromḋáiṁ seo do ḋuine aon ealaḋa ba ṁaiṫ leis a d'iarraiḋ orṫa ḋéanaṁ. Do socaruiġeas ar teaċt agus ar a iarraiḋ ar an dTromḋáiṁ mo ṡáiṫ crónáin a ḋéanaṁ dom, féaċaint a dtógfaḋ sé an ceó dem' ċroiḋe. Táim anois 'gá iarraiḋ oraiḃ-se, a uaisle ealaḋanta na Tromḋáiṁe seo, mo ṡáiṫ crónáin a ḋéanaṁ dom."

"Tá go maiṫ, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Seanaċán. "Ní'l ealaḋa is usa do'n Tromḋáiṁ seo a ḋéanaṁ duit 'ná crónán; agus ó isé an crónán an ealaḋa is usa dóiḃ a ḋéanaṁ, measaim-se gurab é is lúġa is gann dóiḃ do ṡáiṫ de sin a ḋéanaṁ duit. An 'mó duine ba ṁaiṫ leat ḃeiṫ ag ḋéanaṁ an ċrónáin duit, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ."

"D'á méid daoine a ḃeiḋ 'á ḋéanaṁ, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Marḃán, "iseaḋ is saiḋḃre agus is ceolṁaire ḃeiḋ sé, agus iseaḋ is túisge tógfaiḋ sé an ceó dem' ċroiḋe, is dóċa."

"Tugtar annso na crónánuiḋte," arsa Seanaċán. Do tugaḋ ann iad. Trí naonḃair aca a ḃí ann. Ḃí dá ṡagas crónáin ar eólus acu, ceart-ċrónán agus crónán snagaċ.

"Cé'cu an ceart-ċrónán nó an crónán snagaċ ba ṁaiṫ leat a ḋéanfí duit, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ?" arsa Seanaċán.

"An crónán srnagaċ isé is maiṫ liom a déanfí ḋom, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Marḃán, "mar isé a déinti ḋom sar ar baineaḋ díom sás a ḋéanta."

Isé cúis, áṁṫaċ, 'n-ar ṫoġ Marḃán an crónán srnagaċ, mar b'é ba deacra a ḋéanaṁ, agus b'é ba déine ar an sgórnaiġ; agus ḃí Marḃán ceapaiṫe ar ṫinneas do ċur insna sgórnaċaiḃ acu.

Do cuireaḋ Marḃán 'n-a ṡuiḋe ar ċaṫaoir, agus do ṡuiḋ na crónánuiḋṫe, na trí naonḃair díoḃ, ar a aġaiḋ amaċ.

Do ṫosnuiġ an crónán. Do ḋún Marḃán a ḋá ṡúil, agus do leoġ sé siar a ċeann, agus ḃí sé ag éisteaċt leis an gcrónán i dtreó gur ḋóiċ le duine nár airiġ sé riaṁ ceól ba ḃreáġṫa 'ná é. Ḃí an dórd ċóṁ breáġ, ċóṁ boġ; ċóṁ suairc sin gur ḋeacair d'aoinne éisteaċt aḃfad leis gan tuitim 'n-a ċodlaḋ. Ḃí a ṡúile dúnta ag Marḃán, agus é ag glacaḋ suairċis an ċrónáin. Ċeap na crónánuiḋṫe gur 'n-a ċodlaḋ dáiríriḃ a ḃí sé. Do stadadar. Do léim sé 'n-a ṡeasaṁ:—

"Deintear mo ṡáiṫ crónáin dom!" ar seisean, go tur. Do ċomáineadar leo arís. D'ḟéaċ sé 'n-a ṫimċeall orta féaċaint a' raḃadar go léir ag déanaṁ an ċrónáin. Ḃíodar. Do ṡuiḋ sé arís, agus ḋún sé a ṡúile ag éisteaċt leis an gcrónán, agus ag glacaḋ an tsuairċis agus an aoiḃnis, dar leis.

Ṁoṫuiġ sé an dórd ag lagúġaḋ. D'osgail sé a ṡúile. Ḃí cuid aca 'n-a stad, agus a láṁa le n-a sgórnaċaiḃ acu, agus uisge le n-a súiliḃ.

"Deintear mo ṡáiṫ crónáin dom!" ar seisean, "fé mar a geallaḋ dom!"

Ḃ'éigean dóiḃ cur ċuige arís, ḃíoḋ go raiḃ na sgórnaiġe d'á mbriseaḋ acu, agus a nglór ag teip

orṫa. Ċomáineadar leó ar feaḋ tamaill eile agus iad leaṫ-ṫaċtaiṫe, agus Marḃán ag éisteaċt leó agus a ḋá ṡúil dúnta; agus a fios acu go maiṫ náċ 'n-a ċodlaḋ a ḃí sé, aċ 'n-a lán-ḋúisteaċt, agus é ag faire orṫa féaċaint an stadfaidís de'n ċrónán.

Fé ḋeireaḋ do ċuir duine acu casaċtaċ as. D'osgail Marḃán a ṡúile, agus d'ḟéaċ sé ar an ḃfear san a ḋein an ċasaċtaċ. "Deintear mo ṡáiṫ crónáin dom!" ar seisean. B'éigin do'n ḟear san díriúġaḋ ar an gcrónán arís, agus is amlaiḋ a ḃíoḋ gaċ re snag crónáin aige agus gaċ re snap casaċtaiġe, agus sgannraḋ air le h-eagla go labarfaḋ Marḃán arís.

Do lean an obair ar an gcuma san go dtí go raiḃ oiread casaċtaiġe ar siuḃal agus a ḃí de ċrónán 'á ḋéanaṁ, agus go raiḃ cuid des na crónánuiḋṫiḃ gan aon ġuṫ i n-aon ċor acu, agus náċ crónán ceart ná snagaċ a ḃí acu 'á ḋéanaṁ, aċ gaoṫ gan fuaim gan ġuṫ, ag teaċt as na sgórnaċaiḃ acu.

Ḃí Marḃán 'n-a ṡuiḋe agus é ar a ṡuaiṁneas agus a ḋá ṡúil dúnta aige agus é ag éisteaċt leis an gceól, agus é ag maċtnaṁ i n' aigne ar an gcruaḋċás 'n-a raiḃ na crónánuiḋṫe aige. Do réir na dliġe ḃí sé ceangailte orṫa a roġa ealaḋa taḃairt dó. B'é an crónán a roġa ealaḋa. D'iarr sé orṫa a ṡáiṫ crónáin a ṫaḃairt dó. Dá dteipeaḋ san orṫa ḃeaḋ Seanaċán agus an Tromḋáiṁ i bpúnc ag Marḃán, i bpúnc a ḃeaḋ ċóṁ cruaiḋ díreaċ agus ḃeaḋ an púnc 'n-a mbeaḋ Guaire acu-san dá dteipeaḋ air-sean aon ċeann des na miantaiḃ úd do ṡoláṫar dóiḃ. Ṫuig na crónánuiḋṫe an méid sin go h-álainn. D'á ḃríġ sin do ṡocaruiġeadar a n-aigne ċun gan cailleaṁaint ar an gcrónán do ṫaḃairt uaṫa dá gcaillidís an t-anam leis. Ċomáineadar leo ag

ḋéanaṁ an ċrónáin, agus 'gá glacaḋ ċóṁ réiḋ agus ab féidir é, agus iad ag braċ, i n-agaiḋ an neómait, ar go ndéarfaḋ Marbán leó stad mar go raiḃ a sáiṫ fáġalta aige. Ní baoġal go ndubairt. Ní ċuige sin a ḃí sé. Ḃí trí saġas ceóil aige ar ball. Ḃí crónán aige, agus é ag lagúġaḋ. Ḃí casaċtaċ ar siubal, agus í ag neartúġaḋ. Agus ḃí feaduíol gaoiṫe ar siubal, agus í ag neartúġaḋ go mór. Nuair a measaḋ Marbán go mbíoḋ na crónánuiḋṫe ag cuiṁneaṁ ar stad, d'osgalaḋ sé a súile agus d'féaċaḋ sé 'n-a timċeall orṫa agus "Deintear mo sáiṫ crónáin dom!" adeireaḋ sé.

Fé ḋeireaḋ ní raiḃ aon ċrónán i n-aon ċor d'á ḋéanaṁ, aċ casaċtaċ agus feaduíol ar fad. D'osgail Marbán a súile. "Deintear mo sáiṫ crónáin dom!" ar seisean, go h-árd agus go feargaċ.

Táinig Seanaċán isteaċ.

"Táid siad so buailte amaċ, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," ar seisean. "Tógfad uait iad agus cuirfead ċúgat isteaċ annso crónánuiḋṫe neaṁ-tuirseaċa."

"Tá go maiṫ, a ríg-ollaṁ," arsa Marbán. "Is cuma liom-sa aċ go nDéanfar mo sáiṫ crónáin dom, fé mar a geallaḋ dom agus fé mar atá ceangailte ar an dTromḋáiṁ seo a ḋéanaṁ dom."

"Déanfar san duit, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ, go macánta," arsa Seanaċán.

Do tugaḋ isteaċ cualaċt eile crónánuiḋṫe a ḃí neaṁ-tuirseaċ. Ní raiḃ ann, áṁṫaċ, aċ aon naonḃar aṁáin díoḃ. Do cuireaḋ 'n-a suiḋe iad mar a raiḃ na trí naonḃair a tuirsiġeaḋ agus a ḃí imṫiġṫe amaċ. Do ṫosnuiġ an t-aon naonḃar aṁáin sin ar an gcrónán do ḋéanaṁ. Ṫosnuiġeadar go breáġ réiḋ. Níor cuireadar puinn nirt cléiḃ leis an bfuaim

i dtreó go mba fiaḋe a feasóċaḋ a nglór. D'féaċ Marḃán sa timċeall orta. Tuig sé an níḋ a ḃí ar aigne acu agus ċuir sé gáire beag as. "Caoira mór an t-uan aḃfaḋ," ar seisean. Ḋún sé a ṡúile agus do leog sé siar a ċeann, mar a ḋein sé i dtosaċ na h-oibre, ag glacaḋ an aoiḃnis mar 'ḋ'eaḋ.

Do lean an crónán. Níor ḃ'faḋa gur tuig cuid de sna crónánuiḋṫe, dar leo, go raiḃ an snas, sa ċrónan íseal, níba ċruaḋa ar an sgórnaig 'ná mar a ḃeaḋ sé dá gcurtaí roinnt nirt cléiḃ leis an nguṫ. Do neartuiġeadar é. D'osgail Marḃán a ṡúile. "Is maiṫ é sin!" ar seisean. "Is ana ṁaiṫ é sin! Deintear mo ṡáiṫ de sin dom."

Tar éis roinnt aimsire ḋein duine des na crónánuiḋṫe casaċtaċ. Ḃí sé tamall maiṫ á ḋ'iarraiḋ na casaċtaiġe do ċosg. Isé ruḋ a táinig as san ḋó ná go dtáinig an ċasaċtaċ d'á aiṁḋeóin, agus nuair a ḃris sí amaċ air d'á aiṁḋeóin gur teip air stad ḋí. Ċuir duine eile acu sraeḋ as, agus d'imtig an cleas céadna air. Do ċoisg sé an tsraeḋ an faid ab féidir ḋó í ċosg. Annsan, nuair a táinig sí d'á aiṁḋeóin ní féadfaḋ sé stad i n-aon ċor aċ ag sraeċartaiġ, agus é ag lúbaḋ le gaċ sraeḋ, i dtreó gur ḋóiċ le duine go dtuitfeaḋ an t-anam as. Ba ġearr gur ċuir duine eile sraeḋ as, agus gur ḋein duine eile casaċtaċ. Neiṫe tógálaċa iseaḋ sraeċartaċ agus casaċtaċ. Fé ḋeireaḋ ḃíodar go léir ag sraeċartaiġ nó ag casaċtaiġ, agus gan aoinne ag déanaṁ an ċrónáin. D'osgail Marḃán a ṡúile agus d'féaċ sé 'n-a timċeall orta.

"Aililiú!" ar seisean. "Airiú cad é an sagas galaḃan é sin atá ar siuḃal agaiḃ anois! Casaċtaċ agus sraeċartaċ!" (Do neartuig ar an gcasaċtaiġ

agus ar an sraetartaiġ.) "Fágaim le h-uḋaċt," arsa Marḃán, "gur ḋóiċ liom go ḃfuil an ċraoḃ agaiḃ san ealaḋain sin. Ní caraċtaċ ná sraetartaċ atá uaim-se, áṁtaċ, aċ crónán snagaċ! Deintear mo sáiṫ crónáin dom, fé mar a ġeall Seanaċán agus an Tromḋáiṁ seo dom!"

CAIBIDIOL A TRÍ A'S FIĊE.

DAOL DUILEAḊ AGUS CASṀAOL CRUITIRE

Ṫáinig Seanaċán isteaċ. "Cad é seo oraiḃ, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ?" ar seisean.

"Do ġeallaḋ dom go nḋéanfí mo sáiṫ crónáin dom, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Marḃán, "agus ní'ltear 'á ḋéanaṁ dom."

"Ṫángadar so annso, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ ċun an ċrónáin a ḋéanaṁ duit, agus is mór an iongnaḋ liom gan iad a ḃeiṫ 'gá ḋéanaṁ," arsa Seanaċán.

"Ṫáimíd ag déanaṁ ár ndíċill!" arsa duine des na crónánuiḋtiḃ, agus níor labair sé aċ i gcogar mar ḃí a ġlór imtiġte.

"Is fearr iad a ḃreiṫ leat amaċ, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Marḃán, "agus daoine do ċur ċúġam annso a ḃeiḋ ábalta ar ċrónán a ḋéanaṁ dom. Tá fiaċaint ar an dTromḋáiṁ seo mo sáiṫ crónáin a ḋéanaṁ dóṁ-sa, agus ní foláir dóiḃ é ḋéanaṁ dom. B'éigean do'n ríġ, do Ġuaire, na mianta úd do solátar do gaċ duine sa Tromḋáiṁ 'n-a dtagaḋ mian dó. Do

solátruiġeaḋ na mianta go léir. Ní féidir do'n Tromḋáiṁ a ráḋ gur fágaḋ mian aon duine acu gan sásaṁ. Tá fiaċaint ar an dTromḋáiṁ a roġa ealaḋa a ḋéanaṁ do'n t-é a tagann 'gá iarraiḋ orta. Má ċailleann an Tromḋáiṁ ar an ndualgas san tá deireaḋ le n-a réim, deireaḋ le n-a gclú, agus le n-a gcáil, ós cóṁair fear Éireann.

"Ní caillfear ar an ndualgas san, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Seanaċán, "aċ ealaḋa ana ḋeacair le ḋéanaṁ ar feaḋ abfaḋ iseaḋ crónán, go mór mór crónán snagaċ. Na trí naonḃair úd a ḃí annso ar dtúis ag déanaṁ an ċrónáin sin duit, táid siad go léir 'n-a luiġe anois agus iad tinn, breóiḋte go maiṫ. 'Sé mo ṫuairim go bfuil cuid acu ná déanfaiḋ aon tsaġas crónáin a ṫuilleaḋ an dá lá 's an faid a ṁairfid siad. Tá cnuic ins na sgórnaċaiḃ ag cuid acu agus tá rud éigin i bfuirm leicíniġe ar ċuid acu. Tá beirt nó triúr acu agus is eagal liom ná cuirfid siad ḋíoḃ an saġas breóiḋteaċta atá orta. Is eagal liom go dtiocfaiḋ sé ċun éagcruais do ċuid acu, slán beó mar a n-innstear é!"

"Is fíor, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Marḃán, "go bfuil crónán snagaċ deacair a ḋéanaṁ. Ní dóiċ liom-sa, áṁtaċ, go bfuil sé cóṁ deacair a ḋéanaṁ agus atá sé peata cuaiċe do ċur ag ceileaḃraḋ ar ġéig idir dá Nodlaig."

"Bíoḋ an crónán deacair a ḋéanaṁ nó ná bíoḋ, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ, ní folái sé ḋéanaṁ duit-se go dtí go mbeiḋ do ṡáiṫ agat de."

An faid a ḃí an caint sin ar siuḃal táinig duine de'n Tromḋáiṁ isteaċ.

"Déanfad-sa ealaḋa duit, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsan fear a ṫáinig.

"Cé h-é tusa, led' toil?" arsa Marbán.

"Ollaṁ Laiġean mise, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsan fear, "agus Daol Duileaḋ is ainim dom."

"Cad í an ealaḋa a ḋéanfair-se dom, a Ḋaoil," arsa Marbán.

"Ceastaṁnaċ maiṫ iseaḋ mé," arsa Daol.

"Táim-se féin maiṫ go leór ar an gcéird sin," arsa Marbán. "Cuirfead ceist ċúgat-sa anois má's maiṫ leat é."

"Cuir ċúgam í, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Daol.

"Innis dom, a Ḋaoil," arsa Marbán, "cad é an níḋ a fuair duine ar talaṁ agus ná fuair Dia?"

"Ní ṁeasaim," arsa Daol, "go bfuil aon níḋ ar talaṁ a fuair duine agus ná fuair Dia, óir isé Dia féin do ċruṫuiġ gaċ níḋ d'á bfuil ar neaṁ agus ar talaṁ."

"Is fíor, a Ḋaoil," arsa Marbán, "gur b'é Dia do ċruṫuiġ gaċ níḋ d'á bfuil ar neaṁ agus ar talaṁ, aċ mar sin féin do fuair duine níḋ ar talaṁ ná fuair Dia."

"Cad é an níḋ é, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ?" arsa Daol agus iongnaḋ air.

"A sáiṫ de tiġearna, a Ḋaoil," arsa Marbán. "Ní'l aon duine, a Ḋaoil," ar seisean, "olc ná maiṫ, íseal ná uasal, ná fuair a sáiṫ de tiġearna i nduine éigin eile, nó muna bfuair sé a sáiṫ de tiġearna i nduine ní baoġal ná go bfuair sé a sáiṫ de tiġearna i nDia féin, (molaḋ go deó leis!), agus ní bfuair Dia riaṁ a sáiṫ de tiġearna, ar neaṁ ná ar talaṁ, óir isé Dia Tiġearna na dtiġearnaí go léir."

"Mo ċomairce ort, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Daol. "Ná cuir orm agus ní ċuirfead ort a tuilleaḋ."

"Ní ċuirfeaḋ, ċeana," arsa Marḃán, "aċ deintear mo ṡáiṫ crónáin dom."

"Ba ṁaiṫ liom-sa ceist do ċur ċúġat, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa duine eile.

"Cuir í," arsa Marḃán.

"Cad é an beiṫiḋeaċ, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsan fear, "gur b'é a ḃeaṫa é ċur sa teine, agus gur b'é a losgaḋ é ḃaint as an dteine?"

"Salamandar ainm an ḃeiṫiḋiġ sin anois, a ḟir ṁaiṫ," arsa Marḃan, "agus Tegillus an ċéad ainm a ḃí air."

"Mo ċomairce ort, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsan fear san, "ná cuir orm agus ní ċuirfeaḋ ort a tuilleaḋ."

Do laḃair duine sa Ṫromḋáiṁ. Duine dob' eaḋ é a ṁeas go ḃféadfaḋ sé rud a ḋéanaṁ ná féadfaḋ Marḃán aon loċt d'ḟáġail air. Cruitire dob' eaḋ é agus ceap sé nár ḃféidir do ḋuine a ḃí, ba ḋóiċ leis, gan eólus ar ċruitireaċt, loċt d'ḟáġail ar an gcuma 'n-a nḋéanfí an ċruitireaċt.

"Déanfad-sa ealaḋa duit, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," ar seisean.

"Cad í an ealaḋa a ḋéanfair-se dom," arsa Marḃán, "agus cé h-é tú?"

"Ollaṁ maiṫ is eaḋ mé, ar mo ċéird féin, ag Seanaċán," arsan fear, "agus Carṁaol Cruitire is ainm dom."

"Má tá eólus ċóṁ maiṫ agus adeirir agat ar an gcruitireaċt, a Ċarṁaoil Cruitire," arsa Marḃán, "is dóċa go ḃfuil eólus agat ar gaċ níḋ a ḃaineann le cruit."

"Ní'l aon níḋ a ḃaineann le cruit ná fuil eólus agam air, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Carṁaol.

"Má 'seaḋ," arsa Marḃán, "fiafraiġim-se díot-sa

anois, a Ċarṁaoil Ċruitire, cad é an níḋ ar a ḃfuaraḋ an ċruitireaċt ar dtúis, agus conus a deineaḋ an ċéad ċruit?"

Do stad an cruitire. D'féaċ Marḃán air. "Freagair," arsa Marḃán, "má tá an t-eólus agat."

"Ní'l an t-eólus san agam, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Carṁaol, "agus beinn ana ḃuiḋeaċ díot-sa aċ an t-eólus do ṫaḃairt dom."

"Tá go maiṫ," arsa Marḃán, "Taḃarfad-sa duit an t-eólus. Lánaṁa a ḃí ann i dtosaċ aimsire, agus Macuel ab ainim do'n fear, agus Cana Ċlúmór ab ainm do'n ṁnaoi. Do ṫárla go dtug an ḃean san fuaṫ fíoċmar d'á fear agus gur imtiġ sí uaiḋ. Do lean sé í agus é go croiḋe-ḃriste, mar do ḃí árd-ċion aige uirṫi i n-aiṁḋeóin an fuaṫa a ḃí aici dó. Do ṫárla go raiḃ sisi ag siuḃal ar ṫráiġ mara Cámair. Ċonnaic sí ar an dtráiġ cleaṫraċ míolṁóir. Ḃí teas na gréine tar éis an ċleaṫraiġ do ṫriomuġaḋ i dtreó ná raiḃ ann aċ na cnáṁa, agus na lúiṫreaċa go tirim agus go cruaiḋ agus go caol, sínte go fáisgite agus go teann, ó ċnáṁ go cnáṁ. Ḃí an ḃean ag féaċaint ar an gcleaṫraċ agus í ag déanaṁ iongnaḋ de, agus ag déanaṁ iongnaḋ de'n neart a ḃí i dteas na gréine do ṫriomuiġ an cleaṫraċ ar an gcuma san. Le n-a linn sin do séid gaoṫ ṁaiṫ láidir isteaċ ó'n ḃfarraige, agus tosnuiġ na lúiṫreaċa caola teanna tiorma ar ceól breáġ do ḋéanaṁ fé séideaḋ na gaoiṫe. Do suiḋ an ḃean ar an dtráiġ ag éisteaċt leis an gceól. Ḃí an fogar ċóṁ breáġ ċóṁ binn sin gur ṫuit an ḃean 'n-a codlaḋ ó ḃeiṫ ag éisteaċt leis. Le n-a linn sin cé ṫiocfaḋ ċun na h-áite aċ a fear agus é go buaḋarṫa ar a lorg. Fuair sé ann í agus í 'n-a codlaḋ. Tuig sé i n' aigne gur ḃ'é

binneas agus aoiḃneas an ċeóil do ċuir ḟiaċaint uirti tuitim 'n-a codlaḋ. D'imtiġ sé isteaċ sa ċoill, agus ḋein sé gléas aḋmaid, i riocht ċleatraiġ an ṁíolṁóir, aċ é ḃeit níba lúġa, agus ḃain sé na lúitreaċa tiorma de'n ċleatraċ agus ḟocruiġ sé iad ar an ngléas a ḋein sé féin. Annsan do ḃuail sé na lúitreaċa le n-a ṁéireannaiḃ, agus ḋein sé ceól breáġ. As san amaċ, nuair a taġaḋ an fuat ag an mnaoi ḋó ḋeineaḋ sé an ceól, agus do ḋíbreaḋ an ceól an fuat, i dtreó go raiḃ saoġal suairc ag an lánaṁain sin as san amaċ. Sin agat, a Ċasṁaoil, conus mar a deineaḋ an ċéad ċruit riaṁ."

"Táim ana ḃuiḋeaċ ḋíot, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Casṁaol Cruitire. "Is náireaċ an sgéal dom a ráḋ gur mise an cruitire, agus tusa d'innis ḋóṁ-sa conus a deineaḋ an ċéad ċruit riaṁ, i n-inead mise 'gá innsint duit-se!"

"Cimeád an t-eólus anois a Ċasṁaoil, ó tá sé agat, agus ná bíoḋ easnaṁ an eóluis sin le casaḋ leat arís. Aċ deintear feasta mó ṡáit crónáin ḋóṁ-sa. Do gealladḋ dom go ndéanfaḋ an Tromḋáiṁ seo mo ṡáit crónáin dom. Ní'l aon ealaḋa is lúġa a ḋ'iarrann d'éirim aigne 'ná crónán a ḋéanaṁ. Féadaid na beaċa crónán a ḋéanaṁ, agus na cait. Dá mb'é an trúmpalán féin é, ná fuil do ċiall aige gan a ċeann do ḃualaḋ i gcoinniḃ na gcrann agus i gcoinniḃ na gcloċ, féadann sé crónán breáġ ḋéanaṁ. Is ait an sgéal é ma teipeann ar an dTromḋáiṁ uasal, eólgaiseaċ, ealaḋanta so ealaḋa ḋéanaṁ ná teipeann ar an dtrúmpalán mboċt gan ċiall. Is mór é ainm na Tromḋáiṁe seo ar fuid na h-Éireann. Is mór an urraim atá ag fearaiḃ Éireann do'n Tromḋáiṁ seo. Dá dtagaḋ mian do duine acu agus

go dteipfeaḋ ar an ríġ an mian san do ṡoláṫar, d'aoirfeaḋ an Tromḋáiṁ an ríġ, agus do ġeóbaḋ fir Éireann páirt na Tromḋáiṁe sa sgéal. Cad a ḃeiḋ le ráḋ ag fearaiḃ Éireann nuair a ḃeiḋ 'fios acu ná fuil ar ċumas na Tromḋáiṁe mo ṡáiṫ crónáin do ḋéanaṁ dóṁ-sa? Níor iarras aon níḋ ba ḋeacra 'ná an crónán, mar ḃí 'fios agam ná beaḋ aon ṁaiṫ dom ann. Níor iarras aċ an crónán, an rud a ḋeineann an cat nó an trúmpalán, agus tá ag teip orraiḃ an rud san a ḋéanaṁ dom."

CAIBIDIOL A CEAṪAIR A'S FIĊE.

An Tiompánuiḋe, an File, agus Seanaċán Crónánuiḋe.

Ḃí Seanaċán agus an Tromḋáiṁ ag éisteaċt le Marbán agus é ag ráḋ na cainte sin i dtaoḃ an ċrónáin a ḋeineann an beaċ, agus an ċrónáin a ḋeineann an cat, agus an ċrónáin a ḋeineann an trúmpalán; agus i dtaoḃ an focail a beaḋ i mbéalaiḃ fear Éireann go léir nuair a 'neósfí dóiḃ gur teip ar an dTromḋáiṁ an crónán a d'iarr sé orrta do ḋéanaṁ do Ṁarbán féin. Dá n-iarraḋ sé orrta rud éigin a ḋéanaṁ a beaḋ deacair nó trioblóideaċ, nó rud a d'iarrfaḋ éirim aigne nó oilteaċt láṁ nó géire intleaċta, beaḋ leaṫsgéal éigin acu dá dteipeaḋ orrta. Aċ crónán! Agus annsan a beiṫ le ráḋ ar fuid na h-Éireann gur teip an crónán féin orrta!

Bíodar go cráiḋte agus go searḃ díoḃ féin agus go lán d'feirg ċun Marḃáin.

Do laḃair duine acu. Tiompánuiḋe ab eaḋ é. Ċonnaic sé cad d'imṫig ar an gcruitire, agus ba deacair leis laḃairt; aċ ḃí an Tromḋáiṁ i gcontaḃairt náire d'fáġail, agus ċaiṫfeaḋ duine éigin laḃairt.

“Déanfad-sa ealaḋa duit, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ,” ar seisean.

“Cad í an ealaḋa a ḋéanfair-se dom, a ḟir ṁaiṫ?” arsa Marḃán, “agus ce h-é tú?”

“Cairċe Ceólḃinn is ainm dóṁ-sa, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟaiḋ,” ar seisean, “agus is ollaṁ ceóil do Ṡeanaċán agus do'n Tromḋáiṁ seo mé, agus is ar an dtiompán a seinnim an ceól.”

“An ḃféadfá-sa a d'innsint dom, a Ċairċe Ceólḃinn,” arsa Marḃán, “ce'cu is túirse a deineaḋ an tiompán nó an ċruit?”

Níor laḃair Cairċe.

“B'féidir go 'neósfá dom,” arsa Marḃán, “cad 'n-a ṫaoḃ gur tugaḋ tiompán naoiṁ ar an dtiompán.”

“Is dóċa,” arsa Cairċe, “gur tugaḋ tiompán naoiṁ air mar gur daoine naoṁṫa do seinn ar dtúis air.”

“Ní dóċa aon níḋ d'á sórt, a Ċairċe,” arsa Marḃán. “Ní'l aon baint ag an ainim le naoṁ ná le daoiniḃ naoṁṫa.”

“B'féidir, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ,” arsa Cairċe, “go 'neósfá féin dúinn cad 'n-a ṫaoḃ gur tugaḋ tiompán naoiṁ air.”

“Níor tugaḋ tiompán naoiṁ riaṁ air, a Ċairċe,” arsa Marḃán. “Tiompán Naoi an ainim ceart le taḃairt air. Nuair a ḃí Naoi agus a ċlann ag dul

san Airc do rugadar gléasa ceóil leó isteaċ innti. Tiompán ab eaḋ gléas díoḃ san. Nuair a ḃíodar ag teaċt as an Airc doḃ' áil le duine de ṁacaiḃ Naoi an tiompán do ċimeád aige féin."

"Ní ḃéarfair leat é," arsa Naoi, "gan lóg taḃairt dóṁ-sa."

"Cad é an lóg a ḃeiḋ uait, a aṫair?" arsan mac.

"Ní iarrfad," arsan t-aṫair. "aċ go dtaḃarfar m'ainim féin ar an dtiompán."

"Tá go maiṫ," arsan mac, "is 'tiompán Naoi' é feasta."

"Aċ siḃ-se," arsa Marḃán, "i ndúr n-ainḃfios, do ṫug tiompán naoiṁ air, ainm atá gan ḃunús."

"Mo ċomairce ort, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Cairpre Ceólḃinn. "Ná ḃí liom agus ní ḃeiḋ mé leat níos mó."

"Ní ḃead," arsa Marḃán, "aċ deintear mo ṡáiṫ crónáin dom."

Do laḃair duine eile. "Déanfad-sa ealaḋa duit, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," ar seisean.

"Cad í an ealaḋa a ḋéanfair-se dom?" arsa Marḃán.

"File iseaḋ mé," arsan fear, "agus déanfad rann duit."

"Má's file tú," arsa Marḃán, "is dóċa go ḃfuil 'fios agat conus a deineaḋ an céad rann riaṁ."

"Andaiġ ní feadar, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsan file.

"'Neósfad-sa duit é," arsa Marḃán. "Ḃí beirt mac ag Laṁiaċ, agus gaḃa ab eaḋ mac díoḃ, agus Túḃal Caoin ab ainm do'n ṁac san. Ḃí sé ag obair lá 'n-a ċearduċain, é féin agus an fear conganta a ḃí aige, agus ḃí dá ord acu agus iad ag bualaḋ an iarainn ar an inneóin. Ḃí Túḃal Caoin ag éisteaċt le bualaḋ na n-ord, agus ṫuig sé gur laḃair na buillí

sin tomas ramn, agus ḋein sé rann do réir mar a laḃair na h-úird. B'ḟiné an ċéad rann a ḋeineaḋ riam."

"Ca b'ḟios dóṁ-sa an fíor é sin?" arsan file.

"Is fíor duit an méid sin, a ṁic ó," arsa Marḃán. "Ní ḟeadarais an fíor an níḋ adeirim. An ḃfeadarais an fíor aon rud! Nó an ḃfeadarais aon níḋ i n-aon ċor!"

Dá méid cantar a ḃí ar Seanaċán agus ar an dTromḋáiṁ do sgeartadar go léir ar gáiri.

"Mo ċomairce ort, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsan file, "ná h-abair a tuilleaḋ liom!"

"Ní déarfad, ná bíoḋ eagal ort," arsa Marḃán, "aċ deintear mo ṡáiṫ crónáin dom. Déanfaiḋ gaċ aoinne agaiḃ an uile ṡagas ealaḋna dom aċ an ealaḋa atá uaim. Ní h-é an rud a taitneann liḃ féin a ḋéanaṁ atá ceangailte oraiḃ a ḋéanaṁ, aċ amáin an rud a h-iarrtar oraiḃ a ḋéanaṁ. An rud a d'iarras-sa oraiḃ a ḋéanaṁ dom ní'l ar ḃúr gcumas é ḋéanaṁ, is dóiċ liom. Na rudaí a ċeapaḃair féin a ḋéanaṁ dom do ċeistiġeas siḃ orta agus ní ḟeadaraḃair cad a ḃaineann leó. Ní'l so ná súd ar eólus agaiḃ mar a ṁeasaim. Is eagal liom gur ḃ'olc an gnó atá ag an ríġ 'á ḋéanaṁ ag cotúġaḋ ḃúr leitéidi."

Do ġearr an focal san, go cnáṁ agus go croiḋe, an uile ḋuine de'n Tromḋáiṁ. Do ġearr an focal san Seanaċán niḃa doiṁne 'ná mar a ġearr sé aon duine eile d'á raiḃ ar an dTromḋáiṁ. Ḃeaḋ an donas ar fad déanta nuair a leaṫfaḋ an sgéal ar fuid na h-Éireann gur teip ar an dTromḋáiṁ a sáiṫ crónáin a taḃairt do Marḃán; agus annsan, gaċ ealaḋa eile dár tarraiġeadar a taḃairt dó, nár ḟéadadar freagra taḃairt air nuair a ċeistiġ sé iad 'n-a

taoḃ. Ní raḃadar ábalta ar an gcrónán a ḋéanaṁ, agus na h-ealaḋna a ṁeasadar féin a ḋéanaṁ do ṫaisbeáin Marḃán ná raiḃ fios ná eólus acu ar cad a ḃain leó. Cad a ḃeaḋ le ráḋ acu nuair a sgaoilfeaḋ Marḃán an méid sin sgéil ar fuid na h-Éireann! Cad í an ċosaint a ḃeaḋ acu le ḋéanaṁ orta féin! Ḃí an crónán teipiṫe orta, an rud ná teipeann ar an gcat ná ar an dtrúmpalán, agus nuair a ceistiġeaḋ iad i dtaoḃ na n-ealaḋan a ṫaraiġeadar féin a ḋéanaṁ ní raiḃ focal i n-aoinne acu! Cad a ḃeaḋ le ráḋ acu nuair aḋéarfaḋ Marḃán, i láṫair fear Éireann, ná raiḃ sa Ṫromḋáiṁ aċ Tromḋáiṁ ḃréige, Tromḋáiṁ gan eólus gan ealaḋain; agus gur ḃ'olc an gnó a ḃí ag Guaire 'á ḋéanaṁ ag soláṫar ḃiḋ agus diġe dóiḃ, agus ag sásaṁ na mian mí-réasúnta a ṫagaḋ dóiḃ! Ḃíodar i gcruaḋ-ċás. Ḃíodar 'n-a seasaṁ annsúd, cuid aca istiġ i láṫair Ṁarḃáin, agus cuid acu i n-áiteannaiḃ eile ar fuid an teaġlaiġ, agus gan focal ag teaċt as aoinne acu. Ḃí Marḃán ag féaċaint 'n-a ṫimċeall ar Ṡeanaċán agus ar an méid acu a ḃí i dteannta Ṡeanaċáin, istiġ, agus áṫas air nuair a ċonnaic sé an púnc 'n-a raḃadar aige. "Seaḋ!" ar seisean, i n'aigne féin. "Ní deirim ná go mb'fearr ḋaoiḃ an torc fionn do sgaoileaḋ ṫaraiḃ!"

"An fada a ċimeádfar annso mé, a ríġ-ollaṁ, gan mo sáiṫ crónáin a ḋéanaṁ dom, fé mar a geallaḋ dom, agus fé mar atá fiaċaint oraiḃ a ṫaḃairt dom?" ar seisean.

"Nuair ná déanfaḋ aoinne eile an crónán duit, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Seanaċán, "déanfad-sa féin duit é."

"Tá go maiṫ, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Marḃán. "Is

fearr linn uait-se é 'ná ó aon ḋuine eile. Is fearr go mór."

Do ṡuiḋ Seanaċán i n'aonar ar aġaiḋ Ṁarḃáin amaċ. Do leog sé siar a ċeann. D'éiriġ a ċuid feasóige suas ó n'uċt go dtí go raiḃ sí 'n-a seasaṁ anáirde, idir é agus aġaiḋ Ṁarḃáin, go breaġ mór árd moṫalaċ, 'n-a sguaib ḋúbalta, mar ḃeaḋ ḋá eirḃall maḋa-ruaiḋ, aċ í ḃeiṫ liaṫ i n-inead ḃeiṫ ruaḋ. Do ṫosnuiġ sé ar an gcrónán a ḋéanaṁ.

Do ḋún Marḃán a ḋá ṡúil agus do leog sé siar a ċeann, ag éisteaċt leis an gcrónán agus ag glacaḋ an aoiḃnis, mar ḋ'eaḋ, díreaċ mar a ḋeineaḋ sé agus é ag éisteaċt leis na crónánuiḋṫiḃ eile, aċ gur ḃ'ḟuiriste a aiṫne air gur ḃ'aoiḃinne leis go mór ḃeiṫ ag éisteaċt le crónán Ṡeanaċáin 'ná le h-aon ċrónán eile. Do líon an Tromḋáiṁ go léir isteaċ agus ḃíodar ag féaċaint ar an mbeirt, agus sgannraḋ orta le h-eagla ná féadfaḋ Seanaċán an obair do seasaṁ abfaḋ agus le h-eagla go ndéanfaḋ feiḋm agus ḋuaḋ na h-oibre sin, um an dtaca san ḋ'á aois, díoġḃáil sláinte ḋó.

Do lean an crónán. Do lean an féasóg 'n-a seasaṁ anáirde go breaġ, agus í ag crit agus ag luasgaḋ agus ag preabarnaiġ le snaġaḋ an ċrónáin. Ar ball ambara, ḃí an crónánuiḋe ḋ'á ṫuirriúġaḋ. Ḃí Briġid agus tuilleaḋ ḋes na mnáiḃ ag sileaḋ. Do lean an crónán. Do lean an tuirriúġaḋ. Ṫosnuiġ an féasóg ar ṫuitim i nḋiaiḋ ar nḋiaiḋ go dtí go raiḃ radarc ag Seanaċán ar ġnúis Ṁarḃáin. Ċonnaic sé an dá ṡúil agus iad dúnta. Do stad sé. Ṁeas sé gur 'n-a ċodlaḋ a ḃí Marḃán. Ċoṁ luaṫ agus go stad an crónán d'osgail an dá ṡúil go h-aiḃiġ.

"Deintear ar sáiṫ crónáin dúinn!" arsa Marḃán. Suas leis an ḃféasóig arís, agus siúd ar siuḃal an crónán arís, agus Seanaċán boċt i riocht dul i laige le tuirse agus le h-easba anála agus le tinneas 'n-a ṁuineál agus 'n-a sgórnaig agus suas 'n-a ċeann.

Um an dtaca san ḃí na mná go léir ag sileaḋ agus ag fásgaḋ a láṁ, agus ná leogfaḋ eagla dóiḃ labairt ná a leogaint orta go raḃadar ag gol.

CAIBIDIOL A CÚIG A'S FIĊE.

"TÁIN—BÓ—CUAILGNE!"

Ḃí Seanaċán d'á ṫuirsiúġaḋ go tiuġ. Ċonnaic na mná go raiḃ, agus ḃí na deóraċa ag teaċt uata go bog, agus iad ag osnuíol agus ag cneadaiġ agus ag fásgaḋ a laḋar. Ċonnaic na fir, leis, go raiḃ sé d'á ṫuirsiúġaḋ. Níor ḃ'ḟéidir dóiḃ aon focal do ráḋ, aċ ḃí ag duḃaḋ agus ag gormúġaḋ acu, agus ag bánaḋ, do réir an ċuma 'n-a raiḃ an sgéal ag breiṫ ar ċroiḋe ar gaċ fear acu fé leiṫ. Ċomáin an sean-duine leis ag déanaṁ an ċrónáin, aċ dob' ḟuirisde a aiṫint ná raiḃ ann leanaṁaint puinn níba sia air. Ḃí pairiṫis ag teaċt 'n-a ċeann agus creaṫán ag teaċt 'n-a ġlór, creaṫán nár ḃ'ionann agus snaġaḋ an ċrónáin, agus ḃí na braonaċa alluis ag cruinniúġaḋ ar a éadan agus ar a ġruaḋnaiḃ, agus iad ag tuitim isteaċ sa ḃféasóig aige. Fé deireaḋ táinig geарr-

análaiġe air, agus ċaiṫ sé stad. D'osgail Marbán a ḋá súil.

"Deintear mo ṡáiṫ crónáin dom!" ar seisean, go géar.

Do ċaiṫ Seanaċán a ċeann siar arís agus ċaiṫ sé an féasóg anáirde agus ḃain sé fásgaḋ as a sgórnaiġ. Tug sé sreangaḋ ró-teann ar a ṁuineál nuair a ḃí an snag aige 'á ḋéanaṁ, agus le déine an tsreangṫa sin sgeinn súil leis amaċ as a ċeann, i dtreó go raiḃ an tsúil ar a ġruaḋ ar sileaḋ leis. Nuair a ċonnaic Marbán an tsúil ar ġruaḋ an duine, ṫáiniġ sgannraḋ air le h-eagla go mbeaḋ fearg ar an ríġ ċuige. Níor ḋein sé aċ a ṗaidir do ráḋ isteaċ 'n-a láiṁ ḋeis féin, agus annsan an láṁ ḋeas san do ċur fé'n súil, agus an tsúil do ċur ṫar n-ais 'n-a h-ionad ceart. Ċimeáḋ sé an láṁ ar an súil go dtí go raiḃ sí socair 'n-a h-ionad. Níor ḃ'fada go raiḃ sí ċóṁ maiṫ a's ḃí sí riaṁ. Nuair a ḃí, d'féaċ Marbán 'n-a ṫimċeall ar an dTromḋáiṁ.

"Deintear mo ṡáiṫ crónáin dom!" ar seisean. "Is náireaċ an obair daoiḃ," ar seisean, "agus siḃ ċóṁ h-óg, ċóṁ láidir, déanaṁ an ċrónáin seo d'fágailt ar ḃúr ríġ-ollaṁ! Deiniḋ mo ṡáiṫ crónáin dóṁ-sa láiṫreaċ nó díolfaiḋ siḃ as!"

Do laḃair duine acu. "Déanfaḋ-sa ealaḋa ḋuit, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," ar seisean.

"Cé h-é tusa, led' toil?" arsa Marbán.

"Fios Mac Foċmairc is ainm dom, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," ar seisean.

"Agus cad é do ḋán, a Ḟios Ṁic Foċmairc?" arsa Marbán.

"Sgéalaiḋeaċt is dán dom, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Fios Mac Foċmairc. "Is mise an sgéaluiḋe is

fearr i n-Éirinn, agus is mé sgéaluiḋe na Tromḋáime seo. Do ċeap Seanaċán féin mé ċun na h-oibre sin."

"Agus cad i an ealaḋa a ḋéanfair ḋóṁ-sa anois, a Ḟios Ṁic Foċṁairc?" arsa Marḃán, "nó an amlaiḋ a 'neósfair sgéal dom?"

"'Neosfad sgéal duit, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Fios Mac Foċṁairc.

"Cad é an sgéal a 'neósfair dom?" arsa Marḃán, "nó b'féidir go 'neósfá mo roga sgéal dom nuair ná déintear mo ṡáiṫ crónáin dom."

"'Neósfad do roga sgéal duit, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Fios Mac Foċṁairc, "agus is ana ṁaiṫ liom mar a laḃrais," ar seisean.

"Cad 'n-a taoḃ gur b'ana ṁaiṫ leat gur laḃrais, a Ḟios?" arsa Marḃán.

"Mar tá súil agam nuair a 'neosfad-sa cuid dem' sgéaltaiḃ breaġṫa maiṫe duit ná fanfaiḋ a tuilleaḋ dúil agat sa ċrónán," arsa Fios Mac Foċṁairc.

"Mo ṡáiṫ crónáin a ḋ'iarrar ar an dTromḋáiṁ seo, a Ḟios," arsa Marḃán, "agus mo ṡáiṫ crónáin a caiṫfear a taḃairt dom sar a sgarad liḃ. Aċ ó táṫaoi go léir ċóṁ tuirseaċ de'n ċrónán, ní miste liom tamall a taḃairt daoiḃ ar ealaḋain éigin eile an faid a beiḋ siḃ ag cur tuirse an ċrónáin ḋiḃ. Nuair a beiḋ an tuirse curṫa ḋíḃ agaiḃ fillfimíd ar an gcrónán. Is dóċa go ḃfuil éaċt de sgéaltaiḃ agat-sa le h-innsint a Ḟios."

"Is fíor," arsa Fios. "Ní dóiċ liom gur h-innseaḋ riaṁ aon sgéal ná fuil agam."

"Gan amras tá príoṁ-sgéal Éireann agat," arsa Marḃán.

"Tá go deiṁin," arsa Fios. "Ní'l aon sgéal d'ár h-innseaḋ i n-Éirinn riaṁ ná fuil agam."

"Má 'seaḋ, a Ḟior," arsa Marbán, "suiḋ annsan anois agus innis dóm-sa príoṁ-sgéal Éireann, 'sé sin Táin Bó Cuailgne."

"Táin—Bó—Cuailgne!" arsa Fior, agus a súile ag leaṫaḋ air. "Táin—Bó—Cuailgne!" ar seisean arís, agus lán a ċróiḋe d'iongnaḋ agus d'alltaċt ag teaċt air.

"Táin—Bó—Cuailgne," arsa Marbán, ag aṫnarc air. "Suiḋ annsan, a Ḟior," ar seisean, "agus innis 'Táin—Bó—Cuailgne' dúinn!"

"Táin—Bó—Cuailgne," arsa Fior.

"Táin—Bó—Cuailgne," arsan cruitire.

"Táin—Bó—Cuailgne," arsan tiompánuiḋe.

"Táin—Bó—Cuailgne," arsa Seanaċán.

Ba ġearr ná raiḃ i mbéal gaċ aoinne sa teaġlaċ aċ, "Táin—Bó—Cuailgne." B'siné an ċéad uair riaṁ acu ag aireaċtaint an ḟocail.

"Cad é seo oraiḃ?" arsa Marbán. "Cad 'n-a ṫaoḃ ná tagann duine éigin agaiḃ annso agus an sgéal san a ḋ'innsint dom? Suiḋ annso, a Ḟior Ṁic Ḟoċṁairc, agus innis Táin Bó Cuailgne dom. Is tú an sgéaluiḋe is fearr i n-Éirinn. Níor h-innseaḋ i n-Éirinn riaṁ sgéal ná fuil agat. Is tú sgéaluiḋe na Tromḋáiṁe seo. Do ċeap Seanaċán féin tú ċun sgéalaiḋeaċta na Tromḋáiṁe ḋéanaṁ. Suiḋ annso ar m'agaiḋ amaċ agus innis Táin Bó Cuailgne dom!"

Níor labair an sgéaluiḋe. Do las sé suas go bun na gcluas. Annsan do ḃánuiġ air, go dtí go raiḃ dath an ḃáis air. Annsan do las sé suas arís. Ḃí sé ag lasaḋ agus ag bánaḋ mar sin ar feaḋ tamaill. Do labair Seanaċán leis.

"Cad 'n-a ṫaoḃ ná h-innseann tú an sgéal do Ṁarbán, a Ḟior?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Cad 'n-a ṫaoḃ ná h-innsim an sgéal do Ṁarḃán!" arsa Fios. "Conus is féidir dom sgéal nár airiġeas féin riaṁ a d'innsint do Ṁarḃán ná d'aoinne eile!" arsa Fios Mac Foċṁairc. "Níor airiġeas-sa sgéal na Tána san riaṁ," ar seisean, "ná ní feadar cár tugaḋ an táin sin, cé'cu i n-Éirinn a tugaḋ í nó i nDúṫaiġ éigin iasaċta. Ní dóiġ liom gur i n-Éirinn a tugaḋ í. Dá mb' eaḋ níor ḃ'féidir dom gan eólus éigin a ḃeiṫ agam uirti."

"Is i n-Éirinn a tugaḋ í, a Ḟios," arsa Marḃán, "agus is a' triúċa céad Cuailgne do tugaḋ í. Agus príoṁ-sgéal na h-Éireann sgéal na tána san, agus Táin Bó Cuailgne ainm an príoṁ-sgéil sin. Agus is lag an obair do'n Ṫromḋáiṁ seo, tar éis a ḃfuil caillte ag Guaire leó, 'gá gcoṫuġaḋ agus ag solaṫar na mian éigciallaiḋe úd dóiḃ, a ḃeiṫ le h-aḋṁáil acu nár airiġeadar riaṁ sgéal na tána úd! Agus anois, a Ḟios Ṁic Ḟoċṁairc, cuirim-se de ġeasaiḃ ort-sa agus ar an dTromḋáiṁ seo gan siḃ a ḃeiṫ dá oiḋċe i n-aon ḃaile go ndeiniḋ siḃ Táin Bó Cuailgne d'ḟáġail agus é d'innsint dóṁ-sa. Agus cuirim geasa eile oraiḃ. Ní'l sé ceart ná dleaġṫaċ cead a ḃeiṫ ag daoiniḃ aimḃfiosaċa mar siḃ ċun ḃeiṫ ag déanaṁ aoir, ná ag déanaṁ dán molta, do ríġṫiḃ ná do ró-ṫaoiseaċaiḃ. D'á ḃríġ sin, cuirim de ġeasaiḃ anois oraiḃ gan a ḃeiṫ ar ḃúr gcumas aoir ná dán a ḋéanaṁ go dtí go ḃfaiġiḋ siḃ an sgéal san, agus go dtugaḋ siḃ liḃ é, agus go n-innsiḋ siḃ dóṁ-sa é."

"Is cruaiḋ na geasa iad san, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Seanaċán. "Ní fios an mór de ṫalaṁ an doṁain a ḃeiḋ siuḃalta againn sar a dtiocfaiḋ linn an sgéal san d'ḟáġail."

"Is fíor a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Marḃán, "aċ má's cruaiḋ iad na geasa, agus má's fada iad na cúrsai a ḃeiṫ oraiḃ, tiocfaiḋ tairḃte ḋaoiḃ asta."

"Cad é an tairḃte a d'ḟéadfaiḋ teaċt asta ḋúinn, nó conus is féidir dúinn costas na sliġe d'ḟáġail, agus gan ar ár gcumas dán molta ḋéanaṁ do ríġ ná do ró-ṫaoiseaċ a ṫaḃarfaḋ tuarasdal dúinn as, nó aoir a ḋéanaṁ do náṁaid a ṁearrfaḋ cosg do ċur le n-ár gcuardaċ?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Tiocfaiḋ tairḃte ḋaoiḃ asta," arsa Marḃán, "mar cuirfid siad ag maċtnam siḃ."

"Conus san? Cad é an maċtnaṁ a ṫaḃarfaid siad dúinn?" arsa Seanaċán.

"An maċtnaṁ so," arsa Marḃán, "gur truaġ náċ ar ṗríoṁ-sgéal Éireann a ḃíoḃair ag cuiṁneaṁ an uair úd a ḃí na mianta éagsaṁlaċa ag teaċt ċúġaiḃ, .i. an peata cuaiċe idir an dá Nodlaig agus na sméara idir Nodlaig agus Inid, agus an ḟleaḋ a' cuirm an aon ġráinne, agus saill an tuirc finn nár rugaḋ, agus na neite eile úd de'n tsórd san."

"Agus má teipeann orainn an sgéal a ḋ'ḟáġail a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," arsa Seanaċán, "cad a ḋéanfaimid?"

"Caiṫfiḋ siḃ an cuid eile d'búr saoġal do ċaiṫeaṁ ag cuardaċ an sgéil go dtí go ḃfaġaiḋ siḃ e. Má ṫaġann an bás oraiḃ sar a ḃfaġaiḋ siḃ é, saorfaiḋ an bás siḃ ós na geasaiḃ seo atá curta agam-sa oraiḃ anois. Ní'l aon níḋ eile ċun siḃ a saoraḋ ós na geasaiḃ aċ an bás, nó teaċt suas leis an sgéal agus teaċt annso agus é d'innsint dóṁ-sa," arsa Marḃán.

"Is cruaiḋ an ḃreiṫ atá taḃarta agat orainn, a Ṁarḃáin!" arsa Seanaċán.

"Ní'l an ḃreiṫ leaṫ ċóṁ cruaiḋ agus ba ċeart í ḃeiṫ," arsa Marḃán. "Mura mbeaḋ le h-eagla roiṁ

Guaire do ṫabarfainn-se breiṫ oraiḃ a ḃeaḋ níba ċruaiḋe go mór 'ná í: búr leiṫéidí de ṡloigisg gan ċiall gan ṁeaḃair gan eólas gan tuisgint gan léigeann gan urlaḃra, agus gur deacra go mór sib a ċur ċun suiḋte agus friotálaṁ oraiḃ 'ná daoine 'n-a mbeaḋ tabairt suas orta agus léigeann agus urlaḃra acu do ċur ċun suiḋte agus friotálaṁ orta! Nuair a ḋéanfaḋ sí a ḋíċeall do'n Ṫromḋáiṁ ba ċóir gur ḃ'é ba luġa ba ġann dóiḃ ḃeiṫ buiḋeaċ de. D'á ṁéid a ḋeineaḋ Guaire ḋaoiḃ-se iseaḋ ba luġa búr mbuiḋeaċas air, agus iseaḋ ba ṁó an t-olc a ḋeineaḋ sib air. Biḋiḋ ag maċtnaṁ anois ar na neiṫiḃ sin."

D'iompuiġ sé uata agus d'imṫiġ sé amaċ agus aḃaile go Gleann an Sgáil ċun a ṫiġe féin, agus d'ḟág sé annsan iad.

Níor laḃair aoinne acu ar feaḋ tamaill. Annsan do ċromadar ar an milleán do ċur ar a ċéile.

"Stadaiḋ," arsa Seanaċán. "Táid na geasa orainn go daingean. Annso iseaḋ ċoḋlamair aréir. Ní foláir dúinn imṫeaċt agus coḋlaḋ i n-áit éigin eile anoċt."

CAIBIDIOL A SÉ A'S FIĊE.

IMṪEAĊT NA TROMḊÁIṀE.

Ċóṁ luaṫ agus do h-airiġeaḋ ar fuid teaġlaiġ na Tromḋáiṁe an focal san ó Ṡeanaċán, .i. "annso is eaḋ do ċoḋlamair aréir. Ní foláir imṫeaċt agus

codlaḋ i n-áit éigin eile anoċt," táinig oċlán bróin ar an uile duine de'n Tromḋáiṁ. Annsan iseaḋ tuigeadar i gceart an díoġaltas a bí déanta ag Marbán orta mar ġeall ar an dtorc fionn, agus an dearmad a deineadar féin nuair a tarraingeadar orta fearg Ṁarbáin. An faid a bíodar socair ar a suaimneas sa ríġ-teaġlaċ breáġ san a ċuir Guaire suas dóib, níor tuigeadar cad a bain le beit ar fán. Tuit a lug ar a lag acu nuair a tuigeadar nár b'foláir dóib go léir éirġe amaċ agus dul ċun bótair, agus beit glan as an mbaile sin sar a dtiocfaḋ an oiḋċe orta, nó go mbeaḋ col déanta acu ar na geasaib a bí curta ag Marbán orta, dá mbeidís dá oiḋċe i n-aon ineaḋ go dtí go mbeaḋ an Táin fáġalta acu.

"Ní foláir dúinn imteaċt, a ċlann ó," arsa Seanaċán leó. "Tá éagcóir mór 'á déanaṁ orainn, aċ ní'l leigeas againn air sin. Tá fuat ag a lán daoine dúinn, agus gráin acu orainn. Meastar gur Tromḋáiṁ ana ċostasaṁail sinn. Ní fíor san i n-aon ċor, a ċlann ó. Bíoḋ go bfuil mórán againn ann, ní mór é ar sáit de biaḋ agus de diġ. Is ró-fuirirte ár ndóitin le n-ite agus le n-ól do tabairt dúinn. Is í mo bean-sa féin, Brigid ingean Oinitċeirne, duine is mó goile ar an dTromḋáiṁ, agus ní iteann sí aċ ub circe d'aon béile; agus bíoḋ ná h-iteann sí aċ an méid sin d'aon béile, tugann an Tromḋáiṁ "Brigid Ṁórsáit" uirti mar ġeall ar méid an béile a d'iteann sí!" "Ní gáḋ do Ṁarbán, d'á brig sin, ná do daoine d'á sórd, beit 'gá casaḋ linn go mbíd ríġte agus uaisle na h-Éireann creaċta againn nuair a tugaimíd roinnt aimsire ar ár gcuardaib acu."

"Aċ bíoḋ ná cuirimíd puinn costais ar na ríġtib ná ar na h-uaislib 'n-a dtéiġmíd ar ár gcuardaib

ċúċa, bímíd ċóṁ buiḋeaċ díoḃ agus dá gcuirimís. Táimíd go léir buiḋeaċ de Ġuaire anois mar ġeall ar an dtiġ seo do ċuir sé suas dúinn san áit seo agus mar ġeall ar na miantaiḃ úd do ḟoláṫair sé do gaċ duine againn 'n-a dtáinig mian dó.''

"Ní foláir dúinn imṫeaċt, a ċlann ó, agus isé céad rud atá againn le déanaṁ ná dul i n-aonḟeaċt i láṫair Ġuaire agus ár mbuiḋeaċas do ġabáil leis, agus a ḋ'innsint dó cad iad na geasa so atá cursa ag Marḃán orainn; conus mar náċ féidir dúinn, gan ár ngeasa do ċailleaṁaint, codlaḋ dá oiḋċe i n-aon ionad ċun go ḃfaiġmíd an Táin."

Do ġluaiseadar go léir láiṫreaċ, idir ollaṁ agus ánraḋ, idir file agus éigeas, idir fear agus mnaoi, idir coin agus giolla, idir óg agus sean, agus ṫángadar ċun na h-áite 'n-a raiḃ Guaire. D'éirig Guaire agus ṫáinig sé 'n-a gcoinniḃ. Ḃí iongnaḋ air nuair a ċonnaic sé ċuige iad ar an ḃfaiċċe. Ṫug sé trí póga do Ṡeanaċán agus ċuir sé fáilte ċoitċiann rómpa go léir.

"Cad é an scéal é, a ríg-ollaṁ?" ar seisean le Seanaċán, "nó cad a ġluais ó nbúr mbruiġin féin siḃ?"

"Tá droċ-scéal againn duit, a rí," arsa Seanaċán. "Ṫáinig Marḃán Muiciḋe ag triall orainn ag díoġailt an tuirc finn orainn."

"Níor aiṫniġmair é ar dtúis, agus ní raiḃ aon ċoinne againn go raiḃ aon fearg aige ċúġainn, ná gur ṫugamair cúis dó ċun feirge ḃeiṫ aige ċúġainn. D'iarr sé a roġa ealaḋa agus airfideaċt orainn. Do tugaḋ san dó. Annsan, isé roġa a ṫoġ sé ná go ndéanfí a fáiċ crónáin dó, agus isé saġas crónáin a ṫeastuig uaiḋ ná crónán snagaċ. Ċuaiḋ trí

naonḃair ag déanaṁ an ċrónáin sin dó. Nuair a ḃí na trí naonḃair sin d'á dtuirsiúġaḋ, agus go gceapaidís stad, d'iarraḋ sé go tur agus go tearaiḋe a ṡáiṫ ċrónáin a ḋéanaṁ dó. Do tuirsiġeaḋ iad go léir, i dtreó ná raiḃ aoinne ċun an ċrónáin a ḋéanaṁ dó. Annsan do ċuadar-sa féin ag déanaṁ an ċrónáin dó, agus nuair a ṁeasainn stad, le neart tuirse, 'Deintear ár sáiṫ crónáin dúinn!' adeireaḋ sé, 'mar a ġeallaḃair dúinn!' Do leanas ar an gcrónán go dtí, le sreangaḋ ró-teann d'á dtugas orm féin, gur ċuireas mo leat-ṡúil amaċ ar mo ġruaḋ. Ċóm luat agus ċonnaic seisean san d'ḟóir sé mé tré ċómaċtaiḃ Dé. Annsan d'é riġ sgéal-uiḋe atá againn, agus dubairt sé go ndéanfaḋ sé sgéalaiḋeaċt dó; aċ d'iarr seisean sgéal ná raiḃ aige air, .i., Táin Bó Cuailgne. Dubairt an sgéal-uiḋe ná raiḃ an sgéal san aige. Annsan do ċuir seisean sinne, agus an sgéaluiḋe, fé ġeasaiḃ gan aon rann d'ár ndán d'ḟágail, agus gan ḃeiṫ dá oiḋċe i n-aon ineaḋ, ċun go ḃfaiġmís an Táin dó. Sa ḃaile seo a ḃíomair aréir, a rí, agus ní ḃeam anoċt ann, mar ġeall ar ár ngeasaiḃ."

"Agus caḋ é an treó baill 'n-a ḃfuil ceapaiṫe agaiḃ agaiḋ do ṫaḃairt anois, a ríġ-ollaṁ?" arsa Guaire.

"Go h-Albain, a rí," arsa Seanaċán.

"Ná téiġiḋ go h-Albain, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Guaire. "Is i n-Éirinn a tugaḋ an Táin agus ní h-i n-Albain, agus d'á ḃríġ sin is i n-Albain is lúġa a ġeoḃaiḋ siḃ aon tuairisg uirṫi. Tá 'fios agam-sa," ar seisean "caḋ is ceart daoiḃ a ḋéanaṁ."

"Caḋ is ceart dúinn a ḋéanaṁ, a rí," arsa Seanaċán.

"Ná bacaiḋ Marḃán, ná an Táin," arsa Guaire, "aċ fanaiḋ annso agam-sa agus an onóir a fuaraḃair uaim-se agus ó fearaiḃ Éireann go dtí so, geoḃaiḋ sib ar so amaċ í, i n-éagmuis búr ndán."

"Ní beaḋ aċ maiṫ déirce sa níḋ sin, a rí," arsa Seanaċán.

"Is mór an truag, a ríg-ollaṁ," arsa Guaire, "búr mná agus búr ngiollanraḋ ag gluaiseaċt, i n-aonfeaċt lib-se, tré dúṫaigiḃ iasaċta, fé gaċ sórd soininne agus doininne! Cad a ċoṫóċaiḋ iad? Tiocfaiḋ breóiḋteaċt agus bás orṫa, agus tuitfid siad ar an slige oraiḃ leis an ocras agus le tuirse. Ní'l ciall ná meaḃair leis mar sgéal!"

"Ní'l leigeas air, a rí," arsa Seanaċán. "Sinn féin a tarraing orainn an cruaḋtan, caiṫfimíd an cruaḋtan a ḋ'fulang anois."

"Tá go deiṁin, leigeas air," arsa Guaire. "Do ċuir Marḃán na geasa oraiḃ-se, ar búr n-ollaṁanaiḃ agus ar búr bfiliḃ agus ar búr luċt ceóil agus airfideaċta. Níor ċuir sé aon geasa ar búr mnáiḃ ná ar búr ngiollanraḋ. Ní'l fiaċaint orṫa san dul i n-aonfeaċt lib ag lorg na Tána. Ní congnaṁ daoiḃ iad ċun na Tána ḋ'fágail, aċ a ṁalairt. Imtigeaḋ an Tromḋáiṁ féin, na h-ollaṁain agus na filí agus na h-éigse agus siuḃluigdis an doṁan ar lorg na Tána, aċ fanaḋ na mná agus na giollaí agus an t-aos óg 'n-a ndiaiḋ sa baile."

"Agus cá bfanfaid siad, a rí?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Cá bfanfaidís, a ríg-ollaṁ," arsa Guaire, "aċ sa tig sin a tugas-sa daoiḃ-se? Fanaidís sa tig sin ar a suaiṁneas agus coṫóċad-sa iad go dtagaiḋ sibse tar n-ais. Beiḋ an ċóir ċéadna orṫa, an faid

a ḃeiḋ siḃ amuiċ, a ḃí orta féin agus oraiḃ ó tángaḃair ċúgam annso."

Do socaruiġeaḋ ar an gcómhairle sin. D'ḟill na mná agus na giollaí tar n-ais ċun ríġ-teaġlaiġ na Tromḋáime, agus ḃí áṫas mór orta. Ḃíodar go léir ag gol go fuiḋeaċ nuair a ḃíodar ag imteaċt; ṫriomuiġeadar a súile nuair a fuaradar cead teaċt tar n-ais agus fanamaint. D'ḟág Marḃán cead ag an dTromḋáiṁ aon dán amháin do ġaḃáil nuair a ḃeidís ag sgaramaint le Guaire, ag fágáilt slán aige. Do ġaiḃ Seanaċán an t-aon dán amháin sin. Siḋé an ċéad ḃéarsa ḋe:—

"Triallam uait, a Ġuaire ġlain
Fágmaid agat beannaċtain,
Ḃliadain agus ráite is mí
Atám agat, a Árdrí."

Dán gan ṁait iseaḋ é. Ní'l ann aċ go ndeintear maoiḋeaṁ as an gcóir a ċuir Guaire orta; agus, mar ġeall ar an gcóir sin, go ngealltar teaċt arís ag triall air.

"Ca ḃfuil ceapaiṫe agaiḃ stad i gcóir na h-oiḋċe anoċt, a ríġ-ollaṁ?" arsa Guaire.

"I Nás na ríoġ, má ṡroisimíd é, a rí," arsa Seanaċán, "i ndún ríoġ Laiġean."

"Táṫaoi ag dul ag triall ar ríġ fóġanta," arsa Guaire. "Ní'l rí cúige ná árdrí is fearr 'ná Connra Caoċ."

"Is fearr Guaire 'ná é! Is fearr Guaire 'ná é!" arsan Tromḋáiṁ go léir d'aon ġuṫ.

"Go dtéiḋi slán!" arsa Guaire.

"Slán beó agat, a rí!" ar siad go léir.

Ċomáineadar leó go dtángadar go Nás. Nuair

a bíodar ag teaċt i gcóṁgar do'n ḃaile, do ṫárla lobar ar lár an bóṫair rómpa. Do labair sé leis an gcéad duine a ṫáinig ċuige :—

“Cad é an áit as a dtáinig an fian mór baċlaċ ṁeirgeaċ úd ?” arsan clam.

“Ní fian baċlaċ ná fian ṁeirgeaċ iad san,” arsan fear ’n-ar cuireaḋ an ċeist ċuige, “aċ Seanaċán Seanḟile agus a Ṫromḋáiṁ uasal.”

“Tá aiṫne agam oraiḃ,” arsan clam, “agus ar an ainm mór fada atá oraiḃ, agus bíoḋ gur ainm fada í ní h-ainm foġanta í. Is fearrde an tír as a dtángabair siḃ ḃeiṫ tagaiṫe as, agus an tír ’n-a ḃfuiltí ag dul ann ní maiṫ an ḃail air é. An fada ceapann siḃ dul anoċt ?” ar seisean.

“Go dún Connra Ċaoiċ, rí Laiġean,” arsan fear eile. Ḃí Seanaċán agus maiṫe na Tromḋáiṁe tagaiṫe suas um an dtaca san. Cóṁ luaṫ agus d’airiġ an clam gur go Dún ríoġ Laiġean a bíodar ag dul, ċuir sé sgeartaḋ gáire as, i dtreó gur ḋóiċ le duine ná fágaḋ sé a anál.

“Cad ’tá ad’ ċur ag gáirí, a ḟir ṁaiṫ ?” arsa Seanaċán.

“Cad a ḃeaḋ am’ ċur ag gáirí,” arsan clam, “aċ tusa agus do ṡluag baċlaċ ag dul go dún ríoġ Laiġean, agus gan cumas ar aon rann d’ḃúr ndán agaiḃ !”

“Amú,” ar seisean, “ná téiġiḋ go dún ríoġ Laiġean, nó is aṁlaiḋ a cursar na gadair liḃ !”

“Cé innis duit-se an méid sin a ċlaiṁ ?” ar siadsan.

“Naċ cuma cé innis dom é má’s fíor é ?” arsan lobar. “Anois an t-am agaiḃ-se ċun a taisbeáint an fíor é nó an bréag é. Tátaoi ag dul go h-Albain.

Is é Connra Caoċ a ṫaḃarfaiḋ luingeas agus lón ḋaoiḃ i gcóir an aistir sin. Nác deas a ḋ'ḟéaċfaiḋ siḃ i láṫair Connra, nuair a ḃeiḋ oraiḃ ḋán molta agus buiḋeaċais a ṫaḃairt ḋó mar ġeall ar loingeas agus lón a ṫaḃairt ḋaoiḃ, agus gan ar ḃúr gcumas aon rann ḋ'ḃúr nḋán do ċur le ċéile."

"Is fíor do'n ċlaṁ an méiḋ úḋ," arsan Tromḋáiṁ. "Is fearr ḋúinn sinn féin do ṫriail, féaċaint an ḃfuil ár nḋán againn nó ná fuil. Is fearr ḋúinn anois féaċaint an ḃféadfaimís duan a ḋéanaṁ do ríġ Laiġean."

Siúḋ ag casaḋ leis an nduan a ḋéanaṁ iad, rann ó gaċ ollaṁ acu. Aċ dá mbeidís ag gaḃáil do'n obair go h-oiḋċe ní ḟéadfaḋ aoinne acu a rann féin do ċur le ċéile. Is aṁlaiḋ a ḃíoḋ na focail ag measgaḋ ar a ċéile orta, agus ag dul i n-aiṁréiḋ orta. Nuair a ṁeasaidís an ríġ do ṁolaḋ is aṁlaiḋ a ḃíoḋ a gcáint 'á cáineaḋ. Ar ball is aṁlaiḋ ná ḃíoḋ molaḋ ná cáineaḋ ná aon tsaġas céille i n-aon ċor sa cáint acu. Annsan, ní ḟéadaidís aon líne aṁáin de'n filiḋeaċt do ṫaḃairt amaċ gan circéim bacaiġe ann. Do tugaḋ gaċ aoinne fé nḋeara an bacaiġe i ḃfiliḋeaċt an duine eile, aċ ní ḟéadaḋ sé coiḋċe an bacaiġe ṫaḃairt fé nḋeara 'n-a ċuid filiḋeaċta féin, go dtí go dtaisbeánaḋ an claṁ dó an bacaiġe. Fé ḋeireaḋ d'éiriġeadar as an ngnó. Annsan bíodar i gcruaḋċás ḋáiríriḋ. Níor ḃ'féidir dóiḃ dul go h-Albain gan luingeas agus lón d'fáġail ó ríġ Laiġean, agus níor ḃ'féidir dóiḃ luingeas agus lón a ḋ'iarraiḋ ar an ríġ gan duan a ḋéanaṁ dó ċun iad a ḋ'iarraiḋ air. Aċ pé iarraċt a ḋeinidís ar an nduan ní tagaḋ leo a ḋéanaṁ aċ ḃrille ḃreaille. Ḃí an sgéal go breac acu.

CAIḂIDIOL A SEACT A'S FIĊE.

"PÓG DO ḂÉAL LOḂAIR."

Ḃí Seanaċán agus maiṫe na Tromḋáiṁe ag féaċaint ar a ċéile agus gan focal ag teaċt asta. Ní raiḃ 'fios ag aoinne acu cad ba ċeart a ráḋ ná cad ba ċeart a ḋéanaṁ. Ní raiḃ aoinne acu i ḃfonn cóṁairle d'iarraiḋ, ná i ḃfonn cóṁairle ṫaḃairt uaiḋ. Níor ḃ'féidir casaḋ ṫar n-ais go dtí Guaire mar ḃí na geasa orta. Níor ḃ'féidir dul go h-Alḃain mar ní raiḃ long ná lón luinge acu. Níor ḃ'féidir dul go dún ríoġ Laiġean mar ní raiḃ a ndán acu. Ḃíodar annsúd ag féaċaint ar a ċéile agus gan cos acu 'á ċur díoḃ ná focal ag teaċt asta. Ḃí cuid acu ag staṫaḋ ḃroḃnaċa luaċra agus 'gá gcogaint.

"D'fág Marḃán ar ḃúr gcumas duan a ḋéanaṁ do Ġuaire nuair a ḃíoḃair ag teaċt uaiḋ," arsan Loḃar.

"D'fág," ar siad.

"Nać truaġ," arsan Loḃar, "nár iarraḃair air a ḋ'fágáilt ar ḃúr gcumas duan a ḋéanaṁ do Ċonnra Ċaoċ nuair a ḃeaḋ an long agus an lón agaiḃ 'á iarraiḋ air."

"Níor ċuiṁniġ aoinne againn air sin go dtí anois," ar siad.

"Níor ċuiṁniġ go díreaċ," arsan Loḃar. "B'fearr liḃ ḃeiṫ ag cuiṁneaṁ ar ḃúr mianṫaiḃ aiṫéiseaċa. Tá an sgéal go h-aindeis agaiḃ! Tá mian ag gaċ aoinne agaiḃ anois, mian nár ṫáinig a leiṫéid riaṁ ċuige go dtí anois. Cad 'n-a ṫaoḃ ná h-iarrann siḃ anois ar Ġuaire an mian so do ṡoláṫar daoiḃ. Dá

ḃféadaḋ Guaire an mian so do ṡoláṫar daoiḃ anois, ba taisḃtiġe ḋaoiḃ é 'ná peata cuaiċe; ba taisḃte ḋaoiḃ é 'ná na sméara úd."

"Ní ċúġainne a ṫáinig na mianta san," arsa Seanaċán, "aċ ċun na mban."

"Cé ċuige go dtáinig an mian úd na fleiḋe móire a ḋéanfí de ċuirim an aon ġráinne arbair agus de faill na muice nár rugaḋ?" arsan Loḃar.

Níor ḟreagair Seanaċán. Níor ḟreagair aoinne. D'ḟan an Loḃar ag féaċaint orṫa ar feaḋ tamaill. Duḃairt sé ar ball:—

"Dá bfaiġinn tuarastal áiriġṫe uaiḃ do ḋéanfainn duan ṫar ḃúr gceann do ríġ Laiġean."

"Duan do ríġ Laiġean ṫar ár gceann!" ar siad. "Níor ċás duit!" ar siad.

"Níor ḃain Marḃán cumas mo ḋána ḋíom-sa," arsan Loḃar. "B'ḟéidir gur maiṫ an ḃail oraiḃ-se mise do ḃualaḋ umaiḃ annso. An bfaġad an tuarastal?"

"Geoḃair an tuarastal má ḋeineann tú an duan," ar siad. "Aċ cé ċreidfeaḋ go bféadfá-sa duan a ḋéanaṁ do ríġ Laiġean!"

"Déanfad-sa an duan má tugtar an tuarastal dom," arsan Loḃar. "Do ḋeineas-sa filiḋeaċt go minic ceana," ar seisean, agus ċrom sé ar ḋuanaiḃ breáġṫa do ġaḃáil ḋóiḃ, i dtreó gur ċuir sé iongnaḋ orṫa.

"File maiṫ iseaḋ an claṁ so," ar siad. "Is fearr an tuarastal a ṫaḃairt dó agus a iarraiḋ air an duan a ḋéanaṁ ṫar ár gceann, do ríġ Laiġean. Réiḋteóċaiḋ san sinn as an bpúnc 'n-a bfuilimíd."

"Cad é an tuarastal a ḃeiḋ uait as an duan so ḋéanaṁ?" ar siad.

"Sar a n-innsead san daoiḃ," ar seisean, "ní mór dom deiṁne ḃeiṫ agam ar go ḃfaġad an tuarastal."

"Geoḃair an tuarastal," ar siad.

"Tugaid búr luiġe leis sin," ar seisean.

Ṫugadar go léir an leaḃar go dtaḃarfí dó pé tuarastal a d'iarrfad sé orta, aċ go mbead sar ar a gcumas.

"Ní baoġal go n-iarrfad-sa aon rud oraiḃ," arsan loḃar. "Aċ rud atá ar búr gcumas a ṫaḃairt dom. Déanfad an duan tar búr gceann agus ní iarrfad de tuarastal ar aċ go dtaḃarfaid Seanaċán póg ar mo ḃéal dom le n-a ḃéal féin. Ní baoġal ná go ḃfuil ar búr gcumas an tuarastal san do ṫaḃairt dom."

Do léim Seanaċán. "Ó" ar seisean, "dá mbeinn féin agus an Tromḋáiṁ go léir i mbraiġdineas, agus go saorfad an póg san mé féin agus iad-san, ní ṫaḃarfainn an póg san do'n ċlaṁ."

Nuair airiġ an Tromḋáiṁ an ċaint sin ċuireadar stailc suas.

"Is olc an ṁaise ag ár ríġ-ollaṁ é," ar siad, "ná taḃarfad póg do'n loḃar ċun na Tromḋáiṁe do saorad as an ḃpúnc so 'n-a ḃfuilid! Ní h-aon ṁaiṫ dúinne dul aon ċiscéim eile de'n tsliġe ag lorg na Tána. Is fearr casad agus dul tar n-ais ag triall ar Ġuaire i n-aiṁḋeóin na ngear. Pé droċ-níd a ṫaḃarfaid cailleaṁaint ár ngear orainn, ní ḃeid sé níos measa 'ná an cor a ḃeid orainn má fanaimíd annso. Is fearr casad agus dul tar n-ais!"

Nuair airiġ Seanaċán an ċaint sin, do ṫuig sé i n'aiġne go gcaiṫfead sé an póg do ṫaḃairt.

"Ná casaid tar n-ais, a ċlann ó!" ar seisean

"Taḃarfaḋ-sa an póg do'n duine seo ó tá an dúil go léir aige innti."

"Tá an dúil sin agam innti," arsan loḃar, "níor ċeapas go dtiocfaḋ sé de ċor sa tsaoġal orm coiḋċe go ḃfaġaḋ mo leiṫéid-se de ċlaṁ póg ar mo ḃéal ó ḃéal an fir úd ná h-iosfaḋ an t-arán amaċ a' láiṁ an ċailín áluinn uasail mar ġeall ar gan na láṁa ḃeiṫ glan aici, agus gan de salaċar orṫa aċ an salaċar a fuaradar ó láiṁ a sean-aṫar, agus gan de salaċar ar láiṁ a sean-aṫar aċ go mbíoḋ sé ag teagasg eoluis ar Ċreideaṁ do loḃraiḃ agus go síneaḋ sé a láṁ 'n-a dtreó. An fear a ḋ'fuaṫuiġ an t-arán san mar ġeall ar an gcúis sin, is uaṫḃásaċ an sgéal a ráḋ go ḃféadfaḋ sé póg a taḃairt dom' leiṫéid-se de loḃar salaċ. Tá ana ḋúil agam sa póig sin. Ní ḃeiḋ aon trásaṁ ar m'aigne go ḃfaġad í."

"Cé innis duit-se i dtaoḃ an ċailín úd?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Tá an sgéal ar fuid na h-Éireann," arsan claṁ.

"Seo, má seaḋ, bíoḋ an sgéal so, leis, ar fuid na h-Éireann!" arsa Seanaċán, agus d'imṫiġ sé anonn agus ṫug sé an póg do'n loḃar.

"Seaḋ!" arsan loḃar. "Tá a guiḋe fáġalta ag Guaire."

"Cad í an guiḋe?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Nuair a ṫáinig a ḋalta a ḃaile ag triall air, agus í ag gol mar ġeall ar an easonóir a ṫugais-se dá sean-aṫair, d'iarr sé ar Ḋia gan tú d'fáġail ḃáis go dtaḃarfá an póg san dúṁ-sa!"

"Seaḋ!" arsa Seanaċán, "Tá an póg fáġalta agat anois, agus tar linn go dún an ríoġ agus deim an duan tar ár gceann."

"Téanaiḋ oraiḃ i n-ainm Dé," arsan claṁ.

Ġluaiseadar orta agus tángadar go dorus an dúna. Ḃuaileadar buille de'n ḃarċrann ar an dorus. Táinig an dóirseóir amaċ.

"Cé h-iad síḃse?" arsan dóirseóir.

"Seanaċán Seanfile agus a ċualaċt," ar siad.

"Agus cad tá ó Ṡeanaċán Seanfile agus ó n-a ċualaċt annso?" arsan dóirseóir.

"An rí a ḋ'feisgint," ar siad.

"Agus cad é an gnó atá agaiḃ de'n rí?" arsan dóirseóir.

"Ċun luinge agus lóin a ḋ'iarraiḋ air," arsa Seanaċán, "mar tá orainn dul go h-Albain ag lorg príoṁ-sgéil Éireann."

"An ḃfuil duan agaiḃ do'n rí?" arsan dóirseóir.

"Tá, ceana," arsan claṁ, "agus mise is reacaire dóiḃ."

D'ḟéaċ an dóirseóir orta, agus d'ḟéaċ sé ar an reacaire. "Ní ró-ṁaiṫ an ṁaise reacaire atá ort-sa, a ṁic," ar seisean, ag cur smuta gáire air, "aċ tagaiḋ isteaċ," ar seisean.

Ċuadar isteaċ. Do rugaḋ i láṫair an ríoġ iad. Ḃí uaḃar agus boċtaineaċt agus ceann fé ar Ṡeanaċán mar ġeall ar an ṡaġas reacaire a ḃí aige, aċ b'éigean dó a ċuid cancair do ḃrúċ ċuige. Ḃí aon aḃḃar sóláis aṁáin aige. Ḃí an rí caoċ agus ní feicfeaḋ sé an reacaire.

Ċóṁ luaṫ agus ḃíodar 'n-a seasaṁ i láṫair an ríoġ, do ġaiḃ an claṁ an duan ṁolta. Ḃí an duan go h-áluinn ar fad. Ḃí áṫas tar ḃárr ar an rí.

"Is maiṫ an reacaire atá agat, a ríġ-ollaiṁ," arsa Cunnra Caoċ, "agus ní fearr é 'ná an duan. Is

dóiċ liom gur b'é an duan san an blúire filiḋeaċta is breáġta d'ár airiġeas riaṁ agus is 'mó filiḋeaċt ṁaiṫ a d'airiġeas. Tá an long agus an lón tuillte agaiḃ agus geoḃaiḋ siḃ iad. Curtar cóir ṁaiṫ orta i gcóir na h-oiḋċe," ar seisean leis an ndóirseóir.

Do rugaḋ isteaċ iad i halla an ḃiḋ agus do tugaḋ a ndóitin le n-ite agus le n-ól dóiḃ. Nuair a ḃí a ndóitin iṫte agus ólta acu, do taisbeánaḋ seómraí codlata dóiḃ a ḃí go feisteaṁail agus go breáġ glan compórdaṁail. Do ċodladar an oiḋċe sin go sáṁ agus d'éiriġeadar ar maidin gan tuirse gan troma-ċroiḋe. Do glanaḋ long dóiḃ agus do cuireaḋ lón innti. D'órduiġ an rí an long ab feárr a ḃí sa ċuan do glanaḋ dóiḃ, agus gan aon easnaṁ a ḃeiṫ ar an lón a cursí isteaċ innti dóiḃ. Nuair a ḃí an long ollaṁ, ḃíodar go léir ag dul ar bórd; ḃí trí caogaid acu ann, sé sin céad agus deiċneaḃar agus daċad.

"Raġad-sa liḃ," arsan claṁ.

"Am briaṫar ná raġair!" arsa Seanaċán.

"Is fearr é dul linn," arsa cuid de'n Tromḋáiṁ. "Ní fios conus a ḃeaḋ gnó againn de. Ḃeaḋ an scéal go breac againn nuair a ḃíomair ag dul go tiġ an ríoġ."

"Má téiḋeann sé sin ar bórd na luinge i n-aon-feaċt liḃ," arsa Seanaċán, "fanfad-sa siar."

"Ní gáḋ duit fanaṁaint siar, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsan claṁ, "fanfad-sa siar. Dá dtéiḋinn liḃ," ar seisean, "is ar ṁaiṫe liḃ-se do raġainn liḃ. Ní'l aon gáḋ agam féin le dul liḃ. Ní baoġal daoiḃ go raġaḋ ag brúċ oraiḃ ná ag cur isteaċ oraiḃ."

Ċuadar ar bórd. Ċuireadar suas na seólta. Do glac na seólta an gaoṫ go breáġ. Do leaṫadar agus do líonadar agus do gluais an long béal an ċuain amaċ, go h-éasga agus go stuaṁḋa agus go

luaimneaċ, ag freagairt na gaoiṫe agus ag freagairt d'á stiúir. Do ġluais sí amaċ ar an ḃfarraige. Do lean an gaoṫ 'n-a gcúl, go maiṫ láidir, gan beiṫ ró-láidir, agus ní raiḃ an farraige ró-garḃ, agus níor stadadar d'á seól go dtí gur tángadar lám le carraigiḃ Manainn. Ċonnacadar duine 'n-a ṡeasaṁ anáirde ar ċeann des na carraigiḃ. Ċonnacadar an loḃar amuiċ ar ċuirr tosaiġ na luinge acu féin, agus crónán snagaċ ar siuḃal aige!

"Cé tá sa luing?" arsan duine ar an gcarraig.

"Tá Seanaċán Seanfile agus a ċliar," arsan loḃar.

"Má 'seaḋ," arsan duine tuas, "cuirim-se fé ġeasaiḃ anois siḃ go léir gan teaċt i dtír annso go ḃfaiġiḋ siḃ leaṫ-rann i n-agaiḋ an leaṫ-rainn seo a ġeóḃaḋ-sa daoiḃ."

"Gaiḃ do leaṫ-rann," arsan loḃar.

Do ġaiḃ an duine tuas leaṫ-rann. Do ġaiḃ an loḃar leaṫ-rann ag freagairt an leaṫ-rainn sin.

"Tá an leaṫ-rann cóir taḃarṫa agat dom," arsan duine tuas, "aċ tá leaṫ-rann eile agam duit agus caiṫfir a leaṫ-rann do ṫaḃairt dom."

"Gaiḃ do leaṫ-rann eile," arsan loḃar.

Do ġaiḃ an duine tuas leaṫ-rann eile, agus má ġaiḃ do ċuir an loḃar leaṫ-rann ag freagairt an leaṫ-rainn sin.

"Tá an leaṫ-rann cóir taḃarṫa agat dom arís," arsan duine a ḃí tuas. "Tá leaṫ-rann eile agam duit, áṁṫaċ, agus má ṫugann tú an tríṁaḋ leaṫ-rann cóir dom féadfaiḋ siḃ teaċt i dtír."

"Gaiḃ do leaṫ-rann dom," arsan loḃar.

Do ġaiḃ, agus tug an loḃar leaṫ-rann an leaṫ-rainn sin uaiḋ ċóṁ cruinn agus a tug an dá leaṫ-rann eile uaiḋ.

"Tagaiḋ i dtír anois," arsan t-é a ḃí ar an gcarraig. "Agus tá an méid seo agam-sa le ráḋ leat-sa, a Ṡeanaċáin, agus led' ċléir. Is ró-ḃeag an gnó ḃeaḋ agaiḃ ag teaċt ar an gcuairt seo, mura mbeaḋ an lobar a ḃeiṫ i n-aonfeaċt liḃ. Ḃí 'fios agam-sa ná raiḃ ḃúr ndán agaiḃ. Measas, d'á ḃríġ sin, ná féadfaḋ aoinne agaiḃ na leaṫ-ranna úd a ṫaḃairt dom. Mura mbeaḋ an lobar ċaiṫfeaḋ siḃ dul tar n-ais go h-Éirinn agus ḃreall oraiḃ. Tagaiḋ i dtír anois."

CAIḂIDIOL A H-OĊT A'S FIĊE.

CAILLÍN NAOṀṪA.

Annsan d'imṫiġ an duine a ḃí ar an gcarraig, agus do laḃair an lobar leis an dTromḋáim.

"Ḃean is eaḋ an duine sin a ḃí ar an gcarraig," ar seisean. "Ḃanliaiġ iseaḋ í, agus bíonn sí gaċ re mbliaḋan 'n-a banliaiġ agus ag déanaṁ salainn. Tá teaġdas cloiċe aici ar an oileán so agus tá ciste aici sa teaġdas san. Tá trí fiċid mairg óir aici sa ċiste sin. Taḃarfaiḋ sí leaṫ an óir sin daoiḃ-si, agus beiḋ an méid sin agaiḃ ċun costais bóṫair an faid a beiḋ siḃ ar an gcuairt seo i n-Albain."

"Ḃí doiċeall ort, a ríġ-ollaṁ," ar seisean. "Rómam-sa. D'fanfá siar níba túisge 'ná mar a leogfá dom teaċt. Tánag a gan fios duit mar i

'fios agam ná féadfaḋ sib an gnó déanaṁ im' éagmuis. Ní ḃeaḋ aon ḃreiṫ agaiḃ ar na leaṫ-ranna úd a ṫaḃairt di siúd, ná ar an ór a ḋ'fáġail uaiṫi, mara mbeaḋ mé teaċt liḃ. Ní ḃeiḋ aon gáḋ agaiḃ liom a tuilleaḋ anois, agus d'á ḃríġ sin imṫeoċaḋ uaiḃ ċóṁ luaṫ agus taisbeánfaḋ teaġḋas na mná úd daoiḃ."

Do ruġ an loḃar timċeall iad san ċiúṁais an oileáin gur sroiseadar cuan beag deas foṫanaṁail. Ċuadar isteaċ sa ċuan san. Ċuireadar amaċ na h-ancairí, i dtreó go raiḃ an long daingean, agus annsan ċuadar i dtír. Do stiúruiġ an loḃar iad go teaġḋas na mná. Ḃí maiṫe na Tromḋáiṁe ceapaiṫe ar gan an loḃar do leogaint uaṫa.

"Cimeádfaimíd é," ar siad le n-a ċéile, "pé olc maiṫ le Seanaċán é. Ní fios cad é a luaṫaċt a ḃeaḋ gnó againn arís de, agus d'á éagmuis sin tá ár mbuiḋeaċas tuillte go maiṫ aige."

Ar ball, nuair a ḃí an tiġ taisbeánta aige dóiḃ, agus nuair a ṁeasadar labairt leis agus a iarraiḋ air gan imṫeaċt uaṫa, d'féaċadar 'n-a dtimċeall agus ní raiḃ aon tuairisg air! Ḃí sé imṫiġṫe uaṫa gan fios dóiḃ.

Aċ do ruġ an ḃanliaiġ isteaċ 'n-a teaġḋas iad agus ċuir sí fíorċaoin fáilte rómpa agus ṫug biaḋ agus deoċ go fial agus go fairsing dóiḃ, agus do ḋeireaḋ toġa friotálṁa orṫa. Nuair a ḃí a ndóiṫin iṫte agus ólta acu do labair Seanaċán.

"Is truaġ an sgéal é a ḃanliaiġ!" ar seisean. "Tá cuma orainn anoċt, i n-ár dTromḋáiṁ, ná raiḃ orainn riaṁ roimis seo. Tá cóir uasal curṫa agat orainn agus ní'l ar ár gcumas duan a ḋéanaṁ duit! Is náireaċ an sgéal é, agus is cruaiḋ an

agairt a ḋein Marḃán Muicíḋe orainn nuair a ċuir sé i n-a leiṫéiḋ de ċás sinn!" agus ṫáinig na deóraċa ó n-a súiliḃ go bog.

"Ná bíoḋ ceist ort, a ríġ-ollaṁ," ar sise. "D'innis an lobar dóṁ-sa cad a bí imṫiġṫe oraiḃ. B'éigean dom a ġeallaṁaint dó go gcuirfinn an ċóir seo oraiḃ annso anoċt agus ná h-iarrfainn duan ná ealaḋa oraiḃ. B'éigean dom a ġeallaṁaint dó, leis, go dtaḃarfainn daoiḃ, ċun costais búr gcuarda, trioċad marg óir atá agam annso. Taḃarfad an t-ór san daoiḃ ar maidin nuair a beiḋ siḃ ag imṫeaċt. Ná bíoḋ aon ċeist oraiḃ."

Do cuireaḋ cóir ċodlata orṫa a bí ċoṁ maiṫ leis an gcóir biḋ agus diġe a cuireaḋ orṫa. Nuair a bíodar ag imṫeaċt ar maidin do tug an banliaiġ an t-ór do Seanaċán.

"Seo," ar sise, "a Ṡeanaċáin, agus sidí do ḋuais ḋéiḋeanaċ go bfaiġir an Táin agus do ḋán arís; ba baoṫ búr ngnó ag teaċt annso agus ag dul go h-Albain ag lorg na Tána, agus gan aon rann d'búr ndán agaiḃ. Muna mbeaḋ an lobar bí an sgéal go breac agaiḃ. Aċ déanfaiḋ an méid sin airgid do ġnó, aċ amháin aire taḃairt dó, agus gan é ċaiteaṁ ró-ḃog. Is fearr ḋaoiḃ aġaiḋ a taḃairt ar dtúis ar Maol Ġeiḋic, ollaṁ Alban. Stiúróċaiḋ sé siḃ sa tsliġe 'n-ar dóiċiġe ḋaoiḃ tuairisg na Tána d'fáġail, má tá a tuairisg le fáġail i n-aon ċor, agus ní h-é mo ṫuairim-se go bfuil."

Ċuadar ar bórd a luinge. Do ṫógadar isteaċ ċúca na h-ancairí. Do leaṫadar na seólta. Do ġluais an long amaċ ar an gcuan mbeag agus tugadar a h-aġaiḋ ar Albain. Do sroiseadar Alba gan bárcan gan tionóisg. Ḃí 'fios acu cá'r ċóṁnuiḋ

Maol Geiḋic mac Fir Goboc. Tugadar agaiḋ ar a ḋún-árus san. Ċuir sé na mílte fáilte rómpa. D'ollmuiġ sé fleaḋ ḋóiḃ, agus ḃíodar an oiḋċe sin aige fé ṙoġa freastail agus friotálma.

Ḃí iongnaḋ ar Ṁaol Geiḋic cad a ṫug go h-Albain iad, aċ níor ċuir sé aon ċeist ċúċa 'n-a ṫaoḃ. B'é dliġe na h-aimsire sin cóir bíḋ agus diġe agus oiḋeaċta do ċur ar ḋeóraiḋṫiḃ agus ar luċt taistil, agus gan ceist do ċur ċúċa i dtaoḃ a ngnóta, aċ fanaṁaint gur ṁait leó féin fios a ngnóta taḃairt uata.

Nuair a ṁeas Seanaċán gur ṁiṫid dó an gnó a ṫug go h-Albain é féin agus an Tromḋáiṁ d'innsint do Ṁaol Geiḋic, d'innis sé dó é.

"Taḃarfad-sa gaċ aon ċongnaṁ atá ar mo ċumas daoiḃ, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Maol Geiḋic. "Aċ is eagal liom ná fuil aon ḃreiṫ agaiḃ ar an sgéal san d'fáġail i n-Albain."

Ní innstear cúrsaí ná cuarda na Tromḋáiṁe an faid a ḃíodar i n-Albain. Ní deirtear aċ gur ṫugadar bliaḋain ann, agus gur ċuarduiġeadar an tír ó'n dtaoḃ ṫeas go dtí an taoḃ ṫuaiḋ, agus ó'n dtaoḃ ṫoir go dtí an taoḃ ṫiar, agus ná fuaradar an Táin; ná raiḃ aon ḃlúire d'fios na Tána acu an lá deireanaċ seaċas mar a ḃí acu an ċéad lá.

Nuair a ḃí an ḃliaḋain caiṫte agus gan an Táin fáġalta, ḃí brón agus tuirse agus seirḃtean aigne ar Ṡeanaċán agus ar an dTromḋáiṁ. D'fágadar slán ag Maol Geiḋic agus ag éigse Alban, agus ċuadar ar bórd a luinge agus ṫángadar rómpa, trearsna na faraige agus isteaċ i gcuan Áṫa Cliaṫ. Ġlacadar calaḋ-port sa ċuan san agus ṫángadar i dtír.

Ḃíodar i gcruaḋċás annsan. Conus a ṫaḃarfaidís aġaiḋ ar ríġtiḃ agus ar uaisliḃ Éireann, agus gan cumas ar a ndán acu? Conus a ṫaḃarfaidís aġaiḋ ar Ġuaire agus ar Ṁarḃán, agus gan an Táin acu, ná aon tuairisg ar an dTáin, tar éis na gcuarḋ agus tar éis na bliaḋna? Dá ragaidís siar go dúrlas Ġuaire, go dtí an teaġlaċ a ḃí taḃarṫa ag Guaire dóiḃ, ní féadfaidís a ċaiṫeaṁ ann aċ aon oiḋċe aṁáin. Ċaiṫfidís gluaiseaċt arís ar maidin aṁáireaċ a ḃeaḋ ċúċa, mar ní láṁálfaḋ na geasa dóiḃ ḃeiṫ dá oiḋċe i n-aon ḃaile go dtí go mbeaḋ an Táin fáġalta acu do Ṁarḃán. Dá dtugaidís aġaiḋ ar aoinne eile de ríġtiḃ ná d'uaisliḃ na h-Éireann, is aṁlaiḋ a ḃeidís 'gá gcur féin sa ṗúnc 'n-a raḃadar nuair a ṫángadar go dún ríoġ Laiġean agus gan aon ċumas ar a ndán acu. Ḃíodar 'n-a seasaṁ ar an gcalaḋ ag féaċaint ar a ċéile, agus gan blúire d'á ḟios ag Seanaċán ná ag aoinne eile acu cad ba ċeart a ḋéanaṁ. Ḃíodar go léir 'á ċuiṁneaṁ 'n-a n-aigne gur truaġ ná raiḃ an lobar úd aca, d'á olcas é. Ċuirfidís, dar leo, ḟiaċaint ar Ṡeanaċán póg eile ṫaḃairt dó, d'á ġráinneaċt é, aċ go ndéanfaḋ sé reaċaireaċt arís dóiḃ, sé mar a ḋein sé i láṫair ríoġ Laiġean, nó aċ go ndéanfaḋ sé aon rud a ṫaḃarfaḋ fuasgailt orṫa as an gcruaḋċás 'n-a raḃadar.

I lár an ṁaċtnaiṁ dóiḃ ċonnacadar duine ag déanaṁ orṫa. Ċoṁ luaṫ agus ḃí sé i ngiorraċt dóiḃ d'aiṫniġeadar é. Caillín Naoṁṫa isé ḃí ann. Mac máṫar do Ṡeanaċán ab eaḋ an Caillín sin. Clann na h-aon ṁáṫar ab eaḋ iad, aċ níor ċlann aon aṫar aṁáin iad. D'fáiltiġ an ḃeirt d'á ċéile, agus ṫugadar trí póga dá ċéile.

"Cá raḃaḃair anois a ḃráiṫre?" arsa Caillín.

"Tá bliaḋain taḃarṫa againn i n-Albain, a ḃriṫáir," arsa Seanaċán, "agus anois atáimid tagaiṫe abaile."

"Agus cad a ḃí agaiḃ 'á ḋéanaṁ i n-Albain?" arsa Caillín.

"Marḃán Muiciḋe a ṫáinig ċúġainn, ċun an ríġ-ṫeaġlaiġ a ṫug Guaire ḋúinn, agus d'iarr orainn príoṁ-sgéal Éireann a ḋ'innsint dó, .i. 'Táin Bó Cuailgne.' Ní raiḃ ár sgéaluiḋe, ná aoinne eile againn ábalta ar an sgéal san a ḋ'innsint dó. Annsan ċuir sé de ġeasaiḃ orainn gan beiṫ dá oiḋċe i n-aon ḃaile ċun go ḃfaġmís an sgéal dó. Ċuaḋamair go h-Albain bliaḋain ó ṡin ag lorg an sgéil, agus tá teipiṫe orainn é ḋ'fáġail. Ní h-eól ḋúinn anois cad is maiṫ ḋúinn a ḋéanaṁ."

"Cad a ḋeanfaḋ siḃ," arsa Caillín, "aċ imṫeaċt ar ċuaird ollaṁnaċta mór-ṫimċeall na h-Éireann, agus Éire do ċuardaċ fé mar a ċuardaḃair Alba. Ní gáḋ daoiḃ beiṫ dá oiḋċe i n-aon ḃaile. Taḃarfaiḋ ríġṫe agus uaisle na h-Éireann ḃúr ndóiṫin le n-iṫe agus le n-ól daoiḃ, ċóṁ maiṫ agus ṫug ríġṫe agus uaisle Alban; níor ḟearr dar liom-sa."

"Taḃarfaiḋir, gan aṁras," arsa Seanaċán, "aċ tá cosg eile orainn."

Caibidiol a naoi a's fiċe.

An Lobar Bréige.

"Cad é an cosg eile atá oraiḃ, a ḋriṫáir?" arsa Caillín.

"Tá," arsa Seanaċán, "gur ḃain Marḃán cumas ár ndán dinn, i dtreó, má téiḋmid i láṫair ríoġ nó i láṫair uasail, ná beiḋ ionainn aċ mar ḃeaḋ sluaġ amadán, toisg gan a ḃeiṫ ar ár gcumas dán molta ḋéanaṁ do'n ríġ nó do'n uasal 'n-a raġmíd ag triall air. Ḃíomair i bpúnc ċruaiḋ bliaḋain ó ṡin nuair a ḃíomair ag imṫeaċt a h-Éirinn. Ḃíomair ag dul i láṫair Ċonnra Ċaoiċ, rí Laiġean ċun luinge agus lóin d'iarraiḋ. Ḋíreaċ agus sinn náċ mór agá ḋún-árus fuaramair ná raiḃ ar ár gcumas dán a ḋéanaṁ dó. Má téiḋmid i láṫair aon ríoġ anois beiḋ an t-earnaṁ céadna orainn. Ní feadar an doṁan, a ḋriṫáir, cad a ḋéanfaimid."

"Agus conus a fuarabair an long agus an lón, a ḋriṫáir?" arsa Caillín.

"Ar ċuma ġreannṁar," arsa Seanaċán. "Nuair a ḃíomair i n-aċmaireaċt do ḋún-árus an ríoġ, do casaḋ lobar orainn, an lobar ba ġráinne agus ba failiċe d'á ḃfeaca-sa riaṁ. Duḃairt sé go ndéanfaḋ sé dán do'n ríġ tar ár gceann, agus go ndéanfaḋ sé reacaireaċt an dána ḋúinn, aċ go ḃfaġaḋ sé póg uaim-se. B'éigean dom an póg a ṫabairt dó. Tagann griofaḋ orm gaċ aon uair a ċuiṁniġim air. Aċ ḋein sé an dán agus ċuaiḋ sé linn i láṫair an ríoġ. Ḋein sé an dán go maiṫ agus ḋein sé an reacaireaċt go maiṫ. Ḃí áṫas tar bárr ar an ríġ. Aċ measaim dá

mbeaḋ radarc a ṡúl aige, agus go bfeicfeaḋ sé an peacaire, go mb' féidir ná beaḋ an t-atas cóṁ mór air agus ḃí."

"Aċ do ḋein sé an dán tar ḃúr gceann," arsa Caillin.

"Do ḋein go deiṁin," arsa Seanaċán.

"Agus innis an méid seo dom, a ḃriṫáir," arsa Caillin, "cad fé ndeár dó súd an póg úd a d'iarraiḋ ort-sa mar tuarastal? Nár b'ait an saġas tuarastail é?"

"Ní feadar an doṁan," arsa Seanaċán. "D'iarr sé an póg agus níor iarr sé aon tuarastal eile aċ í. Cóṁ luaṫ agus ḃí sí fáġalta aige, duḃairt sé go raiḃ a ġuiḋe fáġalta ag Guaire; go raiḃ Guaire tar éis a iarraiḋ ar Ḋia gan mise d'fáġail ḃáis go dtí go dtaḃarfainn póg lem' ḃéal do ḃéal loḃair, agus go raiḃ guiḋe Ġuaire fáġalta nuair a tugas an póg dó féin."

"Tuigim," arsa Caillin. "An aiṫneoḟá an loḃar úd, a ḃriṫáir," ar seisean, "dá bfeicfeá arís é?"

"Am ḃriaṫar go n-aiṫneoċainn," arsa Seanaċán. "Ḃí mo dá ṡúil aċċumair go leór dá aġaiḋ ġránna meirgeaċ nuair a ḃíos ag taḃairt na póige dó. Ní baoġal go n-imṫeóċaiḋ cuiṁne na gnúise meirgiġe. méirsiriġe úd as m' aigne an dá lá 's 'n faid a ṁairfeaḋ! Ġeiḃim a baluiṫ anois féin nuair a ċuiṁniġim uirṫi!"

"Fan annsan go fóil, a ḃriṫáir," arsa Caillin. "Beiḋ mé ċúgat láiṫreaċ."

D'imṫiġ sé isteaċ i dtiġ a ḃí i n-aice na n-áiṫe 'n-a rabadar 'n-a seasaṁ. D'fanadar 'n-a seasaṁ san áit ag feiṫeaṁ le Caillin. Tar éis tamaill ḃig siúd ċúċa amaċ as an dtiġ an loḃar. Ḋein sé anonn

ar Seanaċán. Do léim Seanaċán uaiḋ siar i ndiaiḋ a ċúil.

“Fan uaim amaċ, a ruḋ failiġ!” ar seisean. “Ná tar i ngoire nó brisfeaḋ do ṗlaosg!”

“Leoġ dó féin, a ríġ-ollaṁ!” ar san Tromdáiṁ go léir d'aon ġut. “Tá míle fáilte róṁat!” ar siad leis an lobar. “Ná h-imṫiġ uainn a tuilleaḋ!” ar siad. “Tá gáḋ go cruaiḋ againn leat. Ḃíomair i bpúnc ċeana agus d'ḟóirir sinn. Táimíd i bpúnc anois cóṁ cruaiḋ le h-aon ṗúnc 'n-a raḃamair riaṁ ann. Fan againn. Caiṫfir fanaṁaint pé olc maiṫ leis an ríġ-ollaṁ é!”

Do ċimil an lobar éadaċ fliuċ d'á aġaiḋ agus ċait sé de seana ċlóca a ḃí uime agus seana ḃiréad a ḃí ar a ċeann aige, agus b'ḟiné Caillín Naoṁṫa 'n-a steile-ḃeataiḋ acu ar a n-aġaiḋ amaċ!

“A ḋriṫáir a' ċroiḋe 'stiġ,” arsa Seanaċán, “an tusa an lobar gur tugas an póg úd dó!”

“Is mé go díreaċ, a ḋriṫáir,” arsa Caillín.

“Agus is tú ḋein an dán breáġ úd, agus an reaċaireaċt uasal úd, agus is tú tug na leaṫ-ranna cruaḋa úd do'n ṁnaoi a ḃí ar an gcarraig!”

“Is mé, ċeana,” arsa Caillín.

“Ó, a ḋriṫáir,” arsa Seanaċán, “náċ truaġ nár ċuiris tú féin i n-úil dúinn!”

“Ní truaġ i n-aon ċor, a ḋriṫáir,” arsa Caillín, “aċ is truaġ ná raiḃ a ṁalairt de ċiall agat-sa agus ag an dTromdáiṁ seaċas mar a ḃí, nuair a tug Guaire an ríġ-teaġlaċ breáġ úd daoiḃ. Ḋein Guaire a ḋíċeall ċun gaċ aon tsaġas comaoine ċur oraiḃ-se, agus ḋeineaḃair-se ḃúr ndíċeall ċun gaċ aon tsaġas uilc a ḋéanaṁ air-sean. Ḋeinis-se féin, a ḋriṫáir, gníoṁ a ḃí go h-olc i láṫair Dé agus daoine nuair a

ṫugais an easonóir úd do'n ċailín áluinn, do ḋalta Ġuaire. Ċuaiḋ guiḋe Ġuaire suas i láṫair Ḋé id' ċoinniḃ, agus ní raiḃ aon dul agat ó'n ḃpóig úd a ṫaḃairt do loḃar éigin. Muna mbeaḋ an cleas a d'imreas-sa ort ċaiṫfeá an póg a ṫaḃairt do loḃar a ḃeaḋ 'n-a loḃar dáiríriḃ. Do tógfá an galar uaiḋ, agus go deiṁin níor ċuid ba lúġa 'ná san féin a ḃí tuillte agat. Aċ is dóṁ-sa a ṫugais an póg, agus ċuaḋais as. Ní ruḋ tógálaċ taos seagail."

"Táim ana ḃuiḋeaċ díot, a Ḃriċáin," arsa Seanaċán, "aċ cad 'tá le déanaṁ anois againn? Ní ḃfuaramair aon tuairisg ar sgéal na Tána i n-Albain. Ní dóċa go ḃfuil aon tuairisg le fáġail air i n-Éirinn aċ ċóṁ beag. B'féidir go ḃféadfá-sa a d'innsint dúinn cár ceart dúinn aġaiḋ a ṫaḃairt anois, nó cad é an treó baill 'n-a mbeaḋ aon deaḃraṁ go dtiocfaimís suas leis an sgéal. Ní'l aon ḃreiṫ againn ar dul abaile go dúnlas Ġuaire go dtí go mbeiḋ an sgéal againn, agus ní féidir dúinn ḃeiṫ dá oiḋċe i n-aon ḃaile go ḃfaġmíd an sgéal. Is cruaiḋ na geasa ċuir Marḃán orainn!"

"Ní'l aon ṁilleán agam-sa ar Ṁarḃán, a Ḃriċáin," arsa Caillín, "ná ní ḃeaḋ dá gcuireaḋ sé oraiḃ geasa ba ċruaḋa go mór 'ná na geasa do ċuir sé oraiḃ. Is eól dóṁ-sa cá ḃfuil an Táin le fáġail, aċ ní taḃarfad aon píoc de'n eólus duit-se, a Ḃriċáin, ná do'n Ṫromḋáiṁ seo, aċ ar aon ċoinġioll aṁáin."

"Cad é an coinġioll é, a Ḃriċáin an ċroiḋe 'stiġ?" arsa Seanaċán. "Ní mór linn duit aon ċoinġioll is maiṫ leat a d'iarraiḋ orainn aċ go 'neósfair dúinn cá ḃfaġmíd an Táin."

"Tá go maiṫ," arsa Caillín Naoṁṫa. "Isé coinġioll ar a dtaḃarfad-sa an t-eólus san daoiḃ

ná so, .i., ná h-iarrfaiḋ aon duine de'n Tromḋáiṁ aon ṁian, go bráċ arís, ar Ġuaire ná ar aon ríġ 'n-a mbeiḋ siad ar ċuairt ollaṁnaċta i n'foċair, ná ar aoinne eile aċ ċóṁ beag."

"Ġeóbair an comġioll san, a ḋriṫáir!" arsa Seanaċán. "Ġeóbair an coinġioll san le lán-toil!" arsan Tromḋáiṁ d'aon ġut.

"Tá go maiṫ," arsa Caillín. "Ní'l aċ aon ḟear aṁáin beó anois," ar seisean, "go bḟuil 'ḟios aige conus is féidir an Táin d'ḟáġail. Ní foláir dúinn go léir dul ċun cainte leis an bḟear san, agus an t-eólus atá uainn a ḋ'iarraiḋ air."

"Agus ce h-é an fear é sin, a ḋriṫáir?" arsa Seanaċán.

"Isé fear é sin, a ḋriṫáir," arsa Caillín, "ná an fear céadna do ċuir na gearsa cruaḋa so oraiḃ-se, .i., Marḃán Muiciḋe." Nuair airiġ Seanaċán agus an Tromḋáiṁ an méid sin, do ṫuit a luġ ar a laġ i gceart acu.

"Anois atáimíd i bpúnc ḋáiríriḃ, muraḃ ionann a's riaṁ," arsa Seanaċán. "Ní féidir dúinn agaiḋ a ṫaḃairt ar Ṁarḃán gan an Táin a ḃeiṫ againn, agus ní féidir dúinn tuairisg ar an dTáin a ḋ'ḟáġail aċ ó Ṁarḃán féin."

"Glacaiḋ misneaċ, a ḋriṫáir," arsa Caillín Naoṁṫa. "Ní'l an sgéal ċóṁ dona san ar fad. Ní féidir daoiḃ-se agaiḋ a ṫaḃairt ar Ṁarḃán toisg na gearsa ḃeiṫ oraiḃ. Níor ċuir Marḃán aon gearsa orm-sa. Raġad-sa ċun cainte leis. 'Neósfad dó cad é an cruaḋtan atá fuilingṫe agaiḃ-se ag cuarḋaċ na Tána, conus mar atá ḋóiċ agus anḋóiċ cuarḋuiġṫe agaiḃ agus gan aon níḋ d'á ḃárr agaiḃ. 'Neósfad dó conus mar atá geallta agaiḃ dóṁ-sa

ná tiocfaiḋ mian d'aoinne agaiḃ go deó arís agus má ṫagann féin ná h-iarrfar ar aoinne an mian do foláṫar. Nuair aireóċaiḋ Marḃán an méid sin, maiṫfiḋ sé ḋaoiḃ-se an torc fionn agus gaċ droċ-niḋ eile d'ár ḋeineaḃair air féin agus ar Guaire."

Annsan do ṫaisbeáin sé tiġ dóiḃ, agus duḃairt sé leó fanamaint ann, agus d'imṫiġ sé ag triall ar Marḃán.

CAIBIDIOL A TRÍOĊAD.

"AG MAGAḊ FÚINN ATAOI!"

Ḃí an Tromḋáiṁ sa tiġ a ṫaisbeáin Caillín Naoṁṫa dóiḃ go dtí go raiḃ seaċtṁain caiṫte acu ann. Annsan ṫáinig Caillín ag triall orṫa arís.

"Téanaiḋ anois," ar seisean, "Táid na gearsa bainte díḃ. Tá cead agaiḃ dul ṫar n-ais go dtí ḃúr ríġ-ṫeaġlaċ féin—an ríġ-ṫeaġlaċ a ḋein Guaire ḋaoiḃ agus a ṫug sé ḋaoiḃ. Tá innste ag Guaire dos na mnáiḃ agus do'n ċlainn a fágaḋ i nḃúr nḋiaiḋ sa ḃaile go ḃfuiltí ag teaċt ṫar n-ais."

Ḃí áṫas an domhain ar Seanaċán agus orṫa go léir nuair airiġeadar an ċaint sin. Siúd ċun siuḃail iad láiṫreaċ. Ḃí slíġe fada acu le cur díoḃ sar a mbeidís ṫiar, aċ má ḃí féin níor ċuireadar puinn suime i ḃfaid na slíġe; agus an faid a ḃídís ar an slíġe, ní h-ag méadúġaḋ a ḃí tuirse orṫa aċ ag luiġeadúġaḋ, agus san go tiuġ; i dtreó, nuair a

ṡroiseadar Dúrlas Guaire, go rabhadar níba neaṁ-ṫuirsiġe go mór 'ná mar a iodar nuair ḟágadar Áṫ Cliaṫ.

Ar ríġ-teaġlaċ Ġuaire do ṫugadar aġaiḋ ar dtúis. Ṫáinig Guaire amaċ ag cur fáilte rómpa. Ṫug sé trí póga do Ṡeanaċán agus ṫug sé póg an duine do'n trúp ab' uaisle d'á raiḃ ar an dTromḋáiṁ. Do laḃair sé go cneasta agus go fáilteaċ le gaċ aon duine acu, ó'n t-é dob' uaisle go dtí an t-é dob' ísle. Annsan duḃairt sé leó dul abaile ċun a dtiġe féin, mar go raiḃ a muintir ag feiṫeaṁ leó, agus nár ċeart iad do ċimeád uata níba sia.

Ċuadar abaile. Níor ċuaiḋ Caillín Naoṁṫa leó ċun a dtiġe féin. Ċuaiḋ sé go Gleann an Sgáil, ag triall ar Ṁarḃán. Ṫáinig Marḃán agus é féin go ríġ-teaġlaċ na Tromḋáiṁe. Ḃí a leiṫéid sin de sgáṫ ar an dTromḋáiṁ roiṁ Ṁarḃán gur ḃ'ar éigin a ḃíodar ábalta ar teaċt 'n-a láṫair i n-aon ċor. Na mná go mór mór, do riṫeadar i bfolaċ nuair a fuaradar ag teaċt é, agus ba ró-ḟada gur féad Caillín Naoṁṫa iad do ṁeallaḋ as na folaċaiḃ agus a ċur 'n-a luiġe orṫa nár ċuiḃe dóiḃ i n-aon ċor an sagas san oibre. Ṫángadar go léir fé ḋeireaḋ agus ċuireadar fáilte roiṁ Ṁarḃán. Annsan ṫáinig an Tromḋáiṁ go léir isteaċ sa tseómra mór ċun go n-éistfidís le caint a ḃí ag Marḃán le déanaṁ. Nuair a ḃíodar cruinniġṫe do laḃair Marḃán leó.

"A Ṡeanaċáin," ar seisean, "agus a luċt na Tromḋáiṁe seo uile, measaim gur dóiċ liḃ-se gur ḋeinear-sa beart ana ċruaiḋ oraiḃ nuair a ċuireas na geasa úd oraiḃ agus nuair a ċuireas ċun siuḃail siḃ ag lorg i géil na Tána. Ní'l agaiḃ aċ maċtnaṁ beag a ḋéanaṁ ar an gcuma 'n-ar ċuilleaḃair an

ḃeart a ḋeinear oraiḃ, agus tuigfiḋ siḃ go maiṫ nár ḋeinear oraiḃ aċ an rud a ḃí tuillte agaiḃ. Bíoḋ a ḃuiḋeaċas agaiḃ ar an nduine naoṁṫa so, ar Ċaillín, nár lean mo ḋíoġaltas oraiḃ ċóṁ fada agus a ḃí tuillte agaiḃ-se, agus beartuiġṫe agam-sa ar dtúis. Dá leanaḋ is fada ó'n áit seo ḃeaḋ siḃ anois, agus ní ḟeicfeaḋ aoinne agaiḃ an áit seo an dá lá 's 'n faid a ṁairfeaḋ sé. Aċ do ḃuaiḋ Caillín orm, agus ḃog sé an fearg a ḃí agam ċúgaiḃ.

“Aċ caiṫfear an Táin a ḋ'ḟáġail. Nuair nár fág Caillín sibse ag siubal an domain ar lorg na Tána, caiṫfiḋ sé féin anois an Táin a ḋ'ḟáġail. Ní ró-ḟuirisde ḋó san. Ní'l aċ aon duine aṁáin gur féidir an Táin a ḋ'ḟáġail uaiḋ. Isé duine é sin ná Fearġus mac Róiġ féin. Ḃí Fearġus mac Róiġ ar sluaġ Ṁéiḋḃe agus Oiliolla nuair a tugaḋ Táin na mbó a' Cuailgne. Ċonnaic sé an gnó go léir. Ḃí sé ins na caṫannaiḃ go léir. Dalta ḋó ab eaḋ Cúċulainn—an fear ba ṁó a ḋein ḋe ḃártan do ṡlóiġtiḃ Ṁéiḃe an faid a ḃíodar ar an slóġaḋ san. Ní'l aon duine 'n-a ḃfuil fios sgéil na Tána san i gceart aige aċ Fearġus mac Róiġ, agus is ó Ḟearġus mac Róiġ a ċaiṫfiḋ Caillín an sgéal ḋ'ḟáġail. Nó muna ḃfaiġiḋ Caillín an sgéal caiṫfiḋ an Tromḋáiṁ é ḋ'ḟáġail. Nuair a ċuirear an Tromḋáiṁ ar siubal bliaḋain ó shin ag lorg sgéal na Tána, ní raiḃ 'fios acu cá ḃfaġfí é. Ní'l an sgéal ċóṁ h-olc anois acu agus a ḃí an uair sin. Tá 'fios acu anois cá ḃfuil an sgéal le fáġail.”

D'éiriġ Seanaċán. “Ag magaḋ fúinn atáoi, a Ṁarḃáin!” ar seisean, agus é ḋ'á ċaċtaḋ le feirg. “Tá Fearġus mac Róiġ marḃ le cúig céad bliaḋan,” ar seisean, “agus mearann tú sinne do ċur ag

lorg sgéil na Tána anois air! Ag magaḋ fúinn atáoi!"

"Caitfiḋ siḃ féin nó Caillín sgéal na Tána d'fágail ó Ḟearġus mac Róig dóṁ-sa," arsa Marḃán, "nó cuirfead-sa na geasa céadna arís oraiḃ."

"Sinn féin nó Caillín!" arsa Seanaċán. "Is ait an ċaint í sin," ar seisean. "Conus is féidir dúinne ná dom' ḋriṫáir sgéal na Tána ná aon sgéal eile d'fágail ó ḋuine atá imtiġṫe as an saoġal so le cúig céad bliaḋan! Ṫáinis annso ar dtúis, a Ṁarḃáin, ċun díoġaltais a ḋéanaṁ orainne. Nuair iarrais sgéal na Tána orainn ḃí 'fios agat go maiṫ ná raiḃ an sgéal le fágail ó aon ḋuine beó. Ḃainis ár ndán dinn agus ċomáinis ar fán sinn tré dúṫaiġiḃ iasaċta —ar lorg sgéil ná raiḃ le fágail insna dúṫaiġiḃ iasaċta san. Mura mbeaḋ mo ḋriṫáir beimís go léir marḃ um an dtaca so. Do leoġais dó sinn a ṫabairt annso a ḃaile arís, agus anois ní foláir leat beart is measa 'ná an ċéad ḃeart féin do ḋéanaṁ orainn; ár roġa ṫabairt dúinn eólus na Tána d'fágail ó fear atá marḃ le cúig céad bliaḋan, nó imṫeaċt arís agus gluaiseaċt tré dúṫaiġiḃ iasaċta i n-ár n-amadánaiḃ, ag lorg ruda ná fuil le fágail amuiċ ná i mbaile. Isé mo ṫuairim láidir, a Ṁarḃáin, ná fuil aon ṗioc eóluis agat féin ar Ṫáin Ḃó Cuailgne, ná ar cá ḃfuil an sgéal le fágail."

"Gan amras, a ríġ-ollaṁ," arsa Marḃán, "is cruaiḋ an obair le cur ar aon ḋuine é ċur, cois baile ná i ndúṫaiġiḃ iasaċta, ag lorg ruda náċ féidir a d'fágail; aċ is tusa féin, nó do Ṫromḋáiṁ, a tosnuiġ é. Cár ṁeasais a ḃí fleaḋ 'n-a mbeaḋ dóiṫin ríoġraiḋe Connaċt innti le fágail a' cuirim aon ġráinne aṁáin arḃair? Dein maċtnaṁ beag ar na miantaiḃ

eile úd a táinig ċúġaiḃ féin agus ċun ḃúr mban. Níor ḃfoláir iad do ḟoláṫar daoiḃ nó ní ḃeaḋ siḃ beó. Dá dteipeaḋ orainn iad d'ḟáġail daoiḃ, d'aoirfeaḋ siḃ an ríġ, agus ċuirfeaḋ siḃ a oineaċ ar neaṁníḋ i láṫair fear Éireann. Ba ċaillte an iarraċt í agaiḃ 'á taḃairt fé Ġuaire, agus a raiḃ de tairḃte aige 'á ḋéanaṁ daoiḃ. Ní h-eól dóṁ-sa cad é an ċúis a ḃí agaiḃ ċun a leiṫéid sin d'iarraċt maruiġteaċ a taḃairt fé aoinne, go mór mór fé Ġuaire. Aċ is eól dom an méid seo, gur ḋóiċ liom go raiḃ sé ceart agaiḃ féaċaint róṁaiḃ nuair a ḃioḃair ag lorg na mian úd, le h-eagla go mb' féidir go dtiocfaḋ cor éigin sa tsaoġal a ċuirfeaḋ ar ċumas duine eile siḃ féin do ċur ċun siuḃail ag lorg ruda nár ḃ'féidir a ḟáġail. Do fuaraḋ na mianta úd go léir. Níor ḃ'oraiḃ-se a buiḋeaċas san, áṁṫaċ. Ḃí ceangailte ar Ġuaire gan mian ar biṫ a tiocfaḋ do ḋuine agaiḃ d'ḟágaint gan sásaṁ. Ḃí ceangailte oraiḃ-se, i nḋúr dTromḋáiṁ, aon ealaḋa a h-iarrfí oraiḃ a ḋéanaṁ, gan cailleaṁaint ar an t-é a d'iarrfaḋ é. D'iarras-sa oraiḃ Táin Bó Cuailgne d'innsint dom. Ar innseaḋ an sgéal dom? Níor innseaḋ. Innstear an sgéal san anois dom agus beiḋ buaiḋte agaiḃ! Ní 'neósfar, mar ní'l an sgéal agaiḃ. An Tromḋáiṁ is creideaṁnaiġe i n-Éirinn, dar leó féin, agus gan príoṁ-sgéal Éireann acu! Agus iad ag déanaṁ an uile saġas dícill ċun oiniġ Ġuaire do ċur ar neaṁníḋ os cóṁair fear Éireann! Ní féidir liom foiḋneaṁ liḃ. Imṫiġ-se, a Ċaillín, agus faiġ Táin Bó Cuailgne dóṁ-sa ó Ḟearġus Mac Róiġ, nó cuirfead-sa na geasa céadna orṫa so arís."

D'imṫiġ Marḃán agus d'ḟág sé annsan iad.

Ċromadar na mná ar gol agus ar an milleán do

ċur ar a ċéile. "Tusa fé ndeár an obair seo go léir!" adeireaḋ bean acu le mnaoi eile.

"Ní mé aċ tusa!" adeireaḋ an bean eile.

"Ḃíoḋ foiḋne agaiḃ," arsa Caillín Naoṁṫa. "Caiṫfear an Táin do soláṫar. Ní'l aon dul eile agaiḃ as an bpúnc so 'n-a ḃfuiltí anois. Fanaiḋ innso agus bíḋiḋ ag déanaṁ trosgaiḋ agus úrnuiġṫe ar ḃúr ndíċeall go dtagaḋ-sa ċúgaiḃ," agus d'imṫiġ sé.

CAIBIDIOL A H-AON A'S TRÍOĊAD.

TROSGAḊ NA TROMḊÁIṀE.

Nuair a fágaḋ an Tromḋáiṁ 'n-a n-aonar bíodar go buaḋarṫa agus go goirgeaċ agus go loisgiṫe agus go h-imeaglaċ 'n-a n-aigne. Ḃí na mná ag gol agus ag spiḋiúċán ar a ċéile, gaċ bean díoḃ nár ṫáinig aon ṁian di riaṁ i raċtaiḃ an ċinn a stracaḋ de gaċ bean gur ṫáinig aon ṁian der na miantaiḃ úd di. Na mná gur ṫáinig na mianta ḋóiḃ, ní raiḃ acu le déanaṁ aċ a gceann do ċromaḋ agus ḃeiṫ ag gol. Ḃí na fir sgaipiṫe annso agus annsúd agus iad go dúr agus go ciúin agus go gruamḋa, gan a ḟios acu cad ba ṁaiṫ ḋóiḃ a ráḋ ná a ḋéanaṁ.

Fé ḋeireaḋ tug duine der na mnáiḃ agaiḋ ar an sgéaluiḋe. "Tusa fé ndeár an t-olc so go léir!" ar sisí. "Cad é mar obair duit a ráḋ le Marḃán ná raiḃ sgéal d'ár h-innseaḋ riaṁ i n-Éirinn ná raiḃ agat, agus gan an sgéal úd a d'iarr sé ort agat?"

"Cad é an sgéal so a d'iarr sé orm?" arsan sgéaluiḋe.

"An Táin—nó an Bó—nó pé ainm é siúd a ṫug sé air. Ní cuiṁin liom an ainm," ar sisi.

"Ní cuiṁin leat an ainm," arsan sgéaluiḋe. "Níor airiġis féin riaṁ an sgéal," ar seisean. "An ḃfuil aon ḋuine ar an dTromḋáiṁ seo d'airiġ riaṁ an sgéal?" ar seisean.

Níor laḃair aoinne.

"Ná bíḋiḋ 'ġá ċasaḋ liom-sa," ar seisean, "nár airiġeas riaṁ, agus ná fuil agam, sgéal nár airiġ aoinne agaiḃ féin riaṁ."

"Stadaiḋ, a ċlann ó," arsa Seanaċán, "ní ḋéanfaiḋ caint de'n tsórd san aon tairḃe ḋúinn. Tá Caillín imṫiġṫe ag lorg na Tána. Má ġeiḃeann sé an sgéal beiḋ gaċ aon ruḋ go maiṫ."

"Conus is féidir dó sgéal a ḋ'ḟáġail ó ḋuine atá marḃ le cúig céad bliaḋan!" arsan sgéaluiḋe.

"Is aige féin is fearr a ḟios san," arsa Seanaċán. "Mura mbeaḋ go ḃfuil súil aige leis an sgéal a ḋ'ḟáġail ní raġaḋ sé ar a lorg. Is fearr ḋúinne go mór an ruḋ aduḃairt sé linn a ḋéanaṁ 'ná beiṫ ag aiġneas le n-a ċéile ar an gcuma so. Duḃairt sé linn beiṫ ag déanaṁ trosgaiḋ agus úrnuiġṫe ar ar ndíċeall go dtí go dtiocfaḋ sé tar n-ais ċúġainn. Imṫiġeaḋ gaċ aoinne anois ċun a ṡeómra féin agus deinimís an ruḋ aduḃairt Caillín linn a ḋéanaṁ. Ní ḋéarfaḋ sé linn an trosgaḋ agus na h-úrnuiġṫe ḋéanaṁ mura mbeaḋ go raiḃ cúis aige leis. Cá ḃfios ná go mb' féidir go ḃfuilimíd 'ġá ċosg ar tairḃe ḋéanaṁ dúinn anois féin leis an aiġneas so atá ar siuḃal againn. Imṫiġeaḋ gaċ aoinne láiṫreaċ ċun a ṡeómra féin, agus an t-é is fearr a

déanfaiḋ an trosgaḋ agus na h-úrnuiġte isé is fearr a ċabróċaiḋ le Caillín ċun sinn a ḋ'fuasgailt as an ngéiḃinn seo 'n-a ḃfuilimíḋ."

D'imṫiġ gaċ aoinne ċun a ṡeómra féin agus ċromadar ar an dtrosgaḋ, agus ar a nguiḋe do ċur suas ċun Dé, 'gá iarraiḋ Air gaċ greim do réiḋteaċ dóiḃ, agus gaċ beárna d'osgailt dóiḃ. Ḃíoḋ an focal so coitċianta 'n-a mbéalaiḃ :—

"An greim is géire,
Dia 'gá réiḋteaċ!"

nó,

"Dia go léir linn
'S a Ṁáṫair Naoṁṫa!"

Ṫugadar seaċtṁain ar an gcuma san. Annsan do ṫáinig beirt ċun an ríġ-teaġlaiġ ċúċa, Marḃán agus fear ná raiḃ aon aiṫne acu air. Ċuir Marḃán teaċtaire mór-timċeall an ríġ-teaġlaiġ 'gá ráḋ le Seanaċán agus leis an dTromḋáiṁ go léir teaċt ċun an tseómra ṁóir. Do ṫángadar. Ċonnacadar Marḃán, agus an fear iaraċta nár aiṫniġeadar. Do labair Marḃán leó. Dubairt sé leó go léir suiḋe, gaċ duine i n'áit féin, do réir a ḋána agus a uaisleaċta. Annsan do labair sé leis an ḃfear iaraċta:

"Cad é seo atá agat le ráḋ leis an dTromḋáiṁ seo?" ar seisean.

"Do cuireaḋ annso me, a Ṗríoṁ-ḟáiḋ," ar seisean, "ó Ċaillín naoṁṫa agus ó'n gcuid eile des na naoiṁ atá cruinniġte le trí lá ag leaċt Ḟeargusa Ṁic Róiġ, ag éisteaċt le Feargus féin agus é ag innsint sgéil Tána Bó Cuailgne dóiḃ. Dubraḋ liom a ráḋ leó so leanaṁaint níos déine ar an dtrosgaḋ agus ar na h-úrnuiġtiḃ."

Ċóṁ luaṫ agus ḃí an focal san ráiḋte ag an ḃfear iaraċta d'éiriġ sé féin agus Marḃán agus d'imtiġeadar.

D'fan Seanaċán agus an Tromḋáiṁ ag féaċaint ar a ċéile. D'fanadar tamall maiṫ ar an gcuma san, agus na focail aduḃairt an fear iaraċta ag riṫ tré n-a n-aigne—"Caillin Naoṁṫa agus an ċuid eile des na naoiṁ cruinniġṫe le trí lá ag leaċt Ḟearġuis Ṁic Róiġ, ag éisteaċt le Fearġus féin agus é ag insint sgéil Tána Bó Cuailgne dóiḃ." Níor ḃ'féidir le, cuiṁneaṁ ar aon rud eile, ḃí an méid sin sgéil ċóṁ h-iongantaċ san.

"Ní'l ann aċ éiteaċ!" adeireaḋ duine.

"Cleas eile des na cleasaiḃ atá ag Marḃán d'á imirt orainn!" adeireaḋ duine eile.

"Fearġus Mac Róiġ, atá san uaiġ le cúig cé. bliaḋan, ag innsint sgéil éigin anois, do Ċaillin agus do ḋaoiniḃ eile atá cruinniġṫe ag leaċt Ḟearġuis! Dá dtugaḋ Marḃán an leaḃar ann ní ċreidfinn focal de!" adeireaḋ duine eile.

"Ná beaḋ sé ċóṁ maiṫ ag beirt nó triúr éigin againn féin dul go dtí an leaċt san agus féaċaint cad tá ar siuḃal ann anois, nó cé h-iad atá cruinniġṫe ann, nó an ḃfuil aoinne ann!" arsan sgéaluiḋe.

"Ní ḃeaḋ i n-aon ċor, a ṁic ó," arsa Seanaċán. "Cad é sin dúinne cé atá ann, ná cé h-iad atá cruinniġṫe ann! Duḃairt Caillin Naoṁṫa linn fanaṁaint annso go dtí go dtiocfaḋ sé ċúġainn, agus ḃeiṫ ag déanaṁ trosgaiḋ agus úrnaiġṫe. Is ar maiṫe linne a duḃairt Caillin linn san do ḋéanaṁ. Ní'l ó Ċaillin aċ go ndéanfaimis ár leas."

"Mura mbeaḋ é ní tiocfaimis ar na céimeannaiḃ cruaḋa 'n-a roḃamair nuair a ḃíomair ag dul go

n-Albain, agus an faid a ḃíomair i n-Albain, agus nuair a ṫángamair tar n-ais go calaḋpuirt Áṫa Cliaṫ. Pé rud atá ar siubal ag Caillín anois, is ar maiṫe linne atá sé ar siubal aige. Má tá neart trosgaiḋ agus neart úrnuiġṫe tar éis anama Ḟearguis do ṫabairt ó'n saoġal eile ċun an sgéil a ḋ'innsint do Ċaillín agus dos na naoiṁ eile, caḋ é mar obair dúinne dul ag cur isteaċ ar an ngnó san! An t-é do raġaḋ ag cur isteaċ air, b'ḟéidir naċ ró-ḃuiḋeaċ de féin a ḃeaḋ sé i nḋeireaḋ na dála. Fanaimis annso, mar aduḃraḋ linn, go dtagaiḋ Caillín ag triall orainn."

Do socaruiġeaḋ air sin. D'imṫiġ gaċ aoinne arís ċun a ṡeómra féin agus do leanaḋ ar an dtrosgaḋ agus ar na h-úrnuiġṫe.

I gceann trí lá eile do ṫáinig Caillín agus Marbán agus an fear iasaċta úd. Do cruinniġeaḋ an Tromḋáiṁ arís sa tseómra mór. Nuair a ḃíodar cruinniġṫe, do ġlaoiḋ Marbán ar an sgéaluiḋe. D'ḟreagair seisean.

"Tar annso, a sgéaluiḋe," arsa Marbán. Do ṫáinig.

"Tabair do'n sgéaluiḋe seo an leabar san atá agat," arsa Marbán leis an bḟear iasaċta. Do ṫarraing an fear iasaċta leabar as a ḃrollaċ agus ṡín sé ċun an sgéaluiḋe é.

"Léiġ-se an leabar san dóṁ-sa, a sgéaluiḋe," arsa Marbán.

D'osgail an sgéaluiḋe an leabar agus ṫosnuiġ sé ar é léiġeaḋ.

Isé rud a ḃí sa leabar ná sgéal na Tána agus é sgríoḃṫa go breáġ soiléir blasta slaċtmar, ó ṫosaċ go deireaḋ. Do léiġ an sgéaluiḋe é, tríd síos, gan

stad, go dtí go raiḃ an focal deireannaċ de léiġte aige. An faid a ḃí sé 'gá léiġeaḋ, ḃí Seanaċán agus an Tromḋáiṁ go léir ag éisteaċt leis, agus iad ċoṁ ciúin sin gur ḋóiċ le duine go raḃadar gan anam gan anál. Ċoṁ luaṫ agus ḃí an focal deireannaċ léiġte d'éiriġ Marḃán.

“A Ṡeanaċáin agus a ṁaiṫe na Tromḋáiṁe seo,” ar seisean, “an rud a ḋ'iarras ar ḃúr sgéaluiḋe a ḋéanaṁ dom tá sé ḋéanta anois aige dom. Tá Táin Bó Cuailgne innste aige dom. Táim sásta anois, agus táim ag imṫeaċt uaiḃ. Taḃarfad aon focailín beag aṁáin cóṁairle ḋaoiḃ sar a n-imṫiġeaḋ. An dá lá 's 'n faid a ṁairfiḋ siḃ ná tagaḋ dúil ag aoinne agaiḃ i mblonaig tuirc finn.” Annsan d'imṫiġ sé féin agus Caillín agus an fear iasaċta.

D'fan an Táin ag an dTromḋáiṁ agus ḃí áṫas ana ṁór orṫa. Ċoṁ luaṫ agus d'féadadar iad féin do ċur i dtreo ċun gluaiste, d'fágadar slán ag Guaire agus d'imṫiġeadar ar ċuaird ollaṁnaċta sa Ṁuṁain. Agus ó'n lá san amaċ níor ṫáiniġ mian d'aon duine acu.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

I.

Explanatory introduction showing the tyranny of the bards, and the way in which they abused their powers and the rights of hospitality. The rivalry which existed between Aodh the Dark and Aodh the Fair. Aodh the Dark's superiority consists in the possession of a famous shield Dubhghiolla, which gives him the victory over all his enemies.

II.

Dallán, the blind chief-poet of Ireland, is on a visitation with Aodh the Fair, and Aodh, by flattery and bribes, incites Dallán to go and ask Aodh the Dark for his treasured shield. This he consents to do against his better instincts, while protesting that the request is not that of a true sage.

III.

Dallán comes to Aodh Dubh and recites a poem of praise in order to induce a generous mood. Then he recites an ode in praise of the shield Dubhghiolla, and asks as a reward the shield itself. Aodh Dubh refuses the request; whereupon Dallán threatens to satirize him Aodh, in turn, warns Dallán that by so doing he would incur the wrath of the saints of Ireland, notably Columcille, who made a settlement between the kings and bards.

IV.

Dallán satirizes Aodh Dubh, who prays that Columcille will give him the wages he deserves. As a result Dallán's sight is miraculously restored; but his joy soon gives place to gloomy forebodings, as he recognises in the miracle a harbinger of death. Three days afterwards Dallán dies.

V.

Sets forth the great influence of Muirean, the "Mother of the Bards." The election of Shanachán as poet-king in place of Dallán, due to her influence. Muirean shows Méibh, the daughter of Shanachán, that Guaire, King of Connacht, is indirectly the cause of the death of Dallán; and without Shanachán's knowledge the two of them plot their revenge on Guaire.

VI.

The College of Bards determine to go on a visitation, and on the suggestion of Muirean (who has an ulterior motive) they decide on going to Guaire, who has a special house prepared for their reception. Shanachán, touched by Guaire's generosity, proposes to divide the Bards into three companies, and take them in turn to visit Guaire. Although every comfort is provided for them the bards are constantly grumbling.

VII.

To crown it all Muirean begins to develop her plot by pretending to be seized by sudden strange longings which must be satisfied, or—so she declares—she will not live long. Her longings are always for something which she thinks Guaire will not be able to procure, in which case he would be satirized by the bards and lose his reputation for generosity. Her first longing is for badgers' new milk and the marrow of the ankles of a wild pig.

VIII.

Guaire, in desperation, applies for help to his brother Marbhán, the swine-herd, who is in reality a holy hermit. Marbhán finds the requisite materials in his home at Gleann an Sgáil. Muirean is seized with a longing for a pet cuckoo in the winter time.

IX.

Guaire goes to pray at Fionnaragal na Féile, where he meets Marbhán, who fulfils the letter of Muirean's longing by an ingenious contrivance. The College of Bards is pleased and astonished at Guaire's resourcefulness; but Muirean is mortified, and she and Méibh put their heads together to devise more trouble.

X.

An account is given of the way in which the bards occupied themselves, each man perfecting himself in his own particular art. Muirean bides her time until she thinks that the affair of the cuckoo is gone out of their minds; then she wishes for the lard of a white boar that has never been farrowed. Guaire betakes himself once more to Fionnaragal. Marbhán comes to him and admits sorrowfully that he has a pet boar which, by a curious coincidence, fulfils the requisite conditions.

XI.

Marbhán tells how he came by the boar, which is killed, and the lard given to Muirean. She now longs for a wonderful

cloak to wear and a roan steed to carry her to visit Guaire's palace.

XII.

The roan steed is provided by Iubhdán, and the cloak by his daughter. The story of how the daughter came by the many-coloured cloak at first. Muirean's last ride. Her funeral. Méibh carries on the vendetta.

XIII.

At Shrovetide, with snow on the ground, Méibh longs for ripe blackberries. They are found in Gleann an Sgáil.

XIV.

Méibh, in her vexation, gives vent to a spiteful wish. Shanachán remonstrates with her, but she attributes her conduct to her nettlesome disposition. Marbhán, as usual, comes to the rescue; he supplies a potion which induces a temporary indisposition simulating fever; a symptom which disappears after a second dose of the same magic drug. The sight of the (apparently) fever-stricken household of Guaire reacts upon Méibh, who, on returning, contracts a sharp bout of the genuine article. On her recovery her mother, Brigid, declares that Marbhán is responsible for the mischief, and that she is determined to take vengeance on him for causing Méibh's illness. Méibh has had a lesson, and will indulge in no more longings, but Brigid decides to try her skill.

XV.

Brigid is smitten with a longing for the fat of a rare bird —a water-ousel, or water-blackbird. Marbhán informs Guaire that the bird is to be found with the nuns of Tuam, and it is obtained in exchange for nine score of ordinary blackbirds.

XVI.

Brigid has two more longings, one for a red-eared pure white cow without any liver, and another for mountain berries and a draught of some liquid with a high-sounding name. The cow is obtained from the nuns of Tuam, and the mysterious liquid turns out to be merely the honey of the woodbine. Guaire's fame for hospitality remains untarnished; he has supplied every want; people in general are growing disgusted with the bards, and Shanachán, the chief poet, is very angry at their failure to find a pretext for satirising Guaire.

XVII.

Shanachán tries to break all previous records by the extravagance of his longing. He asks for the fat of a pig that

was never farrowed, and ale made from one grain of wheat. Marbhán is equal to the occasion again, and offers to give a feast to Shanachán and his retinue and the nobles of Connacht. Shanachán pretends to be insulted by an invitation to feast at Gleann an Sgáil, so the feast is held in his own house.

XVIII.

The feast is given, but Shanachán sulks and will neither eat nor drink. Guaire sends special messengers to try and tempt his appetite, yet Shanachán only insults them. He refuses food from the hands of the cleanest girl in Ireland on the grounds that her grandfather used to stretch his hands in the direction of lepers when preaching to them. Guaire is indignant at this and prays that Shanachán may never die until he kisses the mouth of a leper.

XIX.

The bards fear that Shanachán may die of hunger if he persists in his absurd "hunger strike," and his wife, Brigid, offers to send him her leavings—a hen-egg. He consents to eat it, but it transpires that the mice have forestalled him. In a fit of anger he satirises the mice, who die rapidly. The sight of a mouse and her brood dead at his feet causes him to realize that his wrath should really be directed against the tribe of cats, whose business it was to check the mice. He thereupon satirizes the cats, especially Iorusán, the king of the cats, who lives in the cave of Knowth. The influence of the satire reaches Iorusán, and he sets out to revenge himself on Shanachán.

XX.

Iorusán carries off Shanachán as easily as a fox would a gander. Shanachán tries to escape by flattering the cat. Failing this he calls upon God. As the cat is carrying him past the forge of St. Ciarán, the latter throws a red-hot iron bar at Iorusán and kills him. Shanachán, instead of thanking Ciarán, abuses him for interfering. He returns to the bards, and is welcomed by them and Guaire, but he turns away angrily and retires.

XXI.

The bards quiet down, and no more longings come to them. Marbhán determines to have his revenge on them for the death of his pet boar. He comes in disguise, but his ready wit betrays his identity to Shanachán. On the strength of a very distant connexion with science he makes a request which the bards dare not refuse, viz., his choice of scientific entertainment. He chooses that the College of Bards should make "his fill of cronaun for him."

XXII.

In order to punish the bards the more severely, Marbhán chooses the kind of "cronaun" that has a catch in it, and is harder on the throat of the performer. The "cronauners" soon get tired, and begin to cough and sneeze, but Marbhán says sarcastically that, although they bear the palm for the coughing and sneezing performance, it was for "cronauning" he asked.

XXIII.

Shanachán brings in a fresh batch of "cronauners" to relieve the first. His remark that the "catchy cronaun" is difficult only elicits from Marbhán the retort that it is not so difficult as to produce a pet cuckoo in winter. Daol Duileadh, one of the bards, tries to get Marbhán away from the subject of the "cronaun" by offering to answer questions. Marbhán silences him by showing up his ignorance. Casmhaol, the harper, chimes in and is also silenced. Marbhán returns to the subject of the "cronaun," and says that the bards ought not to be outdone by a poor beetle.

XXIV.

A timpanist and a poet try to distract Marbhán, but are disgraced and silenced. The story of how the first harp was made and the first *rann* composed.

XXV.

Shanachán himself undertakes to do the "cronaun" and breaks down. A storyteller comes to the rescue. Marbhán asks him for Erin's chief story—"Táin Bó Cuailgne." The storyteller is obliged to confess that he has never heard it. Marbhán binds it on the College of Bards that they are not to stay two nights in the same townland until they find the story and tell it to him.

XXVI.

The bards leave Guaire, and set out on their wanderings in search of the "Táin," the womenfolk and boys remaining behind. At Naas they meet a leper. They tell him that they are going to Connra, the blind King of Leinster, to ask for ships to bring them to Scotland. He reminds them that Marbhán has deprived them of the power of composing poems, and they must produce a poem of praise for Connra if they are to get ships. They find on experimenting that the leper is right; they have lost their art and do not know what to do.

XXVII.

The leper offers to go with them and compose a poem for the King of Leinster on condition that Shanachán kisses him. Shanachán very reluctantly consents. The King of Leinster is pleased with the poem recited by the leper and gives the bards a ship and provisions. Shanachán refuses to allow the leper to accompany them. Near the Isle of Man they see a person standing on a rock; at the same time the leper, who was supposed to have stayed behind, appears on the prow of their ship. The person on the rock will not permit them to land until they complete some half verses; this the leper does correctly and they go ashore.

XXVIII.

The person on the rock proves to be a lady-doctor, who entertains them hospitably, and gives them gold when they leave. The leper disappears. They go to Scotland to consult Maol Geidhic, the chief-poet of Alba. They fail to get tidings of the "Táin" in Scotland, and so return to Dublin. While they are wondering what to do, in the absence of the leper reciter, they meet St. Caillin, Shanachán's brother. Shanachán tells him about their adventures and about the leper.

XXIX.

Caillin asks if he would recognise the leper if he saw him again. Shanachán declares that he can never forget him. It turns out that the leper was only Caillin in disguise. On condition that the bards will never again ask anyone for a thing they long for, Caillin offers to approach the only man living who knows how to get the "Táin," namely, Marbhán the swine-herd.

XXX.

After a week Caillin returns and tells them that the "geasa" are removed, and they may return to the house provided for them by Guaire. Guaire welcomes them. Caillin goes to Gleann na Sgáil to Marbhán, and brings him to the College of Bards, who are afraid to meet him. Caillin persuades them to assemble in a large room, where Marbhán addresses them. Marbhán tells them that Caillin must get the "Táin" for them from Feargus mac Róigh. Shanachán is angry, and accuses him of mocking them, because Feargus has been dead five hundred years. Marbhán shows that he wished to make the punishment fit the crime by giving them a difficult and apparently impossible task. He concludes by threatening that unless Caillin gets the "Táin" for them he will bind them under the same "geasa" again. Caillin bids them fast and pray while he is away.

XXXI.

The bards and their wives wrangle among themselves as to who is responsible for the trouble that has come upon them. Shanachán quiets them, and reminds them of Caillin's request. They fast and pray earnestly for a week. Marbhán and an unknown man arrive, and the bards are assembled to hear his message. The messenger tells that Caillin and some other saints have been gathered together for three days at the tomb of Feargus mac Róigh, listening to him relating the "Táin." The bards are to continue their praying and fasting more earnestly than ever. The bards can scarcely credit the news, and they suspect, at first, another trick of Marbhán's. Shanachán advises them to carry out Caillin's instructions. After three days Caillin, Marbhán and the strange man return. The bards are assembled, and Marbhán calls for the storyteller of the College, and directs the strange man to give him a book. The storyteller opens the book and reads it aloud from beginning to end. It is the long-lost "Táin." Marbhán tells them that he considers that they have fulfilled their task—the finding of the "Táin"—and leaves with the Parthian shot that he has only one word of advice for them, viz., that none of them ever again should be seized with a longing for the lard of a white boar. The bards are delighted to have the "Táin" in their possession. They bid farewell to Guaire, and set out on a visitation tour in Munster, thoroughly cured of longings.

NOTES

XVII.

SHANACHÁN'S LONGING.

8. ag i . . . ċéile, 'forestalling each other.'
9. a leiṫéid . . . as, 'to utter such an "ologone."'
12-13. gan a ṫuilleaḋ ríġnis, 'without further delay.
20-21. sar . . . . orm, 'before this time to morrow night.'
28. ná feidir, *past* of ná feadair.
30. Conus atáṫar ag? 'How fares it with ——?
33. táimíd réiḋ anois, 'we are done for now.'
35. Do ṫuit . . . ag G., 'G. fell into despair.'
48. ná bíoḋ ceist ort, 'Make your mind easy.'
56. Tá san mar sin, 'That is so.'
64. dearcu fordaraiġe, 'the berry (or nut) of an oak': *deruce* is O. Irish for an 'acorn.' The Ossianic Society's Text reads dearcu forudaraiġ, which may = dercuc for daraiġ = 'an acorn on an oak.'
68. príoṁ-ḋiosa, 'prime ears': the prefix príoṁ- is borrowed from the Latin *primus*.
79. breis agus a ndóiṫin, 'more than enough for them.'
83. Mura mbeaḋ san, 'But for that.' Beaḋ . . . agamsa, 'matters would be in a bad way with me.'
85. éirleaċ uaṫḃásaċ, 'terrible havoc.'
91. ar ndóin, a form of dar ndóiġ, the English equivalent is "sure."
96. dealḃruiġṫeaċ, 'promising'; likely to turn out well.
135-6. aon . . . sgéal, 'to take any advantage of the matter.'
138. dul . . . aoiraḋ, 'escape being satirized' (lit. 'go out of it without his satirizing').
148. d'éiriġ sé ar buile, 'he flew into a rage.'
153. Do leaṫ . . . triúr, 'the e, es and mouth of each of the three nobles opened wide.'
154. an ċaint sin, 'these words.'
158-9. ní . . . ċur, 'let alone to put the question'; 'not to speak of,' etc.
163. cimilt ḃaise, 'coaxing' (lit. patting or stroking with the hand).

XVIII.

THE FEAST AND SHANACHÁN'S SULKING.

4. ag aoiḃneas, 'enjoying themselves': a. is used as a verbal noun
10. diosgar-ṡluaġ, also daosgar-ṡ., 'rabble,' riff-raff, camp followers.

25. fé ndeár, 'are the cause of': fé nd. = O. Ir. *fodera* = *fo-d-fera* ('which causes it'); the *-d-* being the infixed pronoun. Fa-deara is the classical form, but it has become confused with another phrase, viz., fé d'aire: hence we have tusa fé ndeár ('you are the cause of'), and ṫugais fé ndeara ('you noticed'). The eclipsis is probably due to analogy; thus—as fé d'aire : fa-deara :: fé n'aire (= under his notice) : fé ndeara (fé ndeár). The form in the *3rd sg.* ṫug sé fé ndeara (= fé n'aire) ousted the other forms fé m'aire, fé d'aire, etc.
29-30. is . . . oraiḃ, 'you very badly deserve.'
33. sgeanfairt (pron. sgeantairt), 'waste'; what is hacked and wasted at table by careless carving.
35. gan trácht ar, 'not to speak of.'
46-7. Sgriosaiḋ ar mo raḋarc, 'clear out of my sight': sgrios! is used as an *imper.* in the sense of 'Be off.'
89-90. Ḃí a ċúis aige, 'he had reason to be so': the a refers to his grief.
89. go buaḋarṫa ⁊ go brónaċ, the go is intensive, 'distressed and sad *indeed*.'
104. Ċuir . . . Ṁarḃáin, 'He consulted Marbhán about the matter.'
121. asaċán is by metathesis for aċasán = aċṁusán = O. Ir. *athchomsán*.
153. do ċoda, 'your food': cuid (share) is commonly used for the amount of food taken at a meal.
164. Le linn . . . dóiḃ, 'while in the act of teaching them the knowledge.'

XIX.

THE SATIRIZING OF THE MICE AND THE CATS.

4. féaċ féin (not tú féin), 'see (for) yourself.'
5. dul uaiḋ, 'to escape from him.'
28-9. Ní baoġal duit, 'you need not fear.'
31. Fan leat go fóil, 'Hold on awhile.'
40. féaċaint . . . é, 'to see whether he would eat it': f. an is used like O. Ir. *dús in*, 'to know whether.'
49. uḃ circe: uḃ is scarcely ever used alone; it is usually specified by the addition of circe, gé, laċan, etc.
51. ní . . . so, 'I think it sufficient this time.'
58. Ní deirim . . . é, 'I don't doubt but that you ate it yourself': ní d. ná amounts to 'I shouldn't be surprised but.'
50. Is beag . . . é, 'It is nearly enough for me' (lit. 'it is little but that it is enough for me').
65. a briaṫal . . . a gcuid the first a refers to the mice, the second to the kings and princes.

79. ag dul . . . neiṁneaċt 'growing sharper and more venomous.'

84-5. a ḃí níba ġéire, the *past* of atá níos géire: since níos = níḋ is (a thing which is) the verb it contains is conjugated.

92. ar . . . gcosg, 'whose duty it is to check you.' tuata cat: t. is used here comically as though the cats were a *tribe*, 'the Feline Race.'

99-100. ó's . . . ċor, 'since I am satirizing them at all.'

102. Iorusán: the names of the cats are humorous inventions. Iorusán is probably a comic diminutive of ioraḋ, a squirrel, with a hint at the wild-cat origin of the cats' king. Arusán, his father's name is only a jingling echo of Iorusán like Lug ar Lag. Riaċall Rinn-fiaclaċ, ingean Clab-aiṫinne = Tabby Pointed-teeth, daughter of Spitfire (lit. 'fiery-mouth'). Crónánaċ = Purrer, and Gruamán Garḃ-fiaclaċ = Surly the Rough-toothed. Reang Géar-fiaclaċ = Rawbone (or Skinny) the Sharp-toothed.

107. uaiṁ Cnoḃḃa, 'the tumulus of Knowth.'

115. ċur i bfeiḋm, 'enforce.'

120. "Aṫaċ ingneaċ," 'a monster with claws': aṫaċ is the old form of faṫaċ, a giant.

121. "Fuiḋeall Doiḃre," 'Otter's leavings.'

135. ní mór dom, 'I must.'

140. tá go maiṫ, 'very well!'

141. 'n-a ḃeaṫaiḋ, 'alive.'

148. i lár baill eaḋarṫa, 'in the middle between them.'

152. Dar leo, 'they thought': dar = Mid. Ir. *adar*, *atar*, *ata* = O. Ir. *inda*; etymology uncertain. Possibly = prep. *in* + *lá*: at any rate it is a verb, and quite distinct from the prep. dar = tar.

153-4. buinne . . . mear-lorgaḋ, 'a column of fierce raging fire madly burning.'

155. ni . . . gur, 'it may safely be said that.'

159. boí seom = O. Ir. for bí seisean.

166-7. níor ċuaiḋ . . . i bfeiḋm, 'took no effect.'

169-70. mar a raiḃ S., 'where S. was': this mar a raiḃ = mar i raiḃ = 'place in which was'; it is not the same word as mar in mar a ṫáinig.

183. toisg . . . sé, 'owing to the fact that he had not defended.'

XX.

SHANACHÁN AND IORUSÁN.

14-15. Ṫarraing . . . eile, 'he adopted another plan.'

24-25. ar ġráḋ a oinig, 'through love of his generosity,' i.e., in order to show how generous he can be: ar ġráḋ ḋ'oinig was a common form of entreaty.

37. ag . . . de, lit. 'putting the way off him,' i.e., getting over the distance.
49. a ċreaċ láidir é, lit. 'its strong loss it is,' i.e., the pity of it.
52. i mbéal na teanċaire, 'in the mouth of the tongs.'
57. cabail, the trunk of an animal as distinguished from the limbs.
68-69. mise . . . ċort, 'to have let me pass.'
79-80. ní . . . mbas, 'I had no desire to escape death.'
83. do ċuirir-se . . . uaim, 'you destroyed what I wanted.'
84. nár . . . leat! 'may you not get the reward of your labour!'

XXI.

MARVÁN'S VISIT.

4. d'á ḋán féin, 'to his own profession.'
5. cur isteaċ ná cur amaċ, 'interfering directly or indirectly.'
9. sar . . . é, 'before they felt that they required it': motuiġim uaim is the Irish for 'I miss.'
14. 'n-a ċeart,' as it ought to be.'
18. Sead! 'Well!'
24-5. a ċimeádfaḋ . . . feicsint, 'which would keep him from being seen by G. (lit. 'without G. to see him').
26. cad . . . féi, 'what he was bent upon doing.'
33. dob' í . . . Méiḃ, 'the woman was no other than M.': this way of putting it emphasizes the strangeness of the coincidence.
35. ar . . . dom, 'Would you (ye) be so kind as to tell me.'
36. Oċón! corresponds to English 'Oh dear!' or 'Good gracious!'
44. atá cóṁnuiḋe ort, 'that you are living.'
60. gaol = consanguinity; cóṁgas = affinity.
64-5. ingean . . . file, 'the great grand-child of a poet.'
66-7. Seana-ṁáṫair . . . í, 'Your servant's wife's grandmother was the daughter of the son of a poet's daughter!' A far-fetched claim; but Marván was only poking fun.
76. sgalóideaċ, 'blustering,' blowing hard.
88. fionaċrit, 'a cold shiver,' the 'creeps.'
89. Preabadar . . . suiḋe, 'they all sprang to their feet.'
95. deis-béalaċ, 'ready-witted,' quick at repartee.
107. Cár ġabais ċúġainn, 'In what direction have you come to us.'
108. aniar-aduaiḋ, 'from the north-west,' meaning at the same time 'unexpectedly.'
110. Ní ḃfuaras . . . tabairt, lit. 'I found not a jot of her (wind being feminine) trouble to bring her,' i.e., 'I experienced no trouble in bringing it.'

113. uaiṫe féin, 'of its own accord.'
114. ag dul i ngéire, 'getting sharp.'
116. Cad í an ċloċ? 'What stone?'
122-3. cloċ ḟaobair, 'a whetstone.'
146-7. is cuma cé 'cu, 'it does not matter which.'
165. ag áiteaṁ ar a ċéile, 'arguing with one another.'
172. mar ḋ'eaḋ = mar buḋ eaḋ, 'as it were, as though that were the case (that it really was a corpse).
174. ag gol m. ḋ'e. amounts to 'pretending to be crying.'
180. mar a raiḃ [illegible] he was': mar a raiḃ sí would mean 'where she was.'
181. tángatar (in Munster pron. tánatar), auton. form of tangadar, 'people came,' they came.
189. ċuir . . . di, 'she got over a couple of fainting-fits.'
203. Firín: in the older versions of this story the name of the dog is given as Birrín or Bioraoin.
204-5. i dá mboṫán beaga: note that the eclipsis after i skips over dá and takes place at the next word; also that boṫán, which is in the dual after dá, takes a plural adjective.
207. é agairt uirṫe, 'to punish her for it.'
221. ag cur . . . h-aigne, 'debating in her mind.'
226. Teaċt, 'Well.' T. as a reply originated in answers to a call, and is short for táim ag teaċt; just as a waiter says, 'Coming, sir!' or in French, '*on y va.*'
227. Cad . . . F? 'What bent F.'s nose?'
230. go dtugais d'éiṫeaċ, 'that you lie'; (lit. 'that you have given your perjury').
232 tú . . . ċuige, 'you are the best hand at it' (*sc.* lying).
233. Siúd . . . iad, 'At each other's hair they went.'
237. fé mar, 'according as' (lit. 'like as'): this fé is not the prep. but the old conj. *féib*.
277-8. a roġa ealaḋa, 'his choice scientific entertainment.'
283-4. a ġaol . . . h-ealaḋain, 'that he be related to, or connected by friendship with, science.'
288. iar-ua, 'great grand-child'; comp. of iar, 'after,' and ua, 'grandson.'
291. Sé glúine, 'six degrees.'
299. ded' ḃiṫin féin, 'on your own account.'

XXII.

MARVÁN'S REVENGE.

12. Bí níḋ ⁊rl. M. is referring to his pet boar.
17. sás . . . ḋéanaṁ, 'the thing which was capable of making that cronaun': sás is used like English 'hand' in phrases like—is maiṫ an sás éiṫiġ a ḋ'innsint tu, 'you are a good hand at telling lies.'
18. srónán is used for the humming of a bee, the droning of a

beetle, the purring of a cat, the bass in music, and here for crooning, humming or lilting a tune. In the absence of a piper cronaun is made for dancers.

31-2. ᵹuꞃaḃ . . . ḋóıḃ, 'that the least they may do is.'

35-6. Ꝺ'á ṁéıḋ . . . ıſeaḋ ıſ ꞅaıḋḃıꞃe, 'the greater the number of people that will be performing it, the richer,' etc.

41. ceaꞃꞇ-ċꞃónán, 'the direct cronaun;' a steady sound without catches.

42. cꞃónán ꞅnaᵹaċ, 'the catchy cronaun;' apparently something in the nature of the modern 'rag-time,' or 'syncopated' music.

59. ḋóꞃḋ, a low deep musical sound.

62-3. aᵹ ᵹlacaḋ . . . ċꞃónáın, 'drinking in the deliciousness of the cronaun.'

67. ᵹo ꞇuꞃ, 'peremptorily.'

74. uıſᵹe le n-a ꞅúılıḃ, 'water coming from their eyes.'

77. cuꞃ ċuıᵹe aꞃíſ, 'to go at it again.'

88-9. ᵹaċ ꞃe ꞅnaᵹ, 'every second catch': ᵹaċ ꞃe (pron. ᵹaċaıꞃe) = O. Ir. *cach la* = *cach ala* = ᵹaċ eıle.

106-7. acu-ſan . . . aıꞃ ſean: the terminations emphasize the pronouns in a way which can only be done in English by the stress of the voice, and represented in print by italics—'*they* would have—if *he* failed,' etc.

108. ᵹo h-áluınn, 'perfectly well.'

109-11. ḋo ꞅocaꞃuıᵹeaḋaꞃ . . . leıſ, 'they made up their minds not to fail in giving the cronaun if they were to lose their lives by it.'

113. ı n-aᵹaıḋ an neoṁaıꞇ, 'every moment,' momentarily.

115-6. Ní . . . ſé, 'That was not what he was driving at.'

129. ḃuaılꞇe aṁaċ, 'exhausted,' 'dead beat.'

144. Níoꞃ . . . ḃꞅuaım, 'They did not put much chest-force into the sound.'

145. ꞅıaḋe, 'the longer': ꞅıa + ḋe, 'the longer of it.' *Cf.* ꞅeaꞃꞃḋe, mıſḋe.

147-8. Caoıꞃa . . . aḃꞅaḋ, 'The lamb, for a long distance, is a big sheep.' Another proverb conveying the same idea is ıſ ꞇꞃom ceaꞃꞇ aḃꞅaḋ: a light object appears to get heavier when it is carried a long distance. Marván meant that although they began the cronaun very quietly they would get tired all the same if they kept it up for long.

163-4. ḋ'ımċıᵹ . . . aıꞃ, 'the same thing happened to him.'

177. ḋo neaꞃꞇuıᵹ aꞃ, 'increased in energy.'

178. ꞅáᵹaım le h-uḋaċꞇ, 'I declare solemnly' (lit. 'I leave by will').

179. an ċꞃaoḃ, 'the palm.'

XXIII.

DAOL DUILEADH AND CASMHAOL THE HARPER.

1. oraiḃ, the plural of respect, as in English, 'What is the matter with you'? (meaning 'thee').
4. ní'ltear, autonomous; 'it is not being made for me.'
14. fiaċaint = d'fiaċaiḃ, 'of obligation': tá f . . . seo, 'this College of Bards is bound to.'
18. 'n-a . . . dó, 'to whom a longing came': 'n-a is used as a relative like go = 'ga.
24-5. clú . . . cáil, 'name . . . fame.'
26. ní . . . san, 'They will not fail in that duty.'
31. 'n-a luiġe, 'in bed,' laid up.
33-4. an dá . . . siad, 'the longest day they live' (lit. 'the two days and as long as they live'). The hyperbole intended is—'If they lived as long as possible, and even two days longer than that.'
35. rud . . . leicinige, 'something in the shape of mumps': leicineaċ, 'mumps,' so called because it is a swelling on the side of the cheeks (leicne).
36-7. is eagal . . . ḋíoḃ, 'I fear they will not get over.'
38. go . . . éagcruais, 'that it will turn to fever.'
43-4. idir dá Nodlaig, 'between two Christmases,' i.e., between the 25th of December and the 6th of January following.
75. a . . . ṫiġearna, 'a fitting master for him.'
83. mo ċomairce ort, 'I am at your mercy.'
84. ná cuir orm, 'Do not attack me.'
85. ċeana, emphasizes the denial, 'I will not, indeed.'
93. Salamandar, through the Latin from Greek *salamandra* which is borrowed from the Persian *samandar*, 'a lizard.'
124. aċ an t-eólus ⁊rl, 'if you will give me the information': note the conditional force of aċ = 'provided that.'
134. cleatraċ míolṁóir, 'the skeleton of a whale': cleatraċ = especially the ribs and spinal vertebrae. míol mór ('a great animal') is really two words, but from constant use in apposition they are treated as one and so declined.
142. le . . . sin, 'just at that moment.'
153. gléas adṁaid, 'a wooden contrivance.'
154. aċ . . . luġa, 'but smaller.'
169. ná . . . sin, 'do not be reproached again with the want of that information.'
173. éirim aigne, 'power of mind,' intellectual effort.
175. dá . . . é, 'even in the case of the beetle.'

XXIV.

THE TIMPANIST, THE POET, AND SHANACHÁN AS CRONAUNER.

10. a . . . lám, 'which would require mental capacity or dexterity of hand.'
17-18. ba . . . labairt, 'he was loth to speak.'
36. mar gur, 'because it was.'
38. ní . . . fórd, 'Don't suppose any such thing.'
45. Naoi, the Irish form of Noe or Noah.
47. Airc, the ark of Noah.
61. ná bí liom, 'Don't be at me': Cia bí leat? is said to a crying child, 'who has been annoying you?'
72. andaig, 'why then,' 'well really.'
74. Laṁiaċ, Lamech. Caoin = Cain, the Hebrew for 'smith.'
76. congánta (pron. cúnta) gen. of congnaṁ: fear c., 'man of helping,' i.e., 'assistant.'
80. comhas rainn, 'the measure (metre) of a verse.'
85. ní feadarsis . . . an bf.: the verb feadar is only used with neg. or interrog. particles.
89. do . . . gáiri, 'they all burst out laughing.'
91. a tuilleaḋ, lit. 'its continuation,' i.e., 'any more.'
100. feadarbair: note that feadar is inflected as a past tense.
115. fios ná eólus, 'knowledge nor information.'
124. T. bréige, 'a fraud as a College of Bards.'
128. i gcruaḋ-ċás, 'in a predicament.'
145-6. is . . . eile, 'We prefer it from you rather than from from any other person.'
148-9. ar . . . amaċ, 'immediately opposite M.'
152. mar beaḋ, 'like.'
153. aċ i beiṫ, 'except that it was.'
156-7. ag . . . aoibnis, 'taking in the enjoyment.'
170. ambasa, 'though,' 'indeed': probably a euphemism for ambaisteaḋ, 'by my Baptism'; abaiste is the Connacht form.
171. ag sileaḋ (deor understood), 'shedding tears.'
173. i ndiaiḋ ar ndiaiḋ, 'gradually,' 'by degrees.'
181. . . . laige, 'ready to faint.'
184. um . . . san, 'By that time.'

XXV.

TÁIN BÓ CUAILGNE.

3-4. ag . . . laḋar, 'wringing their hands.'
6-7. ag duḃaḋ . . . bánaḋ, 'they were turning black and blue and white': note this construction with ag (acu).

16. ná . . . air, 'that he was incapable of continuing it any longer.'
21. bain . . . sgórnaig, 'gave his throat a squeeze.'
24. súil leis, 'one of his eyes.'
25. ar sileadh leis, 'hanging down from him.'
43. Fios mac Fochmairc, 'Knowledge son of Enquiry,' a comically coined name: one of the oldest poems in Irish says that knowledge is begotten of enquiry. *Cf.* 'Necessity is the mother of invention.'
60-1. is . . . labhras, 'I am very glad that I spoke': note this use of mar.
70-1. ní miste liom, 'I have no objection.'
74. éacht de sgéaltaibh, 'a wonderful lot of stories.'
85-6. agus . . . air, 'while his eyes were opening wide.'
89-90. ag athnasc air, 'imitating him,' repeating the words after him in a contemptuous manner.
108-9. Do las . . . gcluas, 'He blushed up to the ends of his ears': 'to the roots of his hair' is the English phrase.
109. do bánuig air, 'he grew pale.'
120. tugadh an Táin sin, 'that Táin was taken': Táin bó do thabairt was the expression for carrying off a cattle-spoil.
125. triúchadh céad, 'the district': triúchadh or tríocha céad = a hundred or cantred; so-called because it is the thirtieth part of the fifth (cúigeadh) of Ireland.
132. de geasaibh, 'as bonds,' as an obligation: geas = *tabu*.
165. Nodlaig = O. Ir. *Notlaic* = Latin *Natalicia*: inid = Latin *Initium*, i.e., the beginning (of Lent).
190. D'á méid—isead ba luga, 'The more—the less.'

XXVI.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE COLLEGE OF BARDS.

4. ochlán bróin, 'an overwhelming sorrow' (lit. 'a groaning of sorrow').
11. cad . . . fán, 'what it was to be wandering.'
13. dul chun bóthair, 'take to the road.'
23. bíodh . . . ann, 'Although we are very numerous.'
30. Brighid Mhór-pháit, 'Brigid of the big appetite.'
32. 'gá chasadh linn, 'reproaching us with it.'
43. céad rud: note *not* an chéad rud; the def. art. is omitted, the phrase introduced by the particle ná being considered definite enough.
64. fearg aige: the aige implies that M. was secretly angry with them, had angry feelings in store: air would mean that he had a fit of anger on him just then.
92. treo baill, 'direction.'
108. ní . . . sin, 'That would be but a begging benefit.'

111. giollanraḋ: many collective nouns are formed by means of the termination -raḋ (lit. 'running,' 'course'); e.g., macraḋ, ríoġraḋ, eaċraḋ. It spread from words like eaċraḋ (a course or stud of horses) and saṁraḋ (the course of summer).

115. oraib, cannot be rendered into English; it corresponds to the Latin "dative of disadvantage." It leaves traces in Irish-English, as when a man says, "My cow died *on me.*"

117. Ní'l leiġeas air, 'There is no help for it.'

122. airfideaċt, 'musical performance' (on wind instruments); air-fidim = ar séidim, 'I blow upon.'

126. aċ a ṁalairt, 'but the opposite.'

130. an t-aos óg, 'the young people': this word, which is also masc. in O. Ir., is, apparently, quite distinct from aos (aois), 'age,' which was neuter.

149. The verse is in *Deibhidhe* metre, but not a good specimen, since it does not fulfil all the requirements. Triallam = 1 *pl.*; beannaċtain = old *acc. case* of beannaċt; is = agus.

151. Atám: the old form of the 1*st pl.*; atáimíd is a later formation.

165. Go dtéití slán, amounts to 'I wish you a safe journey'; French '*bon voyage!*'

166. Slán beo agat, more emphatic than Slán agat, 'a fond farewell to you.'

180. ní . . . é, 'it is not a good thing for it.'

188. ad' = dod'.

195. cuirfear . . . lib, 'the dogs will be set on you.'

212. ag casaḋ leis, 'trying to.'

216. ag dul . . . orċa, 'getting into a tangle.'

226. d'éiriġeadar as an ngnó, 'they gave it up.'

231. brille b., 'nonsensical drivel.'

233. bí . . . acu, 'they were in a nice fix.'

XXVII.

A KISS ON A LEPER'S MOUTH.

4-5. i bfonn . . . uaiḋ, 'in the humour to ask for advice nor in the humour to give advice.'

24. áiḟeiseaċ, 'outrageously absurd.'

25. Tá . . . agaib, 'Matters are in a miserable way with you.'

41. ṫar ḃúr gceann, 'on your behalf,' instead of you: i.e., he would recite a poem of his own composition as though it were theirs.

43. Níor ċás duit! 'You could do no such thing!'; 'What a chance you would have of doing that!'; lit. '(It would not be a matter for you').

45. b féidir . . . opaib-se, 'Perhaps it was a good thing for you.'
60. a beid uait, 'will you require.'
66. l-ige, 'oath'; no connexion with luigim, 'I lie,' which might more correctly be spelled laigim.
67. Tugadar . . . leabar, 'They all swore.'
68. ac go, 'provided that.'
81-2. cuireadar stailc suas, 'they struck,' rebelled; (lit. 'put up a sulk').
99. mo . . . clam, 'a leper like me': *not* clam d.m' l., because leitéid refers to an individual; but one may say clam dem' fórd, because fórd refers to a class.
130. bas-crann, 'knocker' (lit. 'hand-club'): in olden times the knocker was a club which hung on a peg beside the door, and the visitor took it from its peg to use it.
132. Cé h-iad sidre, *pl.* of Cé h-é tusa.
144. Tá ceana, 'Yes we have.'
147. ní . . . orc-sa, 'You don't look a very prepossessing reciter.'
151. uabar agus boctaineact, 'chagrin and vexation': ceann sé, 'humiliation.'
153. brúc cuige, 'suppress,' 'swallow.'
169. feisteamail, 'tastefully arranged.'
179. am briatar, ní, 'Upon my word you will not.'
181. ní fios, 'There is no knowing,' 'One never knows.
189. ag brúc . . . oraíb, 'forcing myself on you or encroaching on you.'
192-3. béal . . . amac, 'out the harbour's mouth.'
195. stiúir, *f.*, helm; rudder: from Icelandic *styri*.
199. Manainn, 'of the Isle of Man'; Oileán Manainn, or as the Manxmen call it, 'Ellan Vannin.'
201. cuirr . . . luinge, 'the prow of the ship' (lit. 'the front beak').
207. i n-agaid, 'to match.'
209. Gaib, 'Recite.'
235. agus breall oraíb, 'in disgrace.'

XXVIII.

ST. CAILLIN.

4. banliaig, the earliest mention of a lady-doctor.
11. bí . . . ró́ham-sa, 'You behaved in a churlish manner towards me.'
17. mara . . . lib, 'but for my coming with you.'
28-9. pé . . . é, 'whether S. likes it or not.'
30. d a éagmuis sin, 'besides,' apart from that.
35. a . . . d ib, 'unknown to them.'

38. ḟíoṙċaoın ḟáılte, 'a hearty welcome' (lit. 'a truly beautiful welcome'). Caoın is used as a substantive. Fáılte in the older language meant 'joy'; so that tá f. roṁat meant 'There is joy before you,' i.e., at your coming.
43. Tá . . . ſeo, 'We are in a position to-night, as a College of Bards, in which we have never been before.'
52-3. ᵹo . . . ora.b, 'that I would give you this entertainment.
68-9. déanfaıḋ . . . ᵹnó, 'that much money will suffice for you.'
72. 'n-ar . . . ḋ'ḟáᵹaıl, 'in which you will be most likely to get an account of the T.'
96-7. ná . . . d'ḟáᵹaıl, 'that you have not chance of getting' (lit. 'there is not getting hold of it at you').
104. ſeaċaſ . . . acu, 'any more than they had': ſeaċ corresponds to Lat. *secus*.
116. aᵹuſ . . . acu, 'when they had not got the T.' There is really no English phrase which can render the exact force of this aᵹuſ.
118. dúrlaſ ᵹ., 'the Durlas of G.': the ᵹ. is not aspirated, although the initial consonant of a proper name in the gen. is aspirated as a rule in Mod. Ir. As aspiration depends on the preceding word ending originally in a vowel, it is not invariable in the older language.
121-2. ar . . . ċúċa, 'on the following morning.'
125. de r. ná d'u.; ná not nó, because the sense negatives both r. and u.
129. d'á ḟıoſ: a is the proleptic poss. pron. introducing the phrase cad . . . ḋeanaṁ.
132. d'á olcaſ é, 'bad as he was'; d'a ᵹ. é, 'ugly as he was.'
138-9. aᵹ déanaṁ orta, 'coming towards them.'
145. dráċáır: the historical and etymological spelling is dearḃráċaır = dearḃ-ḃráċaır = true-brother (bráċaır alone having come to mean 'a friar'); but it is nowhere so pronounced in the spoken language. In Munster it is drıċáır, in Connacht drıċaır, in Ulster deartáır.
158. aᵹ lorᵹ an ſᵹéıl, 'to look for the story'; ar l. ſᵹl., 'on the track of the story,' i.e., actually engaged in the search.

XXIX.

THE FEIGNED LEPER.

11. aᵹá: when the prep. and poss. pron. are run together into one word the a is lengthened, as in d'á.
18. ar ċ. ᵹreannṁar, 'in a curious way.'
21. ſaılıċe: ſalaċ has two forms for comparative; ſalaıᵹe and ſaılıċe.

25. ꞅꞃıoꞅaꝺ, 'a creepy feeling,' a tingling of the nerves.
29. ꞅúl, *g. pl.* of ꞅuıl.
54. Ꞡeıbım . . ꞅéın, 'I smell it even now': balaıṫ ꝺ'ꞅáꞡaıl, is the phrase for 'to smell': 'smell that!' = ꞅaıꞡ (or cuıꞃ) a balaıṫ ꞅın.
57. beıḋ . . . láıṫꞃeaċ, 'I will come back to you immediately.'
61. ꞅıúꝺ . . . loḃaꞃ, lit. 'behold (coming) towards them out of the house—*the leper*': the order of words is deliberate and leads up to the climax. ꞅıúꝺ is short for aꞡ ꞅıúꝺ = Mid. Ir. *ac-súl!* 'see yonder!'
62-3. ıonaꝺ . . . ċúıl, 'backwards.'
66. Leoꞡ ꝺó ꞅéın, 'let him alone': emphasis falls on ꝺó.
75. bıꞃéaꝺ, from *biretta*.
76-7. b'ꞅıné . . . amaċ, 'there they had St. C., as large as life, opposite them!'
84. ıꞅ mé ċeana, 'It certainly was I.'
85-6. náꞃ . . . ꝺúınn, 'that you did not make yourself known to us.'
88. a ṁ. ꝺe ċıall, ꞅnl, 'better sense than you had'; (lit. 'a different kind of sense as compared with what you had').
95. ꝺo'n ċ.—ꝺo ḃ., note that the prep. must be repeated.
100. 'n-a l. ꝺáıꞃíꞃıḃ, 'a real leper.'
101-2. nıoꞃ . . . aꞡaꞇ, 'you had deserved no less than that very thing,' i.e., you fully deserved that result.
103. ꞇaoꞅ ꞅeaꞡaıl, beggars used to smear rye dough on their skins to simulate leprosy and so appeal to people's charity, as their modern brethren in some countries paint sores on themselves.
109. cáꞃ ceaꞃꞇ = cá aꞃ ab c., 'where it is right'; cáꞃ ċeaꞃꞇ = cá aꞃ buḋ ċ., 'where it would be right.'
111-2. ní'l . . . aıꞃ, 'it is not at all possible for us to.'
118. 'ná 'than,' = ıoná = ıonaꞅ = O. Ir. *indaas*, where *daas* = *taas*, the relative form of ꞇá, and means 'than which is.'
123. ní . . . ꝺuıꞇ, 'We do not grudge you,' We have no objection to your asking.
131. aċ ċoṁ beaꞡ, 'either,' lit. 'but as little.'
133. le lán-ꞇoıl, 'most willingly.'
147-8. muꞃab . . . ꞃıaṁ, 'if we never were before.'
148. ní ꞅéıꝺıꞃ: older ní h-éıꝺıꞃ, where éıꝺıꞃ = *étir*, pres. auton. of *étaim*, 'I obtain, am able': ní ꞅ. ꝺ. = lit. 'It is not obtainable by us.' The use of ꞅ. with ıꞅ is later, and is due to the fact that ꞅ. came to be regarded as a noun or adj. In parts of Ireland people say ıꞅ ꞇıꞡ lıom as the opposite of ní ċıꞡ lıom.
154. ꞇoıꞅꞡ . . . oꞃaıḃ, 'on account of the bonds being on you': ꞇ is a substantive, and the phrase really is 'the cause (is the fact that) the bonds,' etc.
158. ꝺóıċ aꞡuꞅ anꝺóıċ, 'likely and unlikely (places)'

161-2. má ṫagann féin, 'even if it should come.' In speaking 'broken English' people render it, 'if it comes *insei*.' (i.e., itself).

XXX.

"MAKING FUN OF US YOU ARE."

11. an ċ. sin, 'that speech,' those words. Siúd . . . iad, 'off they went.'
35. go mór mór, 'especially.'
37-8. a ċur . . . orṫa, 'to impress upon them,' convince them.
51-2. ar an nd. . . ar ċ, note the repeated prep.
92. Ṫáinis = ṫángais: in Munster the ᵹ is aspirated with the result that the vowel of that syllable is lengthened. *Cf.* ingean (pron. inian), feadgail (feadaoil), (aongus) (aonuíos).
100. ní f. leat, 'you are determined'; ní f. duit, 'you must.'
105. i n-ar n-a., 'as fools.'
106. amuiċ ná i mb., 'at home or abroad.
119. ċuirfeaḋ . . . neamnió, 'ye would have annihilated his character for generosity.'
120. ba . . . agaiḃ, 'It was a villainous attempt on your part.'
121. agus . . . , daoiḃ, 'notwithstanding all the benefit he was conferring on you.'
130-1. Níor . . . ámṫaċ, 'You were not to be thanked for that, however.'
127-8. cor sa tsaoġal, 'a turn in the world,' a revotution in the ordinary course of things.
140. dar leo féin, 'in their own estimation.'
143-4. ní . . . liḃ, 'I cannot have patience with you.'
153-4. Ní'l . . . anois, 'There is no other way for you out of the fix you are in now.'

XXXI.

THE FASTING OF THE COLLEGE OF BARDS.

5. i ṙaċtaiḃ, 'ready to.'
12. ċug agaiḋ ar, 'turned on.'
14. Cad . . . duit, 'What did you mean by'; It was an outrageous thing for you to do.
26. 'gá ċasaḋ liom-sa, 'reproaching me with the fact.'
35. is . . . san, 'It is he himself who knows that best,' he is the best judge of that matter.'
45. cúis leis, 'a reason for it.'

58-9. "The hardest hold
May God loosen it!"

63. tugadar, 'they spent.'

80. leanaṁaint ar, ⁊rl, means to continue with the *policy* of fasting, etc.; leanmaint de = to continue at the *action* of fasting, etc. lean de sin can only be said to someone actually engaged in some action: the bards just then were assembled listening to the speaker.

92. an . . . sgéil, lit. 'that much of the story'; the English expression would be "that whole business."

110. ar ṁaiṫe linne, 'for our good.'

113-4. céimeanna cruaḋa, 'hard passes'; acute difficulties.

124. i nd. na d., 'at the end of the transaction'; in the end.

147. tríd síos, 'down through it,' without omitting a word.



VOCABULARY

Note.—In a few cases alternate forms and spellings are added in round brackets.

abainn, *f.*, a river.
ábalta, able.
abarta, said; repeated.
abfad (i bfad), long; for a long time or space.
abraim, *dep. form* of adeirim, I say.
aċmaireaċt (atċomaireaċt), *f.*, nearness.
aċrann, *m.*, entanglement.
adbar, *m.*, material; reason.
adṁad, *m.*, wood.
adṁáil, *v.n.*, acknowledging.
adṁuiġim, I confess; admit.
adraim, I adore.
aġaiḋ, *f.*, the face. i n-a., against, opposite.
agairt, *f.*, revenge; arraignment.
aibiġ, ripe; lively.
aice, *f.*, proximity. i n-a., near.
áiféiseaċ, absurd; outrageously comical.
aigne, *m.*, mind.
aiġneas, *m.*, disputation; argument.
áil, *f.*, pleasure; wish. is á. liom, I desire.
aiṁḋeoin, *f.*, unwillingness. i n-a., in spite of.
aiṁréiḋ (aiṁréiḋe), *f.*, entanglement.
aimsiġim, I aim at; succeed in hitting.
aimsir, *f.*, time.
ainḃfios, *m.*, ignorance
ainḃfiosaċ, ignorant
aindeis, wretched.
ainm *m.* and *f.*, a name.
aire, *f.*, care; attention.
aireaċas, *m.*, care; attention.
aireaċtaint, *v.n.*, hearing; perceiving.
airgead, *m.*, money.
airiġim, I hear; perceive.
áiriġṫe, certain; particular.
airiú, *interj.*, really!
ais, *f.*, back. tar n-a., back again.
aistear, *m.*, a journey. i n-a., in vain.
áit, *f.*, a place.
áiteaṁ, *v.n.*, disputing.
aiṫint, *v.n.*, recognizing.
aiṫne, *f.*, acquaintance; knowledge.
aiṫniġim, I recognize.
aiṫnim, *v.*, aiṫniġim.
aiṫreaċas, *m.*, regret; compunction.
ál, *m.*, brood; the young of any animal.
álainn, beautiful. go h-a., perfectly well.
alltaċt, *f.*, amazement.
allus, *m.*, sweet.
amadán, *m.*, a fool.
aṁáin, only.
aṁstaraċ, *f.*, barking.
aṁras, *m.*, doubt; suspicion.
áṁ and **áṁṫaċ**, *conj.*, however.
amuiċ (amuiġ), outside; abroad (lit. 'in the plain').
anáirde, up; on high.
anál, *f.*, the breath.
anam, *m.*, soul; life.
ancaire, *f.*, an anchor.
andóiċ, *f.*, improbability.

annaṁ, seldom; rare (Mid. I., *andam* = lit. 'undomesticated').
anonn, over; across.
ánraḋ, *m.*, a poet of the next grade to that of ollaṁ.
aoibinn, delightful.
aoibneas, *m.*, delight; enjoyment.
aoinḟeaċt (lit. 'one time'). i n-a., at once; together; simultaneously.
aoinne, anyone. gaċ a., everyone.
aon-tiġeas, *m.*, living in the same house.
aoir, *f.*, satire; lampoon.
aoiraḋ, *v.n.*, satirising.
aoirde, *f.*, height: also *compar.* of árd.
aonar, *m.*, singleness (lit. 'one-man,' aon-ḟear).
aos, *m.*, people; folk.
arán, *m.*, bread.
arbar, *m.*, corn.
árd, high: also *n. m.*, a height; protuberance.
árd-ċion, *m.*, great regard.
árd-rí, *m.*, a high king; over-king.
árṫaċ, *m.*, a vessel.
as, a', from; out of.
asaċán (aċṁusán), *m.*, reproach; reproof.
aṫruiġim (aṫaruiġim), I change.
áṫas, *m.*, gladness.

bac, *m.*, an impediment; hindrance.
bacaiġe, *f.*, lameness; halting rhythm.
bacaim, I hinder; mind; take notice of.
baċlaċ, *m.*, a boor; tramp: one who carries a baċall (staff); as *adj.* beggarly.
bail, *f.*, luck; prosperity.
bailc, strong.
baile, *m.*, a town; home. i mb., at home.
ball, *m.*, limit; spot; place. ar b., after a while; by and by.
baluiḋ (bolaḋ), *m.*, an odour; smell.
bánaḋ, *v.n.*, growing pale.
banliaiġ, *f.*, a female physician.
baoṫ, vain; silly.
bárr, *m.*, a top. de b., as a result of; tar b., exceedingly.
bárṫan, *m.*, a mishap; accident.
bás, *m.*, death.
bas-ċrann, *m.*, a door-knocker.
beaċ, *f.*, a bee.
béal, *m.*, a mouth.
beam, 1 *pl. fut.* of táim.
beann, *f.*, heed; regard.
beannaċt, *f.*, a blessing.
beannuiġim, I bless. b. do, I greet; salute.
beara, *g. sg.* of bior, *q.v.*
béarsa, *m.*, a verse; stanza.
beart, *f.*, an act; deed.
beartuiġim, I meditate; propose to do.
béasaċ, mannerly; well-bred.
beaṫa, *f.*, *ds.* beaṫaiḋ, life. 'n-a b., alive (lit. 'in his life').
béile, *m.*, a meal.
beirt, *f.*, a couple; pair.
beiṫiḋeaċ, *m.*, an animal.
beo, living; alive.
biaḋ, *m.*, food.
binn, melodious.
binneas, *m.*, melody.
bior, *m.*, a spit; skewer.
birréad, *m.*, a hat; head dress.
biṫin, tré b., by means of.
blasta, tasty; go b., tastefully; (of music), harmoniously.
bliaḋain, *f.*, a year.
blonag, *f.*, lard.
blúire, *m.*, a bit; morsel.
bó, *f.*, a cow.
boċt, poor.
boċtaineaċt, *f.*, poverty.
bórd, ar b., on board (ship).
boṫán, *m.*, a hut.
bóṫar, *m.*, a road.
bradán, *m.*, a salmon.
braiġdeanas, *m.*, captivity; imprisonment.
braon, *m.*, a drop.

bpat, *m.*, a cloak.
bpát, go b., ever (lit. 'until judgment').
bpat, *v.n.*, spying; estimating: with ap, expecting; depending on.
bpátaip, *m.*, a brother (archaic); in Mod. lang. a friar.
bpéag, a lie.
bpeág (bpeagða = Bregian, i.e., royal; splendid), fine.
bpeagac, spurious; fictitious.
bpeall, *m.*, a blemish; blundering stupidly. tá b. opt, you have made an ass of yourself.
bpeip, *f.*, increase; addition. b. agup, more than.
bpeit, *f.*, power; opportunity (with ap); judgment; sentence.
bpeiteamnap, *m.*, judgment.
bpeoidte, sick.
bpeoidteact, *f.*, sickness.
bpiatap, *f.*, word. am b., upon my word.
bpig, *f.*, strength; efficacy; meaning. d'á b. pin, on that account.
bpiogmap, vigorous; powerful.
bpipead, *v.n.*, breaking.
bpob, *pl.* bpobnaca, *m.*, a rush; straw.
bpollac, *m.*, the breast; bosom.
bpón, *m.*, grief; sorrow.
bpónac, sorrowful.
bpuac, *m.*, a brink.
bpuigean (bpuidean), *f.*, a mansion; residence.
bpuigean, *f.*, a quarrel; fight.
bpúc, *v.n.*, crushing; pressing.
buacaill, *m.*, a boy.
buadaccaint, *v.n.*, winning.
buadapta, troubled.
buaidim [ap], I surpass; gain victory over.
buaidpe, *g.* buadapta, *f.*, trouble; grief.
buaidpead, *m.*, trouble.
buailim, I strike. b. um, I meet.
bualad, *v.n.*, striking.
buideac, thankful.
buideacap, *m.*, thankfulness; gratitude.
buidean, *f.*, a company; troop.
buile, *f.*, madness. ap b. mad.
buille, *m.*, a blow.
búipteact, *f.*, a roaring; bellowing.
bun, *m.*, a foundation. b. leip, the cause of it.
búntáipte, *f.*, advantage.
bunúp (bunadap), *m.*, origin; force; substance.

cabail, *f.*, the body; trunk.
cáil, *f.*, fame; reputation.
cailín, *m.*, a girl.
cailleamaint, *v.n.*, losing.
caillim, I lose. c. ap, I fail.
caillte, lost; abandoned; vile.
cáinead, *v.n.*, dispraising.
caint, *f.*, speech.
caiteam, *v.n.*, consuming. c. aimpipe, pastime; amusement. i gc., during.
caitim, I throw; I must: *fut. auton.*, caitfeap.
caitin (catain), accented on second syllable, probably = *cachuin*. *Cf.* Mid. Ir. *cuin*, when.
calad-popt, *m.*, a harbour. glacaim c., I land.
camaim, I bend; make crooked.
cancap, *m.*, vexation.
cantain, *f.*, singing; chanting.
caoc, blind (originally 'blind of one eye').
caopa (caopa), *f.*, a sheep.
caogad, fifty.
caolugad, *v.n.*, narrowing; making thin.
caop, *f.*, a firebrand; thunderbolt. c. iapainn, a red-hot mass of iron.
capadpad, *m.*, friendship.
cappaig, *f.*, a rock.
capcanac, friendly; kind.
cáp, *m.*, a case; state of affairs.
capactac, *m.* and *f.*, a cough: *v.n.*, coughing.

casaim, I turn. c. le, I meet.
cas-fiaclaċ, with curved tusks.
caṫ, *m.*, a battle.
caṫaoir, *f.*, a chair.
caṫuġaḋ, *m.*, regret; contrition.
cead, *m.*, permission.
céadna, same.
ceangailte, bound.
ceann, *m.*, head; one.
ceapaim, I think; intend.
ceapaiṫe (ceapuiġṫe), intended.
cearb ċluasaċ, jagged-eared.
ceardċa (pron. cearta), *f.*, a forge, (lit. 'trade-house,' O. Ir., *cerdd-chae*).
ceart, right.
ceastaṁnaċ, *m.*, a questioner.
céile, *m.*, a companion. a ċ., one another; each other.
ceileabraḋ, *v.n.*, warbling; singing.
céille, *g. sg.* of ciall, sense.
céim, *m.* and *f.*, a step; pass.
céird, *f.*, art; trade.
ceist, *f.*, a question; uneasiness of mind.
ceistiġim, I question.
ceo, *m.*, mist; gloom.
ceol, *m.*, music.
ceolṁar, musical.
ciall, *f.*, sense.
ċím, I see.
cimeádaim, I keep.
cimilt, *v.n.*, rubbing. c. baise, stroking; cajoling.
ciontaċ, guilty.
circe, *g. sg.* of cearc, a hen.
cirte, *compar.* of ceart, right.
ciscéim (coiscéim), *f.*, a step; footstep.
ciúin, quiet; silent.
ciumas, *m.*, and ciumais, *f.*, an edge; border.
claiḋe, *m.*, a ditch.
claṁ, *m.*, a leper.
clann, *f.*, children.
cleas, *m.*, a trick; feat.
cleatraċ, the bones of the thorax.
cléiḃ, *g. sg.* of cliaḃ, chest
cléir, *d. sg.* of cliar, used as *nom.*
cliaḃ, *m.*, the chest.
cliaḃ-leaṫan, broad-chested.
cliar, *f.*, company (of bards).
cliaraiḋeaċt, *f.*, minstrelsy; singing.
cloċ, *f.*, a stone. c. faoḃair, a whetstone.
clóca, *m.*, a cloak; mantle.
cloiċe, *g. sg.* of cloċ.
clú, *m.* and *f.*, reputation; renown.
cnáṁ, *m.*, a bone.
cneadaċ, *v.n.*, grunting.
cneasta, gentle; pleasing.
cnó, *m.* and *f.*, a nut.
cnoc, *m.*, a hill; lump.
coċall, *m.*, hood; hair of the head.
coda, *g. sg.* of cuid.
codlaḋ (*gen.* codalta), *m.*, sleep.
cogaint, *v.n.*, chewing.
cogar, *m.*, a whisper: used as *imper.*
ċoiḋċe (lit. 'until night'), *adv.*, *with neg.*, never.
coill, *f.*, a wood.
coin, *d. sg.*, of cú, a hound.
coingioll, *m.*, a condition; stipulation.
coinne, *f.*, a meeting; appointment; expectation. i gcoinnib (*d. pl.*), against.
cóir, right; proper.
cóir, *f.*, proper provision; maintenance. i gc., in preparation for; for.
cois, *d. sg.* of cos, a foot; used as *prep.*, beside; close by.
coisgim, I prevent; hinder.
coitċiann (coitċeann), general; common; usual.
col, *m.*, impediment; prohibition; infraction.
cóṁaċt, *f.*, power.
cóṁaċtaċ, powerful.
cóṁair, *f.*, presence. ós c., in presence of.
comairce, *f.*, protection.

cóṁairle, *f.*, advice.
cóṁarsa, *f.*, a neighbour (lit. 'one whose doorpost (ursa) adjoins ours').
cóṁgar, *m.*, nearness; proximity.
cóṁgas, *m.*, relationship.
cóṁlíonaḋ, *v.n.*, fulfilling.
cóṁnuiḋe, *v.n.*, living; dwelling. i gc., constantly; always.
cóṁnuiḋim, I dwell.
compórdaṁail, comfortable.
cóṁra, *f.*, a coffin; chest.
congnaṁ (pron. cúnaṁ), *gen.* conganta, *m.*, help (lit. 'co-operation,' con + gníoṁ).
contabairt, *f.*, danger; risk.
cor, *m.*, a turn; movement. i n-aon ċ., at all.
corp, *m.*, a body; corpse.
corr, *f.*, prow or stern of a ship (defined by addition of tosaiġ or deiriḋ).
corruiġim, I shy; move.
córuġaḋ, *v.n.*, arranging.
cosaint, *v.n.*, defending.
costas, *m.*, expense.
costasaṁail, expensive.
cosg, *m.*, a stop; check.
coṫuġaḋ, *v.n.*, feeding; supporting.
coṫuiġim, I feed; support.
cráiḋte, tormented. truaġ c., a terrible pity.
cráin, *f.*, female of some animals; c. ṁuice, a sow.
crann, *m.*, a tree; mast.
craoḃ, *f.*, a branch. an ċ., the palm of victory.
cré, *f.*, earth; clay.
creaċ, *f.*, ruin.
creaċta, ruined.
creaṫán, *m.*, a shake; trembling.
creideaṁ, *m.*, belief; religion. an c., the Faith, i.e., Christianity.
creideaṁaint, *f.*, credit.
creideaṁnaċ, respectable; worthy of credit.
creidim, I believe.
criṫ, *v.n.*, shaking; trembling.
croiceann, *m.*, a skin.
croiḋe, *m.*, heart: c.-ḃriste, heart-broken.
cromaim, I stoop. c. ar, I begin.
crónán, *m.*, humming; crooning; lilting.
crónanaċ, making a purring sound.
crónánuiḋe, *m.*, a 'cronauner'; crooner; lilter.
crón-ṡúileaċ, having dark-green eyes.
cruaċ, *f.*, a heap; stack; rick.
cruaḋ ċás, *m.*, difficulty; hard plight
cruaḋtan, *m.*, distress; hardship.
cruaiḋ, hard.
cruinniġṫe, collected.
cruinniuġaḋ, *m.*, a gathering: *v.n.*, collecting.
cruit, *f.*, a harp.
cruitire, *m.*, a harper.
cruitireaċt, *f.*, harping.,
cruiṫneaċt, *f.*, corn; wheat.
cruṫuiġim, I create; prove.
cú (*gen.* con, *dat.* coin), *f.*, a hound.
cuaċ, *f.*, a cuckoo.
ċuaiḋ, 3 *sg. past* of téiġim, I go.
cuairt, *f.*, a visit; tour.
cualaċt, *f.*, a company; band of followers.
cuardaċ, *v.n.*, searching.
cuarduiġṫe, searched.
cuiḃe, proper; fitting.
cuid, *f.*, a share; portion.
cuideaċta, *f.*, a company.
cuiṁin, *f.*, a thing remembered. is c. liom, I remember.
cuiṁneaṁ, *v.n.*, remembering; thinking of.
cuiṁniġim, I remember; think of.
cuireaḋ, *m.*, an invitation.
cuirim, I put; send.
cuirm, *f.*, ale (archaic).
cúis, *f.*, a cause; reason.
cúiteaṁ, *v.n.*, requiting; balancing. ag cur agus ag c., debating; considering the pro's and con's.

cúitiġim, I requite.
cúl, *m.*, back. cur ar gc., abolish.
cuma, equal; all the same.
cuma, *f.*, form; shape; state.
cumas, *m.*, power.
ċun, to (govs. *gen.*).
cúpla, *m.*, a couple; pair.
cúrsa, *m.*, a course; event.

Daċad (= dá fiċead = fiċid), forty.
daingean, firm.
dair, *f.*, an oak.
dáiríribh, in earnest.
dalta, *m.*, a foster-child.
dán, *m.*, art; profession; song.
daonnaiḋe, human: *as noun*, a human being.
dat, *m.*, a colour.
daṫaṁail, handsome.
deaḃraṁ, *m.*, appearance.
deaḃruiġṫeaċ, likely; to all appearances.
deacair, difficult.
deaġaiḋ, *3rd sg. past dep.* of téiġim, I go.
deaġċumṫa, well-shaped.
deaġṫaḃarṫa suas, well brought up.
déanaim (deinim), I make; do.
deár, sé nd., *defect. verb*, caused.
deara, tugaim fé nd. I notice.
dearg-loscaḋ, *m.*, red-hot condition.
dearṁad (dearmad), *m.*, forgetfulness; mistake.
deas, nice.
déiḋeanaċ, late; last.
deiṁne, *f.*, certainty.
déin, fé ḋ., towards.
déine, *f.*, vehemence.
deireaḋ, *m.*, an end. fé ḋ., at last.
deireannaċ, late, last.
déirc, *f.*, charity (= Dé + feirc, love of God).
deirim, I say: *past*, duḃairt.
deis-ḃéalaċ, witty, ready witted
deis-ḃéalaiġe, *f.*, ready wit

deisiuġaḋ, *v.n.*, improving; ornamenting.
deiċneaḃar, *m.*, ten persons.
deo, *f.*, an end. go d., for ever; *with neg.*, never.
deoċ, *f.*, *gs.* diġe, a drink.
deor, *m.*, a tear.
deoraiḋe, *m.*, a wanderer.
diaiḋ, i nd., after.
diaḋa, pious.
dian, vehement; earnest.
díbrim, I banish; exile.
díċeall, *m.*, utmost endeavour.
díċeallaċ, industrious; diligent.
díoġailt, *v.n.*, revenging.
díoġaltas, *m.*, vengeance; revenge.
díoġḃáil, *f.*, harm; injury.
díolaim, I pay; requite. (ar, for.)
díosgar-sluaġ, *m.*, a rabble.
díreaċ, exact; exactly.
díriġim, I attack; begin.
dleaġṫaċ, legal; permissible.
dliġe, *f.*, a law.
dobrán, *m.*, an otter.
dóċa, likely; probable.
dóiċ, *v.* dóiġ.
doiċeall (doċall), *m.*, churlishness.
dóiġ, *f.*, hope; conjecture. dar nd., of course; no doubt.
doiṁin, deep.
doineann, *f.*, bad weather.
dóirseoir, *m.*, a door-keeper.
dóiṫin, *m.*, sufficiency; enough.
doṁan, *m.*, world.
dona, wretched.
donas, *m.*, mischief.
doras, *m.*, a door.
dorċa, dark; obscure.
dórd, *m.*, a humming.
driṫáir (dearḃráṫair), *m.*, a brother.
droċ-, *adj. pref.*, bad.
duaḋ, *m.*, toil; trouble. a lán d'á ḃuaḋ, a lot of trouble from him.
duais, *f.*, a present; reward.
dualgas, *m.*, duty.

dán, *f.*, a poem; song.
dubaḋ, *v.n.*, darkening.
dúbailte, double.
dúil, *f.*, a liking.
duine, *m.*, a person. an d., each.
dul, *v.n.*, going.
dúnaim, I shut.
dún áras, *m.*, fortified dwelling; castle.
dúr, *f.*, dull; stupid.
Durlas, *m.*, a strong fort; stronghold: name of town, Thurles.
dúṫaiġ, *f.*, a district; native place.

éaċt, *m.*, an exploit; a great number.
eaḋ, in origin *neut. pron.* O. Ir. *ed* corr. to Lat. *id*, it. is e., it is it; yes. ní h-e., it is not it; no. mar ḋ'e., = mar bud eaḋ, as though it were it; "by the way" (ironically).
éadaċ, *m.*, a cloth.
éadan, *m.*, face; forehead.
eagal, timid. is eagal liom, I am afraid.
éagcóir, *f.*, injustice.
eagcruas, *m.*, malady; fever.
eagla, *m.*, fear.
eaġmais, *f.*, want, lack.
éagsaṁlaċ, strange; extraordinary.
ealaḋa, *f.*, *gen.* -an, art; profession.
ealaḋanta, ingenious.
éan, *m.*, bird.
easga (easgaiḋ), quick; swift. (lit. unwearied, e-sgiṫ).
easnaṁ, *m.*, lack. i n-e., lacking.
easonóir, *f.*, disrespect.
éigcéillíḋe, senseless.
éigean, *f.*, necessity; force.
éigeas, *m.*, a poet; sage.
éigse, *f.*, *collect.*, poets.
eirball (earball), *m.*, a tail.
éirġe, *v.n.*, rising.
éirġim, I rise. éirġim as, I give up; cease doing.

éirim, *f.*, ability; capacity.
éirleaċ, *m.*, havoc.
éistim, I listen.
éisteaċt, *v.n.*, listening; becoming silent.
éiṫeaċ, *m.*, perjury; a lie.
eol, *m.*, knowledge. is eol dom, I know.
eolas, *m.*, knowledge; skill.
eolgaiseaċ, learned; skilful.

fada, long.
fágaint, *v.n.*, leaving.
fágaim, I leave.
faġaim (faiġim), I get.
faid, length. an f., whilst.
fáilte, *f.*, welcome.
fáilteaċ, hospitable.
fáilteuġaḋ, *v.n.*, welcoming.
faire, *v.n.*, watching.
fairsing (fairsheang), *f.*, wide; spacious.
fáisgiṫe, tightened.
faiṫċe (faċa), a green; lawn.
fan, *prep. gov. gen.*, about; around.
fanaim, I wait; remain.
fanaṁaint, *v.n.*, remaining.
fanntais, *f.*, a fainting fit.
faobar, *m.*, an edge.
faolċú, *f.*, a wolf.
faon dias, *f.*, a 'lean' ear (of corn).
faraige (fairrge), *f.*, -ea.
fásaim, I grow.
fáṫ, *m.*, a reason; cause.
féaċaim, I look; appear.
féaċaint, *v.n.*, looking; seeming.
fead, ar f., during.
feadaíol, *v.n.*, whistling.
feadfaḋ, *past auton.* of feadaim, I am able.
feadar, *defective verb*, I know (only used with a negative or interrogative).
fearg, *f.*, anger.
féasóg, *f.*, beard.
feasta, henceforth.
fidir, *past* of feadar, knew.

féidir, possible: in origin *pres. auton.* of féadaim, I can. *v.* note chap.
feidm, *f.*, force; effort. i bf., in force.
feisgin (by metathesis for feicsint), *v.n.*, seeing.
feisteaṁail, *v.* note.
feiṫeaṁ, *v.n.*, waiting.
feoil, *f.*, flesh; meat.
fiacal, *f.*, a tooth.
ḟiaċaint. See note, Chap. XXIII, 14.
fiafraiġe, *v.n.*, enquiring.
fial, generous; liberal.
fian, *f.*, a host.
file, *m.*, a poet.
filiḋeaċt, *f.*, poetry.
fillim, I return.
fíoċṁar, furious.
fionaċrit, *m.*, cold shivering.
fionn, fair.
fionn-ċoll, *m.*, white hazel.
fíor-ċaoin, *v.* note, Chap. XXVIII.
fios, *m.*, knowledge. gan f. d'., without the knowledge of.
fireann (firionn), male.
fír-ṁisgneaċ, truly hateful.
fleaḋ, *f.*, a feast.
fliuċ, wet.
fliuċaim, I moisten.
foċair, *f.*, proximity; presence. i bf., along with.
focal, *m.*, a word.
foġanta, useful; good.
foġar, *m.*, sound; noise.
foiḋne, *f.*, patience.
foiḋneaṁ, *v.n.*, having patience.
fóil (fóill), go f., gently; awhile; yet.
fóirim, I help.
folaċ, *m.*, a covering; hiding-place.
foláir, *f.*, abundance; excess. ní f., it is necessary; it must be (lit. 'it is not excessive').
folaṁ, empty.
fonn, *m.*, desire.
foṫanaṁail, sheltered.
foṫram, *m.*, a noise.
freagairt, *v.n.*, answering.
freagra, *m.*, an answer.
freagraim, I answer.
freastal, *v.n.*, attending; attendance.
frioṫċálaṁ, *m.*, attendance.
fuaċt, *m.*, cold.
fuadar, *m.*, inclination; intention.
fuaid, ar f., all over; throughout.
fuaim, *m.*, a sound.
fuascraċ, terrible.
fuasgailt, *f.*, deliverance; relief.
fuaṫ, *m.*, hatred; aversion.
fuaṫuiġim, I hate.
fuid = fuaid.
fuiḋeaċ, copious; free.
fuiḋleaċ, *m.*, a remainder; leavings.
fuinim, I knead.
fuirisde, easy.
fulang, *v.n.*, suffering; enduring.

gaḃa, *m.*, a smith.
gaḃáil, *v.n.*, of gaḃaim.
gaḃaim, I take; recite.
gáḋ, *m.*, need.
gaḋar, *m.*, a dog.
gáire, *m.*, laughter.
galar, *m.*, a disease.
gandal, *m.*, a gander.
garḃ, rough.
gé, *m.*, a goose.
géag, *f.*, a branch.
geal, bright.
geall, *m.*, a promise; pledge. geall le = as good as, practically. geall leis = almost; mar g. ar = on account of.
geallaim, I promise.
gearraim, I cut.
gearr-análáiġe, *f.*, shortness of breath.
geiḃim, I get; find.
géiṁeann, *m.*, a fetter; a hobble; trouble.
geoḃair, 2 *sg. fut.* of geiḃim.
giolla, *m.*, a boy; servant.
giollanraḋ, *f.*, *coll.*, youths

gioppačt, *f.*, nearness.
glacaḋ, *v.n.*, taking.
glacaim, I take.
glan, clean.
glanaim, I clean.
glaoḋaim, I call.
gléas, *m.*, a contrivance.
gluaiseačt, *v.n.*, moving.
gluaisim, I move; proceed.
glúin, *f.*, a knee; generation.
gnáṫ, customary.
gníoṁ, *m.*, deed; performance.
gnó, *m.*, work; business. ḋéanfaiḋ sin an g., that will do; serve the purpose.
gnúis, *f.*, face.
goile, *m.* and *f.*, appetite.
goirgeač, surly; peevish.
gol, *v.n.*, crying; weeping.
gormugaḋ, *v.n.*, growing purple.
gráin, *f.*, hatred; disgust.
gráinne, *m.*, a grain.
gránnačt, *f.*, ugliness.
greann, *m.*, fun.
greannṁar, comical; extraordinary.
gréine, *g. sg.* of grian.
grian, *f.*, sun.
griofaḋ, *m.*, a tingling; shudder.
gruaḋ, *pl.* -aḋna, *f.*, a cheek.
gruamḋa, sullen; surly.
guiḋe, a prayer.
guṫ, *m.*, a voice.

halla, *m.*, a hall.

.i., contraction for Lat. *id est;* Irish eaḋ ón = that is; viz.
iarann, *m.*, iron.
iarračt, *f.*, an attempt; a slight degree.
iarraiḋ, *v.n.*, asking; attempting.
iarraim, I ask.
iar-ua, *m.*, a grandson (archaic).
iasačt, *f.*, a loan; gen. used as *adj.*, strange; foreign.
idir, between. i. agus = both ... and.
imeaglač, fearful; apprehensive.
imrim, I play.
imṫeačt, *f.*, departing; departure
imṫigeann ar, happens to.
imṫigim, I go; depart.
imṫiġṫe, gone.
inead (ionad), *m.*, place.
ingin-géar, sharp-nailed.
inneoin, *f.*, an anvil.
innisim, I tell.
innsint, *vn.* of innisim.
intinn, *f.*, mind; intention.
intleačt, *f.*, intellect; ingenuity
iompuiġim, I turn.
ionann, equivalent; the same.
ionga, *f.*, a nail; claw.
iongantač, *m.*, wonderful; surprising.
iongnaḋ, *m.* and *f.*, a wonder.
ios-. *fut. stem* of iṫim; the only s-fut. in mod. Ir.
íseal, low. ós íseal, secretly; privately.
isoiḋċe, at night. i. amáireač, to-morrow night.
iṫe, *v.n.*, eating.
iṫim, I eat.
iṫir, *f.*, soil.
iučair, *f.*, spawn; roe (of fish).

laḋar, *m.*, space between fingers
lag, weak.
laguġaḋ, *v.n.*, weakening.
láiṁ le, beside.
láiṫreač, present; at once.
láṁ, the hand.
láṁálaim, I permit; allow.
lánaṁa (lánaṁain = lán + eaṁain, 'a complete pair'), *f.*, a married couple.
laoġ, *m.*, a calf; fawn: also used as a term of endearment.
leaba, *f.*, bed.
leačt, *m.*, grave; tombstone.
leanaim, I follow; continue: with ḋe, stick to.
leanaṁaint, *v.n.*, following.
leaṫ, *f.*, a half.
leaṫaḋ, *v.n.*, widening; opening out. ar l., wide open.

le·ċ-láṁ, *f.*, one hand.
leaṫ-ṁúċta, half smothered.
leaṫ-sgéal, *m.*, an excuse.
leaṫ-ṡúil, *f.*, one eye.
leaṫ taċtaiṫe, half-choked.
leicineaċ, *f.*, mumps.
léigeann, *m.*, learning.
léigeannta, learned.
leigeas, *m.*, healing; cure. ní'l l. air, it cannot be helped.
léigim, I read.
léim, *f.*, a leap.
léimim, I leap.
leite, *f.*, porridge; stirabout.
leiṫéid, *f.*, something similar a l. de ——, such a ——.
leogaim (leigim), I let; allow. l. orm, I pretend.
león (leoṁan), *m.*, a lion.
liaċ, a scream.
liaċarnaiġ, *ds.* of liaċarnaċ, screaming.
liaiġ, *m.*, a physician.
liartóid (liaṫróid), *f.*, a ball; knob.
liaṫ, grey.
linn, *f.*, time; period. le l., at the time of.
líoṁṫa, polished.
líonṁar, plentiful; numerous.
liúġ, a shout.
lóċaint, *v.n.*, dawning.
loċán, *m.*, a pool.
loċt, *m.* fault.
lóġ, *m.*, reward; recompense.
loisgiṫe (loisgte), burnt.
lon, *m.*, a blackbird. l. uisge, a water ousel.
lón, *m.*, provision; necessaries.
long, *f.*, a ship.
lorg, *m.*, a track; wish; searching for. d'a l., searching for it.
lorga, *g.* lorgan, *f.*, a shin; leg.
lorgaim, I seek.
losgaḋ, *v.n.*, burning.
luaċair, *f.*, rushes.
luaimneaċ, swiftly gliding.
luasgaḋ, *v.n.*, swaying; rocking.
luaṫ, swift; soon.
luaṫaċt, *f.*, swiftness; speediness.
lúb, *f.*, a loop; stitch. l. ar lár, a dropped stitch; a gap.
lúbaḋ, *v.n.* of lúbaim.
luċ, *pl.* luċaiġ, *f.*, a mouse.
luċt, *m.*, people.
lug, in phrase tuit a lug ar a lag. See note, Chap. XVII., 35.
luiġe, *m.*, lying down. cur 'n-a luiġe ar, to impress upon.
luiġe, *m.*, an oath.
luiġead, *m.*, smallness; fewness.
luiġdeaduġaḋ, *v.n.*, decreasing.
luinníċe, *m.*, a churn dash; piston.
lúiṫreaċa, *pl.*, sinews; tendons.

Maċánta, honest; good.
macaoṁ, *m.*, a lad; youth.
maċtnaṁ, *m.*, thinking; meditation.
mada and madra, *m.*, a dog. m. ruaḋ, a fox. m. uisge an otter.
magaḋ, *v.n.*, mocking; jeering (fé, at).
maidion, *f.*, morning.
mairg, *f.*, a mark (coin).
mairim, I live. an dá lá 's 'n faid a ṁairfead, till the day of my death; as long as I live.
maise, *f.*, elegance; behaviour. ba ṁaiṫ (nób' olc) an ṁ. duit é, it was well (ill) done of you.
maiṫ, *adj.* and *n.*, good; a chief.
malairt, *f.*, a change. a ṁalairt de ċúram, a change of care, i.e., something else to attend to.
maoiḋeaṁ, *v.n.* of maoiḋim.
maoiḋim (as), I boast (of).
maolugaḋ, *v.n.*, blunting.
mara, *gs.* of muir, the sea.
mar an gcéadna, in like manner; as well.
marḃ, dead.
marḃuiġṫeaċ, deadly.
marḃuiġim, I kill.
masla, *m.*, insult.

meabair, f., mind; memory. m. cinn, brain-power; intellect.
méadughadh v.n., increasing.
mealladh, v.n., deceiving; enticing.
meanma, thought; spirit.
mear, swift; enraged.
méar, a finger.
mearaḃal, m., confusion; distraction.
meas, m., esteem.
measa, compar. of olc, bad.
measaim, I suppose; estimate.
meascadh, v.n., mixing; mingling (ar, with).
méid, m., amount.
meill-ingneaċ, chip-nailed.
meirgeaċ, rusty; shabby.
méirsgireaċ, scarred.
mí, f., a month.
mian, m., wish; desire.
míle, f., a thousand, pl. mílte.
milleán, m., blame.
millteaċ, ruinous; terrible.
minic, often.
míol-mór, m., a whale.
mí-réasúnta, unreasonable.
mí-sgiamhaċ, ugly.
miste (misde) = measa-de, the worse of it. ní m., it is no harm.
mitid, f., urgency; high time.
mnaoi, ds. of bean, a woman.
'mó ('mód) = iomdha, many.
moladh, m., praising.
mór-uaisle, pl., great nobles.
mór-timċeall, all around.
motalaċ, bushy.
moṫuighim, I perceive; feel.
muc, f., a pig.
muicidhe, m., a swineherd.
muicidheaċt, f., herding swine.
muin, f., back. ar an eiċ, on horseback.
múineadh, v.n., teaching.
muinéal, m., neck.
múinte, educated.
muintir (-tear), f., collect. household; followers. muintear, from Latin *monasterium*, originally meant a religious community.
mura (muna), unless; if not.

'ná, (older ioná), than.
ná, *introd. particle*.
náire, f., shame.
náireaċ, shameful.
naisgim, I bind; enjoin (ar, on).
námha (namhaid), m. and f., an enemy.
naomh, m., a saint.
naomhṫa, holy; saintly. —n., St.—
naonḃar, m., nine persons.
neamh, gs. neimhe, heaven.
neamh-ċúramaċ, officious; meddlesome.
neamh-ġlan, unclean.
neamh-níd, m., nothing.
neam-ṫuirseaċ, officious, having nothing to do.
neantóg, f., a nettle.
neart, g. nirt, m., strength.
neimhneaċt, f., venomousness.
neosfí = innneósfide; *cond. auton.* innisim.
nid, d. sg. of nead, f., a nest.
níd pl. neiṫe, m., a thing. Historically there is no justification for the final d, but it is usually so written, and it helps to distinguish it from the neg. ní.
niġe, v.n., washing.
nimh, f., poison.
nimhneaċ, poisonous.
noċtaim, I bare; disclose
nóin, ar n., a form of dar ndóiġ, sure; why.

Obair, f., work.
ócaid, f., an occasion.
oċlán m., a sigh, groan.
ocras, m., hunger.
ó-ḋeas, southward.
oibre, gs. of obair.
oidhċe, f., night.
oideaċt, f., hospitality.
óigbean, f., a young woman.

oileaṁaint, *f.*, nourishing; bringing up.
oileán, *m.*, an island.
oilteaċt, *f.*, skill; dexterity.
oineaċ, *m.*, generosity; hospitality.
oirḋearcas, *m.*, excellency; nobility.
oireaḋ, *m.*, an amount. an o. le, as much as. o. agus, as much as.
oireaṁnaim (nuiġim), I fit; suit.
ól, *v.n.*, drinking.
olc, bad.
ollaṁ, *m.*, a professor; bard. ríġ-o., head professor; chief bard.
ollaṁ (ullaṁ), ready.
ollaṁnaċt, *f.*, professorship; bardic profession.
ollṁaiṫeas, *m.*, wealth. The prefix oll- is from the same root as ollaṁ (professor), and means "powerful," "great."
ollṁúċán, *m.*, preparation. The termination -ċan, aċán, denotes continuous or protracted action. *Cf.* ceistiúċán.
ollṁuġaḋ, *v.n.*, preparing.
onóir, *f.*, honour.
onóraċ, honourable.
ór, *m.*, gold.
orc, *m.*, a young pig.
ord, *m.*, a hammer; sledge-hammer.
orduiġṫe, ordered; arranged.
osgailim, I open.
osnuíol, *v.n.*, sighing.
ó-ṫuaiḋ, northward.

paidir, *f.*, the Paternoster; a prayer.
paidireaċa, *pl.* of paidir.
páirc, *f.*, a field.
pairilis (pairilis), *f.*, a tremor; palsy.
páirt, *f.*, a part. gabaim a p., I side with him.
paróiste, *m.* and *f.*, a parish.
peata, *m.*, a pet. p. cuaiċe, a pet cuckoo

pingin, *f.*, a penny.
pioc, *m.*, a bit.
piocaḋ, *m.*, picking; selecting.
píopán, *m.*, a small pipe; the windpipe.
piscín, *m.*, a kitten.
plámás, *m.*, flattering; soothing speech.
plaosg, *f.*, a shell; skull.
plúr, *m.*, flour.
póg, *f.*, a kiss. p. = O. Ir. póc from Latin *pacem* (kiss of peace).
pógaḋ, *v.n.*, kissing.
poiblíḋeaċt, *f.*, the public.
poll, *m.*, a hole.
pósta, married.
preabaim, I spring; rush.
preabarnaiġ, *ds.* of preabarnaċ, *v.n.*, springing; leaping.
príoṁ, prefix from Latin *primus*, chief; prime. p.-ḋias, a prime ear (of corn). p.-ḟáiḋ, a chief prophet.
puinn, an amount: used with negatives like the French *point* from which it is borrowed.
púnc, *m.*, a point; moment of danger; jeopardy.
pusuíol (pusgail), *f.*, pouting; sulking.

Rabṫas, *past auton. indirect* of táim.
racṫ, *m.*, a fit (of laughter, etc.).
ráḋ, *v.n.*, saying.
radharc, *m.*, a sight; spectacle.
raġ-, *fut.* stem of téiġim, I go.
raġad, *fut.* 1 *sg.* of téiġim.
ráiḋte, said.
ráiṫe, *f.*, a quarter (of a year).
raṁar (reaṁar), fat; thick.
rann, *m.*, a verse; stanza.
raṫ, *m.*, good luck; prosperity.
reacaire, *m.*, a reciter.
reacaireaċt, *f.*, reciting; recitation.
reaċtaire, *m.*, a steward.
réiḋ, ready; done for.
réiḋteaċ, *m.*, reconciliation; *v.n.* smoothing; disentangling.

réiḋtiġim, I arrange; regulate.
rí, *g.* ríoġ, *d.* and *acc.* ríġ, *m.*, a king.
riabaċ, roan.
riaċtanaċ, necessary.
riaġalta, regular; under rule. bean r., a nun.
rian, *m.*, a track; trace.
rianaḋ, *v. n.*, dividing; distributing; managing.
ríġeaċt, *f.*, a kingdom.
ríġneas, *m.*, delay.
ríġ-ollaṁ, *m.*, chief-professor or bard.
ríġ-teaġlaċ, *m.*, royal household.
rinn, *f.*, a point (of a weapon).
rioċt, *m.*, shape; form. i r., in the shape of; on the point of.
ríoġraḋ, *f.*, *coll.* kings.
ritim, I run.
ró, *intens. prefix* corr. to Latin and Greek *pro*, very; great.
roġa, *f.*, a choice; selection.
roilig, *f.*, a churchyard, graveyard. r = O. Ir. *reilic* from Lat. *reliquiae*, 'relics.'
roiṁe (roiṁ) before.
roinnt, *f.*, a share; portion: *v.n.*, sharing; dividing.
rón, *m.*, a seal (animal).
ró-ṫaoiseaċ, *m.*, a great chieftain.
rud, *m.*, a thing.
ruġaḋ, *past auton.* of beirim, I bring; bear.

Saġas, *m.*, a kind; sort.
saiḋḃreas, *m.*, wealth.
sáiḋte, stuck.
saiġseana, *pl.* of saġas.
saill, *f.*, fat.
sáiṫ, *f.*, sufficiency.
salaċ, dirty.
salann, *m.*, salt.
sáṁ, quiet; tranquil.
saṁraḋ, *m.*, summer.
saoġal, *m.*, life; life-time.
saor, free; safe; cheap.
saoraim, I deliver.
saoṫruġaḋ, *v.n.*, labouring; toiling; earning.

sar (= sara), before: a worn-down form of O. Ir. *resiu ro* > *suro* > *sul* and *sar*.
sáruiġim [ar], I surpass [for].
sásaċt, *v.* sástaċt
sásaṁ, *v.n.*, satisfying.
sásta, satisfied.
sástaċt, *f.*, ease; contentment.
satalaim, I tread on; trample on.
seaċas (= seaċ a's, as compared with).
seaċtṁain, *f.*, a week.
seaġal, *m.*, rye.
sean-aṫair, *m.*, a grandfather.
seanda, ancient.
searḃ, bitter; disgusted.
séiḋim, I blow.
séiṁ, agreeable; civil.
seinnim, I play (music).
seilḃ, *f.*, possession.
seirḃíseaċ, *m.*, a servant.
seirḃtean, disgust.
seiṫriġ, *d.* of seiṫreaċ, *f.*, neighing.
seoiḋ, *f.*, a jewel; treasure; article of value.
seol, *pl.* seolta, *m.*, a sail; sailing.
seomra, *m.*, a room.
sgamall, *m.*, a cloud.
sgannraḋ, *m.*, terror.
sgaraṁaint, *v.n.*, parting; separating.
sgaoilim ṫarm, I let pass; do not meddle with.
sgaraim, I separate. s. le, I part with.
sgárd, *m.*, a frightened look.
sgáṫ, *m.*, shyness.
sgéal, *m.*, a story; affair.
sgéalaiḋe, *m.*, a story-teller.
sgéalaiḋeaċt, *f.*, storytelling.
sgéaċ, *f.*, a brush; bramble.
sgeanaiḃ, *d.pl.* of sgian, a knife.
sgeanfairt, *m.*, a membrane; shred.
sgeartaḋ, *v.n.*, shouting; bursting.
sgeartaim, I shout; burst out.

sgeinnim, I start; fly.
sgian, *f.*, a knife.
sgiaṫ, *f.*, a shield
sgoilt, *v.n.*, splitting; a cleft; fissure
sgólta, scalded; smarting.
sgórnaċ, *f.*, throat.
sgread, *m.*, a cry; scream.
sgríoḃṫa, written
sgriosaim, I destroy; clear out
sgur, *v.n.*, stopping; desisting.
sínim, I stretch.
sinsear, *m.*, ancestry; ancestors.
sínte, stretched.
sioc, *m.*, frost.
slaċtṁar, well-favoured; neat
sliocṫ, *m.*, race; family; result. tá a s. air, "sign is on him," he is suffering from its consequences.
slóg, *g.pl.* of sluag, *m.*, an army; host. -aḋ, a hosting
slogaḋ, *v.n.*, swallowing.
smear, *m.* and *f.*, a berry. s. duḃ, a blackberry.
smior, *m.*, marrow.
smuta, *m.*, a bit.
snap, *m.*, a snatch; snap.
sneaċta, *m.*, snow.
socair, settled; quiet.
socarugaḋ, *v.n.*, settling.
soċraid, *f.*, a funeral.
sodar, *m.*, a trot; trotting.
soiléir, clear; evident.
soilse, *f.*, light; majesty (of royalty).
soiṫeaċ, *m.*, a vessel; matrix.
sólás, *m.*, solace; comfort.
solas, *m.*, light.
solasṁar, luminous; bright.
soláṫar, *v.n.*, providing; supplying.
soláṫruigim, I supply.
sórd (sórt), *m.*, sort; kind.
speabraoid, ravings.
spéis, *f.*, regard; liking.
spiḋiuċán [ar], *v.n.*, abusing.
sreangán, *m.*, a string.
sroisim, I reach.
srón, *f.*, nose; promontory.
sruṫán, *m.*, a stream.
stadaim, I stop; cease.
stiúruigim, I direct.
stoc, *m.*, stock; cattle.
straċaḋ, *v.n.*, tearing.
stuamḋa, steady.
suaiṁneas, *m.*, ease; quietness
suaiṁneasaċ, peaceful.
suairc, pleasant.
suan, *m.*, sleep; rest.
suaraċas, *m.*, insignificance; small amount.
suaṫaḋ, *m.*, a shaking; jolt: also *v.n.*, swaying.
suḃ, *m.*, a berry. s. sléiḃe, mountain berry.
suiḋe, *m.*, a seat.
súil, *f.*, eye; hope; expectation.
suim, *f.*, regard; heed. cuirim suim i, I pay heed to.
súl, *g. pl.* of súil.

Taḃairt suas, education.
taḃarta, given.
taca, um an dt., by the time.
taċtaḋ, *v.n.*, choking.
tagaiḋ, 3 *sg. pres. subj.* of tigim,
tagaiḋe, come
táin, *f.*, a cattle-spoil.
taiṫnim [le], I please.
tairḃṫe, *m.*, usefulness.
tairḃṫeaċ, useful; profitable.
taisbeánaim, I show.
taisbeánta, shown.
taisteal, *v.n.*, journeying
talaṁ, *m.*, and *f.*, earth; ground.
tamall, *m.*, a while.
ṫánag, *past* 1 *sg.* of tigim, I come. In Munster the g is silent in 2 sg. ṫángais (ṫánais), and all through *pl.* ṫángamair, ṫángaḃair, ṫángadar.
ṫángaṫas, *past auton.* of tigim.
taoḃ, *m.*, a side. i dt., as regards; about.
taoḃ leaṫan, broad-sided
taos, *m.*, dough.
tapaiḋ, quick
tapaigim (tairgim), I offer.
tarḃ, *m.*, a bull

tarcuisne, *f.*, contempt; insolence.
tarcuisneaċ, insolent.
tarla, *defect. verb, past* 3 *sg.*, it happened; there chanced.
tarna, second. The classical an dara represents O. Ir. *ind ala* (the other). The Munster form tarna and Connacht darna represent O. Ir., *ind ala n-ai* (the other one of them).
tarraċ, *v.n.*, drawing.
tarraingim, I draw.
taṫant (tafann), *v.n.*, urging.
teaċt, *v.n.*, coming. t. ó, escape from.
teaċtaire, *m.*, a messenger.
teaċtaireaċt, *f.*, a message.
teagasg, *v.n.*, instructing.
teaġdas (-das), *m.*, a dwelling-house.
teaġlaċ (= teaċ-ṡlóġ), *m.*, a household.
teanaċair, *f.*, a smith's tongs; pincers.
teann, tight.
téanam, téanaiḋ, *imper.* 1 and 2 *pl.* Come!
teannta, i dt., together. i dt. a ċéile, all together. 'n-a ṫ. sin, in addition to that.
ṫeas, in the south.
teas, *m.*, heat.
teasaiḋe, hot.
teastuiġim, I am lacking. teastuiġeann —— uaim, I want ——.
teine, *f.*, a fire.
teip [ar], *v.n.*, failing.
tí, ar t., on the point of; about to.
ṫiar, in the west.
tiġearna, *m.*, a lord.
tigim, I come.
timċeall, *prep.* with *gen.*, about.
tinneas, *m.*, sickness; soreness.
tinteán, *m.*, a hearth.
tioc-, *fut. stem* of tigim.
tiompán, *m.*, a timbrel; drum.
tiompánuiḋe, a timpanist.
tionóisg, *f.*, an accident; mishap.
tír, *pl.* tíorṫa, *f.*, a country.
tirim, dry.
tiuġ, thick; dense; fast.
tnúṫaċ, envious.
tobar, *m.*, a well.
toga, *f.*, a choice; best of anything.
tógaint = tógáil (tógbáil), *v.n.*, lifting; taking.
tógálaċ, taking; contagious.
toil, *f.*, will; consent.
ṫoir, in the east.
toirmeasg, *m.*, obstruction; mischief.
toisg, *conj.*, because of; on account of.
toṁas, *m.*, a measure.
toraḋ, *m.*, fruit.
torc, *m.*, a boar.
tormas, *m.*, grumbling at one's food; sulking.
tosaċ, *m.*, beginning; front.
tosnuiġim, I begin.
tráċt, *v.n.*, mentioning.
tráċtaim [ar], I mention.
tráiġ, *f.*, shore; strand.
treasna, across (with *gen.*)
treise, *f.*, strength: also *comp.* of tréan, strong.
tréas = tré a's, because.
treó, *m.*, direction. i dt. go, so that.
triail, *f.*, a trial.
triall, *v.n.*, travelling; approaching. ag t. ar, towards; to.
trian, *m.*, a third; formerly neuter; hence dá dt.
tríd, through.
trioblóideaċ, troublesome.
trioċad, thirty.
triomuġaḋ, *v.n.*, drying.
triúċa (= t. céad), a cantred.
triúr, *g.*, triír, three persons. triúr is really the *dat.* which has replaced the old *nom.* triar. The use of the *dat.* has spread from phrases like ċuadar a dtriúr (they went in their

three-men), the three of them went. triar = trí-fear, tríir = trí-fir. triúr = trí-fiur (fiur = old *dat.* of fear).
trod, *f.*, a fight
trom, heavy.
troma-ċroiḋe, dejection.
tromdáiṁ, *f.*, assembly of bards.
troscaḋ, *m.*, fasting.
truaġ, *f.*, a pity.
trúmpalán, *m.*, a beetle.
tuairisg, *f.*, an account.
tuairim, *f.*, an idea; estimate.
tuarastal, *m.*, wages.
tuaṫ, *f.*, a tribe; clan.
tugaḋ, *past auton.* of beirim.
tuigim, I understand.
tuillte, earned.
tuilleaḋ, *m.*, increase; addition. a t., any more. t. airgid, more money.
tuirse, *f.*, weariness; sadness.
tuirsigim, I weary.
túis, ar dt., at first.
turas, *m.*, journey; occasion.
túisge, an túisge immediately.
tuisgint, *v.n.* of tuigim.
tuitim, I fall.
tuiteann amaċ, happens.
tur, dry; short, rude (of speech.)

Uabar, *m.*, pride.
uaiġ, *f.*, a grave.
uaiṁ, *f.*, a cave.
uaisleaċt, *f.*, nobility.
uan, *m.*, a lamb.
uasal, noble; as *noun*, *m.*, a noble.
uaṫbás, *m.*, terror; astonishment.
uaṫbásaċ, horrible; wonderful.
uḋaċt, *f.*, a will. regaim le h-u., I solemnly declare (as though the statement were my last will and testament).
uile, all. an u. (aspirating), every.
úil, or iúil. Cuirim i n-i. I make known.
úird, *g.s.* of órd.
uisge, *m.*, water.
umhluigeaċt, *f.*, humility.
urċar, *m.*, a shot; cast.
urlabra, *m.*, power of speech.
urnuiġṫe, *pl.* of urnuiġe, a prayer.
usa, *compar.* of furus, furuiste, easy.

PERSONAL NAMES

Beadgill, XVIII, maid to Brigid.

Beag Bainige, XVIII, 106.

Brigid ingean Onitċeirne, *pass.*, Brigid, wife of Shanachán.

Caillin Naoṁṫa, *pass.*, St. Caillin of Fenagh, brother of Shanachán.

Cairċe Ceolbinn, XXIV., timpanist.

Cana Ċlúṁór, XXIII.

Casṁaol Cruitire, XXIII, Casmhaol the Harper.

Ciarán, XIX, St. Kieran of Clonmacnoise : died A.D. 549.

Connra Caoċ, king of Leinster.

Cronánaċ a' Cruaċain, name of a cat.

Daol Duileaḋ, XXIII, bard of Leinster.

Feargus mac Róiġ, Fergus mac Roy.

Fios mac Foċṁairc, XXV, the storyteller.

Firín, name of a dog.

Gruamán Garḃ-fiaclaċ, name of a cat.

Guaire mac Colmáin, *pass.* king of Connacht ; also called Guaire Aiḋne.

Iorusán mac Arusáin, XIX, king of the Tribe of Cats.

Macuel, XXIII.

Maol Geiḋic, XXVIII, chief bard of Scotland.

Marbán, *pass.* a hermit, brother of Guaire; *v.* Meyer's *King and Hermit.*

Meaḋḃ, queen of Connacht.

Méiḃ, *pass.*, daughter of Shanachán.

Méiḃ and Murainn, two women in the story of Firín.

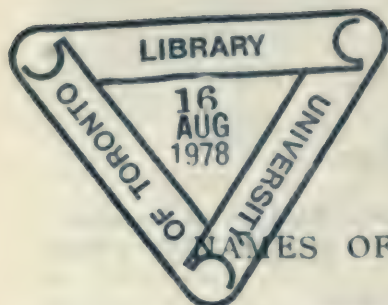
Naoi, Nee ; Noah.

Oilioll, king of Connacht.

Reang Ġéar-fiaclaċ, name of a cat.

Riaċall Rinnfiaclaċ, ingean Ċlab aiċinne, name of a cat.

Seanaċán Sean-file, *pass.* chief poet of Ireland, successor of Dallán also called Seanachán Torpéist.



NAMES OF PLACES

Alba, *g.* -an, *d.* -ain, Scotland.

Cámas, XXIII.

Cluain ṁic nóis, Clonmacnoise.

Cnoḋba, Knowth in Co. Meath.

Connaċta, Connacht. A plural noun, the form Connacht being the *gen. pl.*

Cuailgne, Cooley.

Éire, Ireland.

Gleann an Sgáil (The Hero's Glen), *pass.* Glenn-a-sgaul, near Kinvarra, Co. Galway.

Laiġin, *pl.*, *gen. pl.*, Laiġean, Leinster.

Manann, Man.

Muṁa, *g.* -an, *d.* -ain, Munster.

Nás na ríoġ, Naas, Co. Kildare.

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